History of Brockport With Vicinity Happenings, 1826 - 1956: Also Biographies of Prominent Men of the Past

A. B. Elwell

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History of Brockport

With

Vicinity Happenings

1826 – 1956

Also

Biographies Of Prominent Brockport Men Of The Past

A. B. Elwell – Author

1956
To The Memory Of

The Old Brockport State Normal School which served this community faithfully for so many years, this book is dedicated. It inspired all those who attended, by the thoroughness and devotion of its teachers. May the references to that institution bring back fond memories to those who, in any way had connection with its teaching. It gives the author much pleasure in presenting this book to the Seymour Library.

A. B. Elwell
PREFACE

The author wishes to acknowledge with thanks, all facts and suggestions supplied by the people of this area. Also to credit these and other books of reference: “History Of Monroe County” 1788-1877; “Rochester And Monroe County” (Biographical); “One Hundred Years Of Brockport”, by Elizabeth Martin; “Towpath”, by Arch Merrill; Files of the Republic-Democrat, for past 100 years, and articles in daily newspapers and magazines. All editorials in this book were written for the Brockport-Republic by the author and published by it during the years, 1954-1955-1956. Also many of these articles were reprinted in the Holley Standard. I trust the following contents will prove useful to future citizens of Brockport and vicinity.

A. B. Elwell
1. You May Be Wrong  8
2. The Holley I Knew As a Boy  9
3. Changes I Have Seen In Brockport  11
4. The Livery Stables  13
5. The Brockport Fair  15
6. Brockport State Normal School  18
7. Factories of Early Brockport  20
8. The Older Stores  23
9. Falls Railroad, Trolley and Canal  26
10. Streets and Sidewalks  29
11. Churches and Schools  32
12. Old Brick, Stone and Frame Houses  35
13. Fire Department Past and Present  38
14. Notable Brockport Men of the Past  42
15. Old District Schools near Brockport  47
16. Threshers and Barn Raising  51
17. Old Farm Fences  54
18. The Years of the Big Apple Crops  56
19. Tornado and Airplane Wreck  59
20. Old Camping Days  62
21. Monroe County Pioneer Picnic  65
22. Hamlin German Church Missionary Meeting  68
23. Clarkson at the Turn of the Century  71
24. Rural Sweden Before the Year 1900  74
25. Early Automobile Experience
26. Bicycling in the Early 90's
27. “Queen” a Great Hunting Dog
28. Geese in Migration
29. Felling a Bee Tree and Capturing Flying Squirrels
30. David Bruce, a Great Genius
31. Early Apples, No Longer Grown
32. Dances at Old Troutburg
33. Hunting Parties at Straight Lake
34. History of the Village Clock
35. Toboggan Slide at Gas House Bridge
36. Early Ice Harvest Days
37. Sugar Bush on Fourth Section Farm
38. Blacksmith Shops Recalled
39. Medicine Shows Offered Quick Cures
40. Good Old Days Down on the Farm
41. Early Barber Shops
42. Restaurants of Early Canal Days
43. Old Freezers Ball Team, State Champions
44. Old Brockport Grange Before 1900
45. Yacht Club Has Colorful Past
46. Baptist Mission School to State Teachers College
47. Brockport’s Early Fuel Distributors
48. R. J. Welch, Local Boy, Father of Golden Gate Span
49. Sunday School Picnics in Old Days
50. Brockport Had World’s Biggest Magazine Agency

51. V. F. W. Drum Corps Won Two State Firsts, U. S. 3rd

52. Morgan Reaper Now at Museum

53. Early History of Brockport before Year 1877

54. Brockport’s First Newspaper Was in Year 1827

55. First Church, Methodist, Was Started in 1827

56. Daniel and Mary Jane Holmes; Literary Heritage

57. William B. Seymour Made Worlds First Reapers

58. Luther Gordon, Lumber Merchant and Financier

59. Merritt Cleveland, Brockport’s Noted Civil Engineer

60. D. S. Morgan Built Fortune on Hard Work, Integrity

61. Byron E. Huntley, Industrialist and Philanthropist

62. Samuel Johnston, Pioneer Inventor and Industrialist

63. Hon. R. Shannon, Soldier, Diplomat, Railroad Head

64. Brockway Saw Prospect for Village Here

65. Dewitt Clinton Envisioned Canal across State

66. Thos. H. Dobson and Son, Rodney, Solid Citizens

67. Abraham Smith, Baker, Grand Old Man of Brockport

68. Austin Harmon Aided Forming of Brockport

69. William Dailey, Produce Buyer of Importance

70. Orleans Herald Issued Patriotic Newspaper, 1889

71. William Winslow Assisted Many

72. Butchering Time on the Farm

73. Why Song Birds are Disappearing

74. Work on the Farm at the Start of the Century
75. Early School Days at Old Bennett’s Corners 224
76. Mrs. Ray Jessup Recalls Gay 90’s in Brockport 227
77. Gifford Morgan Managed Firms with Ability 230
78. In 1886 George Gordon Sr. Built 14 Farm Barns 233
Appendix: Biographical information on author, and description of text. 234
Index.
Republic-Democrat

Dear Editor:

An Editorial: You May Be Wrong

When I was eight years old, on the last day of school, my teacher presented me with a book entitled, “Twenty Thousand Leagues Under The Sea”. My father, who had been a school teacher himself, very quickly passed judgment on the book saying, “It is too fantastic for any child to read”. I never saw the book again. You see we were not ready for the submarine. Today a movie is being made from the story, and millions will be seeing the play and reading the book.

It fell to my lot to be one of the first users of the automobile (1904). Many times when in trouble on the highway the people passing in horse-drawn vehicles would shout, “Get a horse!” Today we have the automobile but where are the horses?

When the Eastman Kodak Company was being organized a scout was sent to Brockport to secure funds. Many a prominent business man when approached would decline to invest in the Company saying to the representative, “It is a child’s toy, it has no future.” However, a Brockport photographer invested all his life savings. He became a very wealthy man as you may surmise.

When the telephone and the electric lights were being developed, people also were shaking their heads in doubt. What a place these much used facilities have taken in our lives today.

The airplane at first, though very light in construction, had great difficulty in keeping airborne. People again were very skeptical of its ever amounting to anything. Today we have the airplane going faster than sound and boxcar airplanes that transport several tons of weight at a time.

Next came the radio and at this time very hard to comprehend let alone understand. But we 9did not have long to wait before television also was being talked of and soon became a reality.

Atom bombs next drew our attention and we thought the height of destruction had been achieved. How soon were we to be proven wrong when along came the hydrogen bomb – much more powerful.

At present we are hearing much about rockets that will carry people to the moon. Don’t commit yourself by saying it is impractical or impossible as past experiences have taught us, we may be wrong.

Some of you may remember a man once said, “All things have been invented, there can be no more inventions”. How very wrong he was!
Dear Editor:

An Editorial: The Holley I knew As A Boy

My young life was spent on a farm on the Fourth Section Rd., southeast of Holley, equidistant between Holley and Brockport. My earliest recollection of Holley was going there with my father with a grist to obtain the family flour. The mill was located at the bend of the East Holley Rd. on the east side of the gulley. The miller, after weighing our wheat, took out his percentage for the grinding. We did not have to wait long before we had our flour, middlings, and bran to take home with us.

Another incident of those early days which has kept fresh in my memory was the time my two older brothers were sent to Holley with a load of grain to be delivered at the warehouse. It seems there was a gradual grade for the approach and steep decline for the return after unloading. The boys tried to make the wrong grade after the younger brother, who prided himself for being quite a horseman, had jumped off the load shouting, “There, George, is the hill you have to climb”. After several attempts to ascend the wrong way to the warehouse, a man appeared at the door and called, “What are you boys trying to do, kill your horses?” He then directed them to circle and come up the proper way.

I well remember James Hurd coming to our farm to buy our fat livestock. He was always a quiet, pleasant man to deal with. It comes to mind he once told us that one of our steers dressed off 55 pounds to the hundred, which he said was excellent.

It was very fortunate for me that another brother was a baseball fan, as he would take me to the Holley games when work on the farm was not too pressing. At that time there was a great rivalry between the Holley and Brockport teams. Many things were said on the bleachers that were not intended to cause pleasant reactions from the opposing fans. I will state, however, that I never saw a fist fight during my attendance.

Well I remember George McCargo coming in from the field to take his turn at bat. You could depend on his making a hit, and usually out of the park. By the way, the ball park was located directly north of the village square at that time. Also, do I remember the pitcher, Claude Freston, a six-footer and a southpaw if I remember correctly. There was a very few better than Freston in the amateurs at that time.

One game stands out in my memory above all others; it was between Holley and Brockport. A few runs had been made in the early innings and the score was even. From then on it was a pitcher’s battle. The game went to nearly 18 innings before the deciding run was pushed across. My memory is somewhat hazy as to what team finally won. Perhaps some Holley fans of that era, who attended that game, will refresh it for me, also how many innings were played.
I wonder how many now living in Holley remember the baseball team sponsored by the Temperance Assembly which was held in a grove between Holley and Clarendon. The meeting came in August when the men folks were very busy on the farm. To attend those games, I had to walk six miles as no horses were available. The players for this team were selected from both Orleans and Genesee counties. The catcher, Charles Gillum from Byron Center, was the most graceful player behind the plate I have ever witnessed. Herbert Reed of Albion played on first base. His precise English, even in the excitement of the game, was cause for him to be much heckled when at bat. The phrase the fans and players used most to annoy him was, “Now fellows”. I don’t think it bothered him much. I have always thought this team to be the best amateur team I have seen play to this day. They met all comers in the amateur ranks and won all, or a very high percentage of the games played.

These are but a few of the pleasant thoughts that come to my mind when I recall those days of the past. We did not have the automobile and other modern means for enjoyment and entertainment, still I cannot help thinking that we did very well in those early days and years of my life.
Dear Editor:

An Editorial: Changes I Have Seen In Brockport

Before I start with my story of the somewhat distant past, I would like to refer to Brockport’s most recent change, I am referring of course, to the change of ownership and publisher of this paper from one Brockport family to another.

There comes a time on one’s life, no matter how well you have done the job, when you must pass to younger hands the duties required of you. If in the passing of the Republic-Democrat from P. A. Blossom and son, E. M. Blossom, to Kenneth Hovey we have this kind of change.

May the retirement of the former owner be a long and happy one. The largest fish may yet to be caught by P. A. in his favorite fishing spot at Sandy Creek Harbor.

At this time, we also with to extend our best wishes for the future success, in whatever field they choose, to the very recent editors and publishers of the Brockport Republic-Democrat, Richard D. Cross and Mrs. Sheret Blossom Cross.

That the full support of the people of Brockport will be given to Mr. Hovey in his new undertaking here, is a certainty.

Many changes have come to Brockport in the last half century. The year I came to live in this village, 1902, the Moore Shafer Shoe factory was at the peak of its production; (The now Button and Doll factories). They made women’s shoes exclusively. The trade name for this very high grade shoe was Ultra and it was known throughout the nation. The nature of manufacturing shoes calls for very high skilled workmanship and consequently high wages, for that time, was paid for this expert work. Many of the workers had their noon lunch at one of the three hotels nearby and some boarded outright there making it their home. This was then a booming business.

About this time the chain shoe stores came into being. The manufacturers supporting these stores had a direct outlet for getting their product to the people. It wasn’t many years before out local plant began to feel the keen competition, which increased till survival was no longer possible. Thus the change had to come about.

Returning to the three hotels previously mentioned I would like to take them up separately and in detail. The Heinrich House was located where the Stull Lumber Yard is now found. It was a large square, two-story structure in front with a long one-story at the rear, which contained first the dining room and then the kitchen farther back. This hotel burned on a winter night when the temperature was around zero. I was at this fire and saw the occupants leave and go to the railroad baggage room, saving nothing but the clothes they were wearing. This hotel was never rebuilt.
Then there was the Gates Hotel located between the depot and Main Street on Railroad Avenue. This public servant, though small, was noted for its extremely good management, fine food, and the spic and span cleanliness of its upkeep. Mr. James Larkin was its proprietor. He later became our postmaster when he lived in the red brick house on Park Avenue where Mr. Burns, a member of our high school teaching staff now resides. This hotel also burned to the ground.

Now we come to the last of the three hotels surrounding the depot at this time. It was the Tremont House located on the corner of Main Street and Railroad Avenue, just below the Gates Hotel. It too, like the Heinrich House, was a large two-story affair. It had a porch at the second story extending on both the south and west sides. Often you would see guests sitting out on the porch during summer evenings. To the northeast of this hotel was a large barn which, at one time, was used a livery stable. The Tremont was torn down when it ceased to function at a fair profit. Thus, again, we see a business giving way to a new era to come.

By now you are likely wondering how Brockport could support all three hotels and one more downtown, The American Hotel, now the Landmark. To clear this up I will state the Falls Road was running passenger trains nearly every hour. The travelling salesmen made Brockport their central location to work from, hiring livery rigs to take them to small towns in driving distance, returning here for the night. This often kept them a whole week in Brockport.

To get the trade The American Hotel and The Tremont House had buses meet each train. How many now living in Brockport remember those buses with Jonathan Allen and Charlie Peterson seated high on their seats calling out the name of the hotel they represented? I can now see Allen with his black oilcloth cap and Peterson with his black sateen one. What a whistler Peterson was! He was the best I have ever heard. To digress here somewhat, how often do we hear persons whistle today as they pass by on the street?

This I believe, gives you a fair idea of what was taking place near the depot on those days and nights 50 years ago. Some of you may have been among the young blades who used to meet the 11 o’ clock train from Rochester, to see if any young lady was returning who needed an escort to her home. This became a common occurrence, as you may remember.
An Editorial: The Livery Stables

There were seven livery stables in Brockport during that period of years previous to the coming of the automobile into general use. I have already referred to the stable at the rear of the Tremont Hotel. This, I believe, was operated in conjunction with the hotel and for the benefit of the guests. Nott Cornes was manager of the stable at this time. Later, Charles Preston had his sales stables in this barn. It was razed along with the hotel.

Passing down Main St. to Holley St. and not far from Main was located the Alvah Fuller Livery. This was a complete business, consisting of hacks for weddings and funerals, carryalls for school and church picnics, bob sleighs for sleigh ride parties, as well as the regular rigs to let out for personal pleasure rides. These consisted of top buggies and open vehicles in summer and Portland cutters in winter. His stable numbered 15 horses, all dependable, well-conditioned driving horses. The stable was in a large barn at the rear of his home and was later torn down. Recently, I had a short visit with Mr. Fuller, who lives at the same address. Alvah, though past 90 years of age, has excellent memory and he is enjoying fairly good health. I am sure we both enjoyed recounting those days of the past half century.

On State St. at the rear of the Star Super Market, in a large barn that was located there was a livery stable of Henry Miller. This stable was eventually purchased by Mr. Fuller and Mr. Miller then turned attention to the buying and selling of horses.

At the rear of the Republic-Democrat office where the printing shop is now located, was the livery stable of William Brown. When the printing building was constructed, Mr. Brown relocated at Erie St. where Mr. Beaney now has his trailer trucking business. Mr. Brown was in business here for several years before going to Rochester to make his home.

A little farther down Erie St. where Arthur Wright now resides, there was a large barn at the rear of the premises where John Coughlin operated a livery stable for a few years. He, like Mr. Brown, moved to Rochester.

H. N. Johnson at one time during this period had rigs for rental at the rear of the location where the Clark Cornwell auto sales agency is now found on King St. In front of the livery barn was a large block which later burned to the ground. Here Mr. Johnson carried on an extensive business, selling new carriages and harnesses. He also had a harness-making shop on the ground floor. In the upper stories of this building was located his used merchandise sales room. It was said at the time that you could find most anything you needed there. Mr. Johnson’s slogan was, “Everything Has A Value”.

To complete this narrative, we now go to the stables of P. Burch which were located where the Bauch Farm Equipment building is now found. In addition to his livery stable, Mr. Burch often
purchased several carloads of fine heavy draft horses in the state of Iowa. He brought them to Brockport each spring to sell to the farmers in this vicinity. They were beautiful, fine-proportioned animals and the farmers were very eager to own them. They were sold for $200 each and matched pairs often brought as much as $500 and $600. Mr. Burch, for his own amusement, had several fine racing horses which he used to race at the Brockport Fair and at other race events.

This gives you, I believe, some idea how horses were being used before the automobile and the farm tractor came into existence. If a young man had a very special girl, he could rent a special turn out—a spirited horse and a shining, rubber-tired buggy for about $2.00 for a Sunday afternoon’s enjoyment. This usually included a trip to Troutburg or Straight Lake (now Sandy Harbor).

Again are brought to mind the changes that have come to Brockport during the past 50 years!
An Editorial: The Brockport Fair

In the beginning it was not named the Brockport fair as the name chosen was the Brockport Agricultural Society. Over the main entrance on Spring Street there was an arch with the above inscription. There was also an entrance on State Street.

A group of far seeing men gathered together to see what could be done to promote farming and good will in this vicinity. They chose to form a stock company to finance the project; and thus the start was made for what was later to be a most successful undertaking. These men never received any direct return for their investment, and I do not believe they expected to have any; all they asked were season tickets for their families to attend what they, themselves, had made possible.

Thirty acres of land was purchased at the eastern border of the Village, where the General Electric plant is now located. The grounds were then encircled with a high board fence. The wide boards though sawed at right angles, were nailed to the stingers at a sharp slant, thus forming a point with each board. The half mile racing track was laid out in an oval formation closed to the east fence, so as to provide plenty of room on the rest of the grounds for the Fair buildings.

Before I continue with the story of the Fair itself, I should like to name a few of the men who gave of their time and helped in many ways to make this, the Fair, the success it achieved. All of these fine gentlemen I remember, and I know that many of you do also: Elias Garrison was general superintendent, George Gallup was the marshal. Do you remember his fine, dark chestnut mount? Other officers and directors I recall were Harris Holmes, Alfred White, Samuel Wadhams, Horace Pierce, Hosea Covell, Hon. Charles White, Hon. George Sime, Richard Garrison, Sr. and Albert Davis.

Certainly there were many others that you will recall if you were present during those early exhibitions. The dates chosen to hold these community gatherings were to be, as neat as possible, to the last day of September and the first three days of October.

Let us now direct our attention to the buildings and their purposes. At the northeast corner of the grounds along the fence were the swine and goat pens. I would like to interrupt here to relate an incident of my boyhood in connection with the Fair. It was the lot of myself and one or two of my boy chums to be allowed only fifty cents each day to attend the Fair. If we spent a quarter at the gate for admission, that meant only a quarter to spend on the grounds. We decided to look the fence over to see if it had any weakness; it did have, a short board that did not reach the ground. We crawled under this board, one at a time, and to our surprise found ourselves in the goat pen. We became very attentive to those goats, till we were sure the manner of our entrance had not been observed. However, we did not feel perfectly calm until we had mingled with the crowd.
I hope this does not offend you, because of the standard of behavior you were taught in your youth. My only defense is: if you did not do these things, you were not a real boy. The quarter was spent at the concessions, and as they had to pay a license fee, perhaps the Fair management did get some, if not their full share of our 25 cents.

A short distance south of the swine were two parallel sheds running east and west. These sheds were divided through the middle, lengthwise, so you had to walk on both sides to look at the displayed livestock. In the north shed the sheep were on display and the south side contained the cattle.

Directly west of these sheds, the large horse barn was located. At first, this sheltered both the prize horses and the race horses. Later, new spacious stables were built for the racing horses at the southeast portion of the ground. During the early period race horses also had stalls along the west fence near the northeast corner.

Proceeding farther south we come to the Poultry Building which was always filled to capacity and very often tents had to be added to take care of all the entries. Let me state at this time all the carnival that was allowed was situated between the horse barn and the poultry building. You see it was not, by any means, the main attraction as we sometimes see at fairs today.

To the southeast of the Poultry Building was Domestic Hall. The contents of this building were the chief interests of the women folks. Here they could display their fine crafts, and if superior, win prizes as well. Do not thing that men did not give this building a careful survey also, as everyone who attended the fair passed through this building before leaving the grounds.

Now we come to the grandstand still to the south. Underneath this were displayed grains, seeds, fresh and canned fruits, vegetables, honey, baked foods, etc. The grandstand was enlarged several times as the popularity of the races increased. Many new entries of racing horses came each succeeding year.

A short distance south of the grandstand was the dining hall, where you got a hot meal without leaving the grounds. This was let out each year as a concession to an able restaurant man.

I have now told you about the permanent buildings. In addition to those, there were many tents. With the coming of the automobile there was a large tent north of the grandstand to accommodate the several exhibitors. In the center of the racing track all farm implements and other machinery were on display. Here also, were pitched several small tents.

Let us now return to the social side of this gathering of people. Here you would meet friends and relatives once a year, that perhaps you had not seen since the year before. Many came, as you would at a picnic bringing their dinner and eating in their vehicles or spread out on the grass. Many also came by train and trolley, a great many from Rochester.

In addition to the horse racing, entertainment was provided by a varied free performance on a platform in front of the grandstand, directly across the racing track. Also across the track and a
short distance to the north was the bandstand, where a full band of not, played during the afternoon races.

That a food fair would attract people today, was proven at the State Fair in Syracuse last year. The roads leading to the grounds became so blocked with automobiles for a great distance that many people had to be turned away.

You remember I stated that very early in the life of the Brockport Fair permanent dates were chosen at which to hold the gathering. When the Rochester Industrial Exposition and Horse Show were being organized the management chose dates that conflicted with those of our Fair. They were asked to reconsider, but they still remained firm in their refusal to change their dating. Many people in this locality still feel that Rochester owes Brockport an apology regarding this matter.

These were the days when we were slow moving (no automobiles) but happy people. There was little to disturb our tranquility. The Spanish American war came along but it was of short duration and only volunteers left their homes. In closing, the thought uppermost in my mind, is that this was one of the best generations in which to have lived, and possibly, the very best.
Dear Editor:

An Editorial: Brockport State Normal School

It was my great privilege to have attended the Brockport Normal School in the late 90’s. Three important events occurred to the student body during my attendance. Those, I will name as follows: The School Colors, old gold and green, were chosen and adopted; and I would like to state here, that it still gives me quite a thrill when I see them being worn by the students on the streets today. During this period the first senior class book was published. I have one and I cherish my copy, you may be assured. The last event that stands out in my memory, as one of great achievement, happened on the campus of the University of Rochester when the Brockport Normal football team defeated the top team of the university. Brockport Normal at the time had about 300 registered students, and the University of Rochester students were numbered in the thousands.

During my stay at the Normal Prof. Charles McLean was the principal for two of the years and Dr. David Eugene Smith for my last year. Prof. McLean was noted for his thorough discipline and Dr. Smith for great ability as a mathematician and for having a very keen intellect.

In my senior year I had a psychology class with Dr. Smith that convened twice a week. I remember he once wrote a paragraph on the board and requested the class to copy it exactly as it was written. He then asked us to memorize it for our next class meeting. He stated that he would be surprised if one of the hundred odd students in the class could do it. We, of course, thought this most unlikely.

At the next class meeting he had all, except the ones he requested to recite, to place the paragraph in front of them. He started calling on some of the brightest in the class to give the paragraph from memory. You know each and everyone called on put an “and” in where it did not belong or left one out, or some other slight mistake. He had proven his theory, that one’s memory was not trustworthy where exactness was required.

Now let us turn to Prof. Charles McLean and what I stated about his being a strict disciplinarian. I have two very positive proofs to back me up in that statement. I was leaving my last class for the day at 3 P. M., descending the stairs two steps at a time. I did not see Prof. McLean waiting for me at the bottom. He stopped me by placing the palms of his hands flat against the pit of my stomach. When he thought I had regained my breath enough to speak, he asked me where I thought I was going. I told him school was out and I was going home. He replied that school might be finished for me that day, but school in the building was not ended till four o’clock. He requested me to go back up those stairs and come down as I should. I did.

On the other occasion I was wrestling in the hat and coat room with George Comstock during school hours, trying out our strength as boys will, when Prof. McLean appeared at the door. He directed us to his office. When he came, later, he bristled up to us and said he had a mind to
throw us two boys through the open window. He was only five feet and six inches tall, and I don’t know how George felt about it at the time, but I was thoroughly convinced that he could do it. I asked George recently if he remembered the incident. He replied, “I should, it was my first day attendance at the Normal.” Not a very auspicious beginning for anyone.

I should like to name the teachers who were at the Normal at this time, and I might add here, that they spent all their active years teaching at the Brockport Normal. Before I name them, I wish to state also that everyone of those teachers was held in the highest respect by all students. They were hard-working, conscientious instructors at all times. I have already stated the names of the two principals during that period. I will now name the other teachers as I remember them: William Lennon, Charles Seeley, Charles Smith, Arthur Tooley, Mary Rhoades, Jane Lowry, Sarah Saunders, Elizabeth Richmond, Flora Wilsea, Bertha Coleman, and May Nash. In the training department were Mary White, Eliza Knowles, Louise Williams, and Fannie Avery.

The outer walls of the Normal School building were constructed of native stone and mortar that showed no deterioration or very little, during the life of the building. On the southeast corner of the south wing was a cross mark chiseled on the flat surface of a stone indicating the height above sea level. I wonder how many were aware of that!

The Campus was located between the south wing of the school building and the railroad property. Here was room for baseball and football. If it was to be a track meet, a competition between schools, the events were then held at the fair grounds.

It was quite a shock to me to see those massive outer walls leveled to the ground as the old Normal School building was demolished, and I am sure it must have caused a similar reaction to other graduates, as well. I recall a commencement speaker once referring to the school building's future in words something like this. “There is a rumor that this school is discontinued and another rumor has it that the building is to be replaced with a new one. I want to assure all of you in the hearing of my voice, that neither of these conditions will take place during our life time,” said he.

The old Normal School was discontinued and a better school has taken its place. Also a newer, and much better building occupies the spot ad we now have our present State Teachers College – something he was unable to foresee at that time.

The students attending our College have much to be thankful for. There are plenty of teaching positions awaiting them and I understand the school has a placement department to help them secure the best position for which they are especially qualified. Let me state here that conditions were not that good when I attended the Normal School. You had to be alert to secure any kind of a teaching position.

Brockport is both proud and happy to have this up-to-date Teachers College in our midst. There is no doubt that it raises the intellectual atmosphere of our whole community. May it continue to grow in usefulness and purpose for all who may have associations with it now and its future service in the years ahead.
Dear Editor:

An Editorial: Factories of Early Brockport

As far back as I can remember I was taken to the Morgan Reaper Works. There I saw a row of brightly painted reapers, reaching in line the entire length of the building. These machines were complete, placed there for the farmers to come and get them. Other machines, not assembled, were to be packed in crates and shipped all over the world.

Previous to this time, there was another reaper works located on both sides of Main St., north of the canal. This was the Johnson Harvester plant. It was completely destroyed by fire and the factory was re-located at Batavia.

Returning to the Morgan industry, when D. S. Morgan died, the business was sent to a western firm. Very soon after this, however, the Brockport Wheel Works became a reality in this building. It made wheels for all kinds of vehicles of that time. I visited this plant and was greatly impressed in watching the different operations in the manufacture of a wheel. The hubs were turned out of elm wood, the spokes were made from hickory. The process of forming the rim or felley was very interesting. The wood was first steamed to make it somewhat pliable, then it was placed under a powerful press that formed it into a semi-circle; two of these pieces, end to end, completed the building. You may be curious to know by now, why I have gone into all this detail in the manufacture of a wheel. You may not know, as you ride swiftly by automobile today, covering great distances, that the wheel is considered the greatest invention of all time. No mechanical locomotion on land is practical without this humble unit. I might add here to show the contrast in the economy of that time with the present, that the wages paid them at this plant were $1.25 per day. It was extremely difficult work in forming these hard woods into the perfect wheel. All joints must be absolutely perfect, wood to wood.

Today, this building with the expansion that has taken place, is the Brockport Cold Storage. In the beginning it was the purpose of this business to chill fruit and keep it at a temperature just above freezing. I saw the original building filled with 85,000 barrels of apples in one season. Now the capacity of the buildings, with the exception of two of the former rooms, is used for sharp freezing. Also, ice for domestic use and for cooling railroad refrigerated cars is manufactured in great quantities in the storage plant.

About the time of the organizing of the shoe factory of which we have previously written, the Capen Piano Factory came into being. It was a stock company promoted by local men with local capital. Frank Capen, a farm implement dealer, was most active in establishing this industry: hence he was given the honor of having it named after him. The president was William Parks, the general manager was George Whitney and Charles Marsh was superintendent. This company served along at a period with the shoe factory as the principal industries in Brockport. In addition to making the Capen and Whitney pianos it made a great many for other firms. Again let us compare the wages...
paid at this time with those of today. The highest wage paid a general employee was $22.00 per week.

As a result of the piano factory being located here, it brought another industry here, the Phelps Piano Case factory. It built a portion of the buildings now occupied by the B Plant of the Quaker Maid Company. The buildings were later sold in the Brockport Clock Works, which made cases for grandfather clocks, also cases for the smaller clocks.

Following the Capen Piano Works to occupy this building came the McLaughlin Stamping Manufacturing Company. It manufactured tin and galvanized utensils for the home. It was here for several years until the death of Mr. McLaughlin. The entire plant and contents was then sold to the Reeves Manufacturing Company of Ohio. There was so much raw material on hand that this firm reaped a fine profit by using it at their own plant, so they closed the Brockport plant.

Today we have the Alderman Paper Box factory located in this same building. They make all kinds of paper boxes for the wholesale trade. Their greatest rush is at holiday time when so many Christmas boxes are needed.

Not far beyond the box factory on the old fair grounds we find the General Electric Company. It occupies a building formerly built for canning and freezing purposes. The General Electric Company makes food mixers here in the Brockport plant.

As this section became famous for apples and other fruits a few men conceived the idea of building a canning factory here. These men were the Dailey brothers and the Udell brothers. The name chosen was the Dailey Udell Canning Company. This company was the forerunner of our present Quaker Maid Company. The Company passed through other hands for short periods of time, but finally it came into the ownership of The Atlantic and Pacific Canning Company; later the name was changed to the Quaker Maid Canning Company.

The magnitude of processing foods that this up-to-date plant cans is very hard to comprehend as tomatoes alone are spoken of by thousands of tons in the canning season of this crop. A great many other food are processed as it is a year around business. To get an idea of the working of this plant, and the rapidity of its operations, you have to visit the plant and see for yourself.

On High St. is located the New York Frozen Food plant. In one building nearly all the cherries grown in this section are processed and placed in large cans for sharp freezing. In another building waffles are made in a very large scale. They are mixed, baked, chilled, packaged for shipment and frozen in this building before leaving it.

The Button and Doll factories, I mentioned in a previous article: before they located in the Moore-Shafer Shoe Company building the Karge Refrigerating Company made milk coolers for farmers there. At present the Karge firm, manufacturing other products, is located on Clinton St.
There were many small factories here at one time or another. I will mention a few. The Brockport Carriage Works (where Brockport Sprayer and Pump store is now located), a shoe factory in the Kishler & Collins store building, the Eddy-Webster Shoe factory, where the Rochester Fuel Office is now located, (this was completely destroyed by fire). Below the canal at the corner of Main and Liberty Sts. was a canning factory operated by Patsy and Cornelius Lahey. This industry also had a room for refrigeration, the first in town. (The firm name was The Batavia Preservations Co.)

Through all these changes Brockport has come through with flying colors if I may be permitted to use an old but familiar expression. All I have to do to prove this statement is to call your attention to the growth of Brockport during the past ten years. We have made a gain of students at the Teachers College. This was a 32 per cent gain during that period, the largest gain of any village in Monroe County. We now have 5,000 people making their homes here.

May Brockport continue to grow and prosper, is the wish of this writer.
Republic-Democrat

Dear Editor:

An Editorial

The Older Stores

As I salute, and stress the memory and importance of our older stores in this article, I wish to state at the beginning that we appreciate the newer ones, as well. May they continue to be with us and prosper for many years, also. Very few stores have seen start in our village which did not make a success of the venture. I think you could count them on the fingers of your two hands.

In naming these older stores, I will first state years in family and then years under present owner: Stanley’s Market, 92 years in family, 55 years under present owner; Dobson Drug, 78 years in family, 48 years under present owner. Harmon Monuments, 76 years in family, (2 of the 3 generations only), 50 years under present owner; Fowler Furniture, 72 years in family, 40 years under present owner; Decker Hardware, 61 years in family, 30 years under present owner; Davis Grocery, 83 years in family, 53 years under present owner; Dunn Furniture, 58 years in family, 42 years under present owner; Fagan Millinery, 57 years in family, 8 years under present owner; Engel Jewelry, 49 years in family, five years under present owner; Republic-Democrat, 55 years under former owner, P. A. Blossom (very recently sold); Simmons Drug, 55 years under present owner; Richards shoes, 38 years under present owner; Caley Barber, 41 years under present owner; and Connors Restaurant, 35 years under present owner. All these stores have been in one family for 35 years or more. I am sure you will agree with me that the above is a very imposing list, of which any village would be proud. We certainly should all salute them at this time.

One of my earliest recollections was going to the Stanley Meat Market. Grain threshers had arrived at our farm very late on a Saturday night. The household had sufficient provisions, with the exception of fresh meat to feed those hungry men on the following Monday. On Sunday morning I went with my father to the Stanley Market, then located below the canal on the west side of Main St. After explaining the situation, Mr. Stanley opened up his market and we soon had a large piece of beef to take back with me. I wish I could remember the price per pound to compare with present prices, but I was too young to take such things into consideration.

Let us now give our attention to some of the other Brockport stores and their owners, both of the present and the past. We will pass down the west side of Main Street, starting with the Decker Store. Charles Decker, whose memory we all cherish, was the best business friend I had, and he helped me in many ways during my career as a house painter. He once told me that they carried the largest stock of any hardware between Buffalo and Rochester. His son, Alfred, has kept the prestige of this store high during his ownership.

The Dobson Drug Store has a very high standing in this community. We are all familiar as to how this store passed from father, Thomas Dobson, to son, Harold Dobson. We are also aware of...
the great improvements made by the latter during his ownership. All our towns-people know and respect Harold Dobson as friend and businessman.

The meat market of James Gallagher is in the memory of most of us. My family traded there for many years. If you wanted to borrow $10.00 Jim was not the man to turn you down. He had many friends and loyal customers.

John Owen’s Grocery, both wholesale and retail, with James Conley manager, did a very large business in its day. I used to delight to see John Owens write a receipt when a grocery bill was paid. He was a beautiful writer and when he put his signature to it you had a work of art.

I would like to relate an incident that occurred while I was awaiting my turn to be waited on. A lady was having her grocery list filled and she asked if the store had any cabbage for sale. Mr. Conley replied, “You know they are very scarce and very high in price, but I will try and fill your order”. After the lady had left James notices that I was smiling and he asked me what the joke was. I replied that I had filled eight sugar barrels of cabbage for John Owens Company that afternoon at a warehouse on High St. James replied, “Now, let’s see, did I say anything untruthful?” I replied, “You did not, but you made that lady very hungry for cabbage”. By the way, cabbage was selling for $200.00 per ton at the time. James Conley was a good salesman and a fine man to know.

John Kinsella ran a restaurant where Edward and John Connors now have theirs. Some of the best men of the village would gather there to discuss events of the day or have a friendly card game upstairs. John once said to me, “If anyone will tell me how I can run my place in a more honorable way, I will try my best to do it”. No rowdyism was allowed in his place, and John was a perfect gentleman at all times.

When you say “Bill’s Lunch” you don’t have to tell the younger generation where it is located. William Graf has made many friends, while serving the public during his ten years in the restaurant business. “Bill” is always ready to stop and have a friendly chat, but don’t try to “kid” him as he will do you one better if you do.

Ray P. Davis, grocer, early in his career adopted the slogan, “A fresh stock and a clean store”, and he certainly has always lived up to that tradition. Ray has been a good businessman and had many friends who have traded with him throughout the years. We are all familiar with his wonderful sense of humor, a very desirable attitude of mind to possess.

When we say “Simmons Drug Store” we think of Leon Porter who has been there most of the 55 years of its existence. He is a very pleasant man to meet, has rare judgment, and a visit with him is most rewarding.

I would like to recount here one or two amusing happenings that occurred in stores in my presence during those early days. I was a clerk in a hardware store for a few years during that time. I thought it was quite efficient, and when a person who could not speak English plainly came into the store for some article, I had a standard question to expedite the transaction. I would ask, “What is it
used for?” In this particular instance it was a lady customer who entered, and when I asked my question she smiled and started walking to the rear of the store. On the top shelf she espied the toilet article that she desired and pointed to it. My embarrassment at that moment caused me to never ask my standard question again.

On another occasion, I was in the store of Mr. Osterhout. He was waiting on a lady customer when he asked me if I was going over to the village building to witness the trial. I said I was. He then asked me what I would do with that fellow. I replied that I would send him to prison for life, as I thought that a habitual chicken thief was the meanest of men. I noticed that he had a good chuckle to himself at my remark. When I later attended the trial the first person called to the witness chair, was the lady that was in the shoe store. She was the chicken thief’s housekeeper. (He was convicted and sent to prison, but not for life; for the law is not that severe with chicken thieves.)

To test the memory of some of our older citizens I will name some of our very early stores and asked them to locate them. Where was Abe Smith’s Bakery when it was near the canal? Locate William Lapp’s Grocery, Tozier’s Drug Store, Benedit Bros. Shoe Store, Hollenworth’s Barber Shop, Lath’s Shoe Store, Ernie Fellows’ Grocery, Whitney & Ashley Dry Goods, Charles Van Epps’ Hardware, Scott Rowley’s Jewelry Store. I have names ten, score yourself accordingly.

We often hear rumors that a shopping center is coming to Brockport, as they are being built in many localities. If that ever occurs, I predict that our present well-established stores will seek to change their location. However, as our village is making so rapid a growth it might be possible to rent these stores, should such an undertaking come to pass.

Many of us have observed the fact that owners of our business blocks have not kept abreast of the time. Perhaps they do not realize that our village is leading all others on Monroe County in percentage population increase. There have been built here during the last 50 years only three business blocks.

Will Brockport meet this challenge? I believe it will!
Republic-Democrat

Dear Editor:

An Editorial

Falls Railroad, Trolley and Canal

Brockport has been the scene of two serious wrecks during the life of the falls railroad. In the year 1882 several freight cars became derailed and fell into Railroad Avenue and across our Main Street. No lives were lost, but much merchandise was scattered around. My two older brothers salvaged a bottle of champagne from the wreckage. I was too young to be allowed to participate when the contents were sampled. But I remember how they had the empty bottle on a shelf in their room as a souvenir for several years.

The other wreck happened on a cold winter’s night in the early ‘90’s. I viewed this wreck as it rested in the south yard of Wallace Maw on Utica St. One of the engine crew was killed. Two steam locomotives, with a snow plow attached to the front one, were passing through westward. The front engine became derailed and the momentum of the train behind plus the power of the rear locomotive pushed the one ahead over the high bank at this point.

Now let us pass to more pleasant memories of the Falls Road. A great many passenger trains were needed at this time, as railroads were the only means of transportation on land for long distances. An excursion train was run on weekends to Niagara Falls during the summer months and sometimes in the winter when an ice bridge had formed in front of the falls, an excursion would then also take place. The bridge formed by the spray from the falling water was many feet above the river itself. People were allowed to cross this bridge and in the center was a shack built to indicate the boundary point between the United States and Canada. Souvenirs were sold at this spot.

One fateful day the bridge crumbled, without warning, and fell into the river. Several lives were lost. If the ice bridge forms in these later years you do not hear about it, as people were forbidden access to any further bridge that might form. All excursion fares to the falls, round trip, were $1.00; another excursion train, weekends, was scheduled to Charlotte (now Ontario Beach). Fare for this round trip was fifty cents. Also, on Saturday you could go into Rochester and back for half a dollar. Many Normal School teachers took advantage of this low fare to do their shopping in the city.

This branch of the New York Central is now used almost exclusively for freight transportation. (Only one passenger train each way, daily now). Recently I had an interview with Mr. Shufelt who guards the Kenyon Street railroad crossing. I asked him if it were true that the Falls Road was having more freight traffic now, than the Main Line. He replied that he was sure that such a statement was an exaggeration, as he was in a position to know. However, he did state that he counted 27 freight trains pass through, during the Second World War, in seven hours, or a train about every 15 minutes. Mr. Shufelt was then stationed at the Park Avenue crossing.
Today we have the diesel engines pulling trains that reach nearly two miles in length. I think it is a fact with most of us that we do miss the pleasant whistling of those steam locomotives, especially in the night. They had become a sort of tradition with us and we would lie awake waiting and listening for trains that we knew would be passing at a certain time.

With the coming of electric power into general use, the Buffalo, Lockport, and Rochester trolley was conceived and soon became a reality. The people of Brockport grasped this opportunity to use this easy means of going short distances. A car went over the rails each way at nearly every hour of the day, so you did not have to plan far ahead if you decided to go into Rochester.

However, the writer had a very thrilling experience on traveling to the city by trolley after a severe ice storm. Many wires were down and rails were very icy. We left Brockport at about nine o’clock that morning. At Spencerport the trolley car became stalled on a grade and we all went over to the Falls Road stations. Several people returned to Brockport by the first train westward. Others, while waiting for a train to Rochester, were informed by a messenger who was sent over that the trolley had made the grade and that we could come back if we cared to. A few of us went back to the trolley and we reached the city at two o’clock that afternoon. I will always remember that experience, as sparks of electricity were flying through the car constantly. I watched the motorman, and as he seemed perfectly calm, I did not become too frightened. I think that most of us returned on the steam road just the same.

The trolley road had an existence of nearly 25 years, before the automobile came into general use. You may hear many of the older citizens today say that they wish the old trolley cars were back as they ran so often it made it very convenient.

You often hear it said that the Erie Canal was the making of Brockport. It certainly had much to do with the growth of our village in its early days. Clarkson was an older town and likely to outstrip Brockport in its population up to this time. They tell us how stores were located close to the water’s edge, beneath the American Hotel, now the Landmark, and in the basement of the Kishlar and Collins block. These stores did a good business as those early canal men, through rough, were good spenders.

Through the influence of Thomas Cornes a brick revenue office was built at the rear of the present Kishlar and Collins block. Mr. Cornes owned the block at that time and donated the land at the rear for the revenue office. Recently this building was torn down and the marble slab that was over the entrance door was kept as a memento, and is now in the possession of our village at the public building. On this slab was carved the purpose of the building and the date of its erection. The canal officials, during the early years, collected toll from all the boats passing through and New York State realized nearly $50,000,000 from this source. All boats have free passage now.

At first all boats were drawn by horses or mules with a long tow line attached to the front of the first boat in line. A little later two freight boats, with steam power, made daily trips from Rochester to village west. These boats were named respectively the Reynolds and the Brown. We
used to go down to the landing to see them dock on summer evenings. They would carry passengers also, if you cared to make the trip, an all-day affair to Rochester and return.

I remember about this time a boat loaded with crocks from Lyons, would dock here. It would supply all the grocery stores with all kinds of crocks for the year ahead. Also the farmers would pile their barrels of apples along the bank of the canal for one of the late boats of the season to take them to New York City.

Powerful steam and diesel tugs today have taken the place of the horses and mules for power to move the boats through the channel.

Petroleum products are the chief cargoes that pass through the canal today. The boat loads of grain and other farm produce, also the manufactured goods that used to go by canal, travel by faster routes, now, via railroads and trailer trucks.

The overhead bridges have been changed to modern lift bridges. The towpath has gone into disuse, except for a path for the bank watchman to make his daily rounds checking for any possible breaks in the canal bank. No more do we see the horses and mules tugging at the boats to move them along the channel, or their drivers following on foot, singing and whistling, and sometimes swearing at their charges, I am sorry to state.

Today we often see people, who have come great distances, get out of their automobiles to view the Erie Canal and watch boats pass as bridges are raised and lowered. This canal is still a project to be admired by many; but as is often the case, when something is very near you, it ceases to be valued as something unusual and of great importance.
Republic-Democrat

Dear Editor:

An Editorial

Streets And Sidewalks

On a map of Brockport dated 1872 the village does not reach to the South any farther than Adams Street. East and West Avenue were one street named Clarkson Street. Park Avenue had the same of Mechanic Street. Many cross-streets are missing, such as Gordon Street and Oxford Street. Water Street was a dead-end street, as a slip of the canal extended across at the end. Boats were steered into this slip to be loaded with grain from the warehouse that is still found there. This storage building is of laminated wood construction; possibly that is why it stand so firmly today.

The dooryards of the residences on main streets were enclosed with picket fences. Some of these were very elaborate in construction, especially the gates for the entrance. The surface of these fences often had red or gray sand blown on them to make them have the appearance of stone. One of the last of these fences to survive in this village surrounded the yard of the Minot property on North Main Street (now Clark Haven). A very fine example still exists at Clarkson on the west side of the Lake Road. It was named the “necktie design”. Earl Pattison is the present owner.

These fences served a double purpose; they were not only to beautify the property, but also to keep the livestock, that were often driven along the street, from entering. Some domestic animals were also allowed to roam at large in those early days.

The business portion of our Main Street was first paved with cobble stones. Then, some time later, these were taken out and a block pavement of Medina sandstone was laid. About 35 years ago this pavement was replaced by the present brick one, which has been very satisfactory.

Our residential streets today are the admiration of all who see and use them. I wish at this point to call your attention to the man who is responsible for their splendid, durable condition. When William Glynn retired after having been our street superintendent for 38 years, a testimonial dinner was given in his honor at the Roxbury Inn. I always felt that this was not enough, that attention should be called, from time to time, to the man who built so many of our streets so well.

The writer had occasion to observe the construction of the Park Avenue section North of State Street. Quicksand was encountered at this point. To overcome this condition, Mr. Glynn, after lowering the road bed, covered the surface with large flat rocks to hold up the top pavement. This prevented any further trouble at this point.

In addition, and at the same time, Mr. Glynn was our water department superintendent for 16 years, no small task in itself. When you realize that at this time, very few labor saving machines were available, the magnitude of all this work can be rightly valued.
Credit should also be given to Frank Jenkins in keeping the surface of our streets in such fine condition. He is also building new streets, on occasion, when new residential sections develop. Our streets today are under constant use, as many fold are the vehicles of all types and weights that pass over them. They have to be well built to endure.

In closing the reference to our streets the thought has often occurred to me when on lower Erie: Why has not this street been continued to Holley Street along the old trolley right of way? Perhaps the residents on the street have not requested it. Many automobiles must go down this street, thinking it is a way of leaving the village, only to have to turn around, possibly on somebody’s lawn, and find some other route to Holley Street.

I would like to mention here that Brockport people are proud of the taxi service that plies over our streets. No village, near our size, can boast of better service. Nelson Haynes, owner, takes great pride in keeping the service up in timing and equipment.

If we go back far enough to the early years of our village we learn that wooden sidewalks were built where needed. They served well for a short time only, as wood is not a material to stand moisture for any great length of time.

Later, in making our streets were serviceable, the curbing and sidewalks come into the picture in a more durable form. These were then made from quarry stone. This was most satisfactory; then only difficulty was the cost of this stone construction.

About this time Portland cement became a product manufactured on a large scale. It proved to be cheaper way of forming curbing and sidewalks but its use in the making of concrete, a stone-like material.

Concrete we find, though good, is not everlasting as were the flagstones. As a consequence we find our sidewalks, at present, in the worst condition of any time during the past 50 years. It is not pleasant to make such a report and I trust in the near future there will be a complete survey made by our village officials and notices will be sent to all tax payers whose walks need attention.

The State of New York has set a fine example for the people of this village by laying a completely new sidewalk surrounding the teachers college.

At this time I would like to mention the name of a man who did excellent work in building cement walks and curbing out village in past years. I wish to refer here to the painstaking work of the late Jerry Wiley. He once told me that the first strip of walk that the built in Brockport was from State Street to Market Street on the west side of Park Avenue. Very few blocks have been replaced along this strip. He also built the curbing on the west side of Park Avenue, which shows very little deterioration today.

At the time of Mr. Wiley’s death, Mr. Glynn said to me, “Jerry worked too hard”. What a find tribute to a public servant! The thought comes to me here, if Mr. Wiley had lived ‘till now, how
proud he would be in seeing his family carrying on at our Lakeside Memorial Hospital, his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Epke, as administrator and two of his daughters on the nursing staff,

We are justly proud of our streets! Will no our civic pride come to the rescue, causing the renewing and repairing of our sidewalks? We may then consider ourselves a first class village in which to live and be viewed and judged by visitors.
Dear Editor:

An Editorial

Churches and Schools

Brockport has often been called the village of churches and schools. The people of this vicinity very early built substantial church buildings. In Sweden, just south of our village, we find four such churches were built, two at Sweden Center and two at West Sweden; the latter locality took the name of “The Two Churches”.

All four of these churches were later abandoned, the members coming into Brockport to attend churches. This may be one of the reasons that we came to have eight flourishing churches in our midst so early in the life of our village. The last one of these Sweden churches to close its doors was the Presbyterian of Sweden Center. The members voted to join our Presbyterian Church here on State St.

Only one church in Brockport during all this time had to close because of lack of membership. This was the High German Church on Monroe Ave. It was located directly north of our present Teachers College on the south side of Monroe Ave. This church building was converted into a dwelling. We have in the meantime gained another church – The Assembly of God, located on King St.

Although all of our present churches have been improved or enlarged the only denomination to build a new edifice in recent years was the Catholic Church, whose present building is on Main St. at Monroe Ave. This church, without question, is the finest place of worship in our village, both in architectural design and material of construction. The rectory and church building proper are very appropriately attached and add, at the same time, to the attractiveness of the whole setting. The old church building at the corner of Erie St. and Utica is now used for social affairs of the church.

That Brockport people are a church-conscious group is very evident by the conscientious manner in which they support the several churches. During very recent years the remaining churches on Main St. have accomplished the following improvements as observed by the writer: Baptist, decorated entire interior of church and parsonage and painted outside trim of church, also installed chimes, which I am sure are a feature greatly appreciated by the people of Brockport. The Methodist Church has also decorated the interior of their building and painted the outside trim. They have acquired chimes, as well, for future use. The Episcopal Church interior was decorated and the trim painted on both church and parish house. The entire stone structure of the edifice was re-painted with mortar.
The Presbyterian Church on State St. has been redecorated in the interior. The church and parsonage has been painted on the exterior and there has also been constructed an annex, to supply additional room for their Sunday School.

Other churches have made similar improvements: The Free Methodists painted the exterior of their church only last year. The German Lutheran Church on Spring St. remodeled the rear of the church and lowered the roof. The Assembly of God, I understand, already own their own church building.

It is very gratifying on a Sunday morning to see the streets lined with automobiles of the people who are attending our churches. The example thus set by our citizens is bound to raise the moral fiber of the inhabitants of our whole village. It is also a proof that we will need more and improved churches as our population increases in future years.

Having our youth attend church regularly, guarantees that our nation will survive and remain great during posterity; but we do need to build and sustain all the churches that are possible, as wars and crime are continually a threat to our nation. May we all be loyal to our churches!

In very early times Brockport had four schools, in addition to the old Normal School of which I have written. The West District had a two-room school on the lost where stands our abandoned Grammar School building. The interior arrangement of this building was adjudged a fire hazard for school children of grammar school age. The former two-room school building was torn down when the Grammar School was built.

To the north of the west district school by only one block, at the corner of Erie and Utica Sts., the former Parochial School was located. This was a wooden building and provided an abode for the Sisters, also. When this building was torn down, the Sisters relocated on Monroe Ave. This spot is now used as a playground for the new Parochial School now located at the northeast corner of Holley and Utica Sts. The walls of this school building are constructed of tapestry brick which gives the building a very pleasing and substantial appearance.

On the east side of the village at the corner of Park Ave. and Union Sts. still stands the abandoned East District brick school building. This property is now in private ownership. As it is a very desirable location, we will, no doubt, see an appropriate building erected there in the near future.

Near the corner of Fayette and Liberty Sts. was located the North District School, also a two-room building. It was later converted into a residence. I visited the above school when quite young and I remember that Mr. Perry Shafer, now resided on Monroe Ave. was in attendance at that time. I wonder how many people are now living in Brockport, who attended this North District School during their childhood.

In the German Church on Monroe Ave., which I previously mentioned, there was conducted at one time a private school during week days. Miss Roxie Palmer conducted this school.
Two of my older brothers attended it for a short time. They remembered Miss Palmer as being very strict in the conduct of her school. However, they related to me that a boy named Fuller took it upon himself, on arriving early at school one morning, to tack a notice on the door reading, “There will be no school today”. Many students were eager to have this opportunity for a holiday excuse, so they became absent that day. When Miss Palmer arrived, she removed the notice and set about to discover the culprit. Later he had good reason to regret his act.

Before our present high and grade school building was constructed, New York State granted certain rooms in the old Normal building to be used as a high school department. These rooms soon became inadequate, hence a new site was chosen for the erection of the present school building on Allen St. This was voted to be a central school building to accommodate both high and grade school students.

At this point I would like to state that Brockport should be very proud of this beautiful building and spacious grounds surrounding it. The architectural design surpasses in grandeur any public school building the writer has ever viewed.

As a consequence of the growth of our village many new homes have been built here in recent years, added to those built in the surrounding territory and the large trailer camps that have developed. This has made necessary the construction of a new school building to care for the increased number of children.

Very recently the State Board of Regents has accepted the plan for the proposed building which will cost in the neighborhood of $835,000.00. It will be located a short distance to the south of the present school building on a new site purchased recently for the purpose. This new building will house five of the eight grammar school grades.

When the new school is completed to add to our present system of schools, we will have greatly strengthened our position as a “Village of Schools”.

Let us all be loyal to the support of our schools, as the children of today will be governing the nation in the years to come. Let us hope that they will be prepared for the task, and still keep this country of ours the leader of all nations on earth.
Dear Editor:

An Editorial

Old Brick, Stone and Frame Houses

There are many houses in our village that have existed for over 100 years. The brick houses have outlasted the wooden ones. This is quite evident if you take the time to investigate. Very few stone houses were built in this vicinity, but those that were constructed have lasted well.

We find that the oldest of the houses which were made of brick often had a fan-shaped design in the front gable. The Paine house on State St. now used as an apartment house, has such an ornament.

Let us take the Millard house on Clinton St., now owned and occupied by Charles Good, as an example of the very early, well-built brick houses. I noticed it had this designating feature in the front peak; also the front entrance was very interesting. I understand that this entrance has been photographed many times by visitors looking for these pleasing doorways in old dwellings. I am told there were three fireplaces with mantles, two on the first floor and one on the second. The cellar had three open fireplaces. The cellar bottom is paved with flagstones. No doubt, the reason for so many fireplaces in these early houses, was the abundance of easily obtained wood for fuel.

In the building of these old houses it was considered a year’s work. The inside trim, which was usually of white wood, was formed the winter before construction was to start. Many fancy scrolls and brackets were fashioned at this time. A few of the older brick houses had as many as four brick chimneys built in the sidewalks. This construction we find in the manse of the Presbyterian Church.

Also, about this time, it became the practice to place scroll brackets under the cornice. The house built by the Hon. H. N. Beach on State St., the founder of this paper, has three brackets. This house, at a later date, had its roof raised for a third story.

When the old brick Brockway house at the southeast corner of Main and College Sts. was torn down, I worked on the premises. It was a low house and the interior trim had many very wide, white wood boards where needed in construction. The cellar was restored, also enlarged, and most of the bricks of the old house were used in building the new cellar walls for the present colonial residence, located there.

A little later we find the large, square brick houses being constructed. These had wide, plain cornices and flat roofs, with a cupola above the roof. We have several of these in our village. Let us note a few of them – the D. S. Morgan residence on Main St.; the Lester residence on State St., now the home of Miss Louise Lester; and almost directly across the street, the former Dewey residence, now used as a funeral home.
Vey early there were built a few houses with the Mansard roof. The best example is the very old Seymour residence, which later became our Seymour Library. The State Teachers College home for its president, although of wood construction, also has for the third story a Mansard roof. A very good example of a two-story house of this design, is the Dr. Collins residence on Main St. – also the Wallace Maw residence on upper Utica St.

It is a fact that none of these early houses were of brick veneer construction as we find in those built today. The walls were of solid brick and mortar their entire width. This must be the reason why they have stood through all these years, without a crack or seam visible. They were built as a lasting monument to the owners, to be handed down to the generations that followed.

The only stone house in our village is owned and occupied by Robert Crisp on Lyman St. all outer walls of this place are made of field stone and mortar and they are well preserved. I was impressed also by the large, well-kept yard at the rear of this modest home. At the rear of the lawn was a hedge and beyond that a fine vegetable garden. There was also a hedge in front of this house. I was asked to enter the house and here I found a cozy, modern interior, with just a few antiques near the fireplace. I was told this house was over 100 years old.

A short distance south of Brockport we find five stone houses, all occupied. The one on the Fourth Section Rd. now owned and occupied by Loren Knab, was built in 1818, which would make it 136 years old. The other walls of this house are now being repainted with mortar.

The old wooden houses, next draw my attention, and there are many of them in our village, also still in a good state of preservation. The old wooden houses are more difficult to identify, as the types are not quite so distinguishable. A good way to find out their age is to look at the panes of glass in the windows. If these show traces of air-bubble pockets, or hair-lines of somewhat grotesque design you be sure the house is over 100 years old. They were unable to manufacture perfect glass in those early days.

The old village map shows some of these houses which can be identified. I will name a few: Mrs. Pechmann’s on Park Ave., Dr. Velma Coye’s on State St., and Harvey Judd’s at the northeast corner of Erie and Utica Sts. The “Brown Cottage” of Mary Jane Holmes on College St., which was reconstructed into two smaller residences, was, I believe, one of the early wooden structures. This home of the famous writer was a rambling low house of very restful and inviting appearance. It was surrounded by spacious grounds and at the rear of the yard was the home of the caretaker.

It is a disappointment to all of the people of Brockport, I am sure, that some action was not taken at the time of Mrs. Holmes’ death to preserve this home for all visitors to view. The great work that she accomplished should have been thus recognized.

A little later we have large houses built with numerous brackets in the cornice. These brackets were always of a fancy design. A splendid example is the Theodore Benedict house on Park Ave.
An example of the old-fashioned colonial design is shown in the home of Mrs. Nettnin on the south side of State St. Then came the modified colonial and an example is the John Woodworth residence almost directly across the street from the Nettnin residence.

We find also in our village many magnificent wooden houses that were built over 50 years ago. I will name a few in this class: the Edgar Benedict house on Holley St., Mrs. Homer Benedict present owner; William Benedict house on College St., Fred Bauch present owner; the Hon. Richard Shannon house on Main St., now the Roxbury Inn; George Gordon house across the street, recently sold to Mrs. Baker; the late Milo Cleveland residence on Adams St. and the Wilson Moore residence on State St. now owned and occupied by the daughter, Mrs. Stanley Geerer.

The amount of material it took to build one of these houses would erect several as they are made today. Both costs of lumber and carpenter labor were low compared with the present. Clapboards were used exclusively for the interior walls and the roofs nearly always covered with wooden shingles, but a few houses had slate roofs.

Although it took a whole year or more to construct the larger houses, the cost rarely exceeded five thousand dollars. When you compare this cost with the present cost of building a house, you get a fair idea of the economy of our time compared with that of the past.

Houses that are being built today are chiefly of the one-story type, very often of the ranch design. People do not require large houses, as much of their time is spent out of doors. The automobile has changed all of this. It takes you away and back home quickly – so in many of these new homes we do not find a spare guest room. Very few owners have need for one, I am told.

The new houses, having a great many time-saving devices, cause the occupants to have much more free time; and as a result they can do many things to bring pleasure into the homes. Our modern way of living has changed greatly in the past few years, and let us hope that we do not hurry too fast, so as to miss or forget the beautiful and worthwhile things of this life. Let us stop, at times, and view nature and the other objects of interest, as we are passing.

We have now that precious extra time, will we use it wisely? Let us all try!
Dear Editor:

An Editorial

Fire Department, Past and Present

In this story of the Brockport Fire Department I will, at first outline a brief history from its beginning and then relate important position this enterprise has in the life of Brockport people today.

We find at first a group of men volunteered their services to extinguish fires; they were furnished leather buckets by the village, with their individual names stenciled on the bucket. These they kept in their homes and when an alarm was sounded they would take their buckets and rush to the fire. If the fire was near home they would fill their bucket before proceeding.

A little later a hand pumper was purchased by the village to be delivered that spring, as soon as the canal filled with water. Since it had no suction hose its take had to be filled by the use of the buckets.

In 1837 another hand pumper was bought which did have a suction hose attached, and a building was constructed to house both pumpers.

On September 13th, 1861 the village trustees voted to build three reservoirs (cisterns) to be located at certain points in the village. Several others were built later.

From the above date until 1875 very little interest was shown by members of the fire department, as every measure to improve its facilities was voted down by the citizens of the village. An inspection of the apparatus at this time found all equipment in very bad condition. Some of the ladders were missing and later found in a farmers orchards being used for picking apples.

The village trustees at a meeting in 1875 appointed a committee to go to Rochester to examine the different kinds of fire engines and see which kind would be best suited for Brockport – also to get prices and terms. A fire bell was purchased at this time. Previous to this the church bells were employed for this service. In the old village board minutes there was a bill for $3.50 from one of the churches for a door broken down by the firemen in the attempt to ring the church bell.

On April 8th, 1876 a committee was appointed by the village trustees to make a thorough examination of all equipment. They reported it to be very insufficient and recommended that an engine and hook and ladder truck, with all necessary attachment be bought at once.

On January 12th, 1877 a big fire on Market St. consumed buildings on both sides of the street. Help was asked and received from the Rochester Fire Department.
A vote was taken on January 30th, 1877, for a new steam fire engine and other apparatus. It was passed by only five votes. The amount to be spent was $6,600. On February 1st, 1877, the Silsby Manufacturing Company of Seneca Falls shipped an engine to Brockport for trial. This particular engine had been on exhibition at the World’s Fair at Philadelphia. It was a steam pump affair and completely nickel plated. It was bought for $5,800. Also, at about this time (February 5th, 1877), a hook and ladder truck was bought for $800.

Shortly after the above date the Silsby Hose Company No. 1, the C. D. Dewey Hook and Ladder Company, No. 1 and the Protectives No. 1 were formed in that order and accepted by the village board.

On February 26th of the same year the B. E. Huntley Steamer Company No. 1 was formed and on March 26th, 1877, J. A. Getty was elected fire chief. The village hall was on King St. at this time. The Thomas Cornes hand pumper was still in use and was kept near the Johnston Harvester Works, north of the canal. The Silsby’s built, at their own expense, a building on King St.

The J. P. Pease Hose Company No. 2 was formed Feb. 5, 1877. Five years later it was disbanded and the Harrison Hose Company No. 2 was formed with practically the same membership.

August Boyd was elected fire chief in 1879. He resigned in 1882 and J. A. Getty was appointed; and in 1884 J. A. Getty was elected chief and Fred Schlosser was named first assistant. The new Public Building was started at a cost of $18,000 and was completed the next year.

It was voted to obtain a new water supply in Holley in 1889. The cost of laying seven and a half miles of pipe was $10,000. The Capen Hose Company No. 4 was accepted by the village board as a member of the Brockport Fire Department in 1892; and in 1893 they built a hose house on railroad property facing Main St. the rental for the land occupied, was $1.00 per year. This building was later moved to Adams St. and reconstructed into a dwelling. In 1904, the Case Works fire took place on Market St.; in 1906 the new Capen Hose House was built at the present site at a cost of $6,500.

Water pressure being very poor in 1911, a body of citizens appeared before the board suggesting that the village secure water from Lake Ontario at a cost of $300,000. In 1912 Fred Schlosser was re-elected fire chief. In 1915 the Masonic Building fire took place, with help being obtained from Albion, Holley, and Rochester.

In 1917 George Benedict was elected fire chief and George Guelf first assistant. In 1918 the above gentlemen appeared before the board suggesting that fire alarm boxes be installed; and in 1920 the fire alarm system was voted by the citizens.

In 1925 the Hooks bought a truck and in 1936 bought an improved Seagrave ladder truck for $7,500. The Harrisons bought their truck in 1948 for $10,500. In 1950 the Protectives bought...
their emergency truck with cab. The Capens bought a Seagrave pumper in 1951; and in 1954 the Silbys also bought a Seagrave pumper.

We have now covered the past history of our fire department and at this point I would like to acknowledge the help given to me by Charles Page in loaning me his notebooks containing the records.

You will have observed that J. A. Getty and Fred Schlosser had very long terms as fire chiefs, and George Guelf was first assistant for many years. The oldest living member, known to the department, is George H. Elwell of Detroit, Michigan. He is in his 91st year. Also at this time I would like to salute the three oldest members living in our village – George Guelf, Levi Hoyt, and A. V. Fowler. Also, the three oldest active members: George Guelf, William Riley, and Archie Smead.

Today the chief is elected for only two years and is not allowed to succeed himself. One is chose from a different company each time, working up from first assistant.

At first the Protectives and the Harrisons had their equipment rooms on the west side of the village building. Later the front of the building was remodeled and rooms provided so that now all four trucks face the street. The meeting rooms are on the floors above.

The Capens own their own building and keep improving it from time to time. They now have a property of very desirable accommodations. A large parking lot has also been provided at the rear of their splendid building.

At present the equipment of these five companies have a cost value of well over $50,000. This has been accomplished mainly by their own efforts. The people of this village, as well as the firemen, should be very proud of this up-to-date efficient fire control mechanism. I doubt if there is a village that has a superior working agency to fight fires.

Now let us turn to the practical side in having this efficient fire department. We have as low a fire insurance rate as it is possible for any village to have. When our present fire alarm system was installed the rate on all mercantile buildings was substantially lowered.

We cannot say too much in praise of the efforts and alertness shown at all times by these volunteer firemen when disaster hits. They are as ready to save a life from drowning or suffocation as they are to fight fires.

To one who is not a fireman, such devotion to duty is difficult to understand. You see them spending hours of their time keeping the equipment in top shape, to say nothing of the financial cost involved.

Another phase of the fire department, which is little known is that they dig into their own treasury, both as companies and as a department, for all worthy causes that arise from time to time. I need not mention these causes by name, as we are all familiar with them as their needs are made known each year.
It is a grand sight to witness the parade that takes place in our village each year. I am sure it fills the hearts of everyone of us with pride as we see these companies pass with their music, drill performances, and leaders. Would you want to miss even one of these occasions? It was brought to my attention on parade day last year that rain has not occurred in a great many years on the day selected.

The first carnival was held on Market St., then it was shifted to the fair grounds, where more room was available. Also powerful lights were installed, and as larger crowds of people came each year, the circle of amusements had to spread out to give more room for the attendance.

When the fair grounds were sold to private owners, permission was obtained to hold the carnival at the high school ground. It is still held there each year. This year’s carnival will be next week Wednesday through Saturday, August 4, 5, 6 and 7.

As this carnival time arrives, I hope you will bear in mind the benefits you are obtaining from our fire department. Let these men know by attending their carnival that you realize their worth to this community and that you appreciate the great amount of zeal they display for the benefit of us all.

We should give our full support to the Brockport Fire Department, always.
Republic-Democrat

Dear Editor:

An Editorial

Notable Brockport Men of the Past

In this article I will choose a few men by classification, whose careers have impressed me. Your choice may be different, and well taken, as our reading and contact, may have been greatly varied.

These men have come to my notice as being outstanding in their chosen fields of occupation. First, I will state their choice of careers, followed by their names. Later I will, in this article, give a short sketch of their accomplishments.

Industrialists and Inventors

Samuel Johnston, Dayton Morgan, William Seymour, Benjamin Gleason.

Industrialists Only

Wilson Moore, Manley Shafer, Frank Capen, Gifford Morgan.

Ministers

J. R. Storey, J. S. Littell, H. E. Bayley, Henry Stevens, Emory Webster.

Educators

Charles McLean, Alfred Thompson.

Physicians

Merritt Graham, William Mann, John Hazen, Horace Mann.

Lawyers

Daniel Holmes, Willis Matson, John Burns, James Mann.

Bankers

Georfe Gordon, Morton Minot, Dean Crippen.

Grain Merchants

Main Street Business Men

John R. Davis, John Owens.

Carpenter Contractors

Paul Wicks, Edgar Maynard, John Wadsworth

Samuel Johnston was born in Shelby, Orleans County, in 1835. He early developed inventive genius; his first invention was a bean harvester, then followed the grain reaper and binder. He started to build these machines in 1867 across from the present Bauch automobile agency. In 1870 the Johnston Harvester Company was incorporated with a capital stock of $300,000. Samuel Johnston died in 1911.

Dayton Morgan and William Seymour also manufactured farm machinery; their grain reapers, and later their grain binders, were sold all over the world. Dayton Morgan had strict scruples in regard to drinking intoxicants. He had a notice posted in his factory which read, “Any employee discovered with liquor on his breath will be dismissed at once”. I saw and read once of these notices. Mr. Morgan later became sole owner of the Morgan Works and collected a great amount of money from other firms, as royalties, on patents held by his company.

Benjamin Gleason was the inventor of the Gleason Cooling Board, and was a very prominent man in this village. He became president of the village and built the block, later destroyed by fire, where the Masonic Block now stands. He was a stockholder in many Brockport firms and was elected a member of the assembly from his district.

Wilson Moore and Manley Shafer started a shoe firm in 1888 which bore their names. They made ladies’ shoes in the block now occupied by Kishlar and Collins. This show firm later built the factory building, which still stands on Park Ave. near the railroad. Wilson Moore also owned and managed a magazine agency on Market St., which sent out over a million catalogues each year. It was the largest subscription agency in the world.

Frank Capen was the first president of the Brockport Piano Company, organized in 1893. A short time later he was elected General Manager. He had for many years a farm implement store on Main St. where the Fowler furniture store is now located.

Gifford Morgan was elected president of the Rochester Wheel Company when it moved to Brockport to occupy old Morgan Works. A short time after this wheel factory closed, the buildings were re-constructed and the plant expanded to be used for the Brockport Cold Storage Company of which Mr. Morgan became president and chief stock-holder. Gifford Morgan liked people, but he was very quick to detect a pretending person, and he was in personal character comparable with Henry Ford, who was once asked what cause him the most pleasure in life, and replied, “The fact that I have furnished the means for so many people to make a livelihood”. I am sure Gifford Morgan’s answer would have been very much the same. When the First National Bank was forced to close because of the depression, Mr. Morgan organized a new bank and was its president until it was sold to the Lincoln Bank, with no loss to the new stockholders. Gifford Morgan was a good man for Brockport.

J. R. Storey held the pastorate of the Catholic Church on Erie St. close to 50 years. He took charge of the parish in 1865. He was known and respected by all and ready at all times to
give a word of advice. He won a place in the hearts of all, regardless of religion or calling. Father Storey’s church had a membership of 1200 at this time.

J. S. Littell was pastor of the St. Like’s Episcopal Church when the Cary Memorial Building was built. It is now referred to as the Parish House. This edifice, though built largely through the efforts of the Rev. Littell, is open to all, regardless of religion, to make use of it.

H. E. Bayley was pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church for several years. The first Methodist Church was built on Market St. at a cost of $3,000. It soon became too small and in 1876 the present church was built at the corner of Main and Erie Sts. The church at the time of Rev. Bayley’s pastorate had a membership of 350. After his death his family returned to Brockport to make their home.

Henry Stevens held the pastorate at the First Baptist Church when the church proper was remodeled, also when the rear portion was constructed, some years prior. This, as a whole, was a large project and required much planning; he must have been very proud of this achievement. He later became pastor at Perry.

Emory Webster was pastor of the Presbyterian Church for 27 years. This, alone, proved his worth to the church; the members could see no reason for a change. He was recently voted pastor emeritus to the church. I knew no man who had more friends, or was better liked by out townspeople that Rev. Webster. He is now mostly in retirement and making Holley his present abode.

Charles D. McLean came to Brockport Normal, as principal, from the Clarkson Academy. He occupied this position at the Normal longer than any other man who had held this office of distinction. He possessed a keen mind and could come into any classroom and take up the subject at hand in a manner comparable to the instructor in charge.

Alfred Thompson, like Charles McLean, served many years as head of the Normal School. He not only had the interest of the school in mind, but also that of the Village of Brockport. He serves as a member of the Village Board and his advice was greatly appreciated. He was well like by both the students and citizens of this community.

Merrit E. Graham, physician and surgeon, resided and has his office at the southwest corner of Main St. and Monroe Ave. He later moved his practice to Rochester where he established a private sanatorium and was also surgeon at the Hahnemann Hospital. Later he was chosen coroner of Monroe County.

William Mann lived on Main St. nearly directly across the street from the Baptist Church. Dr. Mann had his office in his home and established a very large practice. He was obliged to keep four horses to reach continually all the patients who needed him. He was a man of humanitarian qualities, esteemed by all people who knew him. He possessed a remarkable resemblance to Henry Ward Beecher, the renowned preacher of that time.

John L. Hazen lived and has his office at the southwest corner of Main and College Sts. He was a surgeon at the Park Ave. Hospital for several years. During World War I he was active in the organizing company I for Home Defense, and also aided greatly in the scale of war bonds. He was a man of quick decision, and a prominent citizen once said to the writer, “Dr. Hazen would be the doctor I would want in case of accident.”.
The late Horace Mann was so well and favorably known to all that it is difficult for me to write anything that will add to the esteem in which he was held by this community. He was a captain in World War I, a man of great patriotism. His standing at attention in the presence of the flag was noteworthy of his loyalty and gallantry. He served many years on the Normal School board, and enjoyed talking of past events as he possessed a wonderful memory.

Daniel Holmes had his law office in the National Bank Building. His special practice was in establishing clear titles to real estate; a man of marked ability, he served as secretary to the Normal School Board for a great many years.

Willis Matson was born in Clarendon and came to Brockport to practice law. He later established an office in Rochester where he became later district attorney of Monroe County. He was a very brilliant attorney, but quiet in manner, and soft spoken in conversation.

John Burns built and has his home in the house now located at the southwest corner of Main and College Sts. before moving to Rochester. Previous to this, he built and occupied a house on Main St. that was remodeled for a hospital. He also built the house now owned and occupied by William Graf. His law office was in the Garrison Block, which he owned at that time. Mr. Burns was a man of sterling integrity and firmly believed in carrying out the letter of the law. He was very thorough in investigating the validity of titles to real estate. Later much of his service was given to settling estates of the deceased. He was president of the Normal School board for several years. His son, George, is now a practicing attorney in Rochester.

James Mann was famous as a trial lawyer. After taking his practice to Rochester he was at one time a member of the district attorney’s staff. At the time of his death he was senior member of one of the largest law firms in Rochester.

George C. Gordon was president of the First National Bank for a great many years. Following his death, first his son, Luther, became president, then at his demise, a younger son, Thomas, became president of the bank. This bank was in the Gordon family for a great many years.

Morton Mino and Dean Crippen formed a partnership and conducted a private bank, previous to the change over to the Bank of Commerce in 1907. At this time Mr. Minor had become president for a short time, but resigned when other business became to pressing. Mr. Crippen was then elected present of the Bank of Commerce.

George Locke was a dentist of marked ability. His office was located above the office of this newspaper. The skill shown in his work was known throughout a wide area. He once told the writer that he was informed at a dental convention that he had the largest one-chair practice in the United States.

M. S. Gooding was also a dentist in Brockport for a great many years. As a hobby he collected antiques and became an authority of their value. His dental office was located on the second floor of the Garrison Block, facing both Main and Market Sts.

William Dalley started as a poor boy and become one of the largest grain merchants in western New York. He bought chiefly barley and wheat. Much of his barley was sold to Rochester brewers. His choicest wheat he sold to the Shredded Wheat Company of Niagara Falls at an advance of price quoted by the market at the time.
W. H. Roberts, whose home is now the Cupola Nursing Home, was a bean merchant. At that time Brockport was the largest bean market in the entire world.

Hon. Henry Harrison was a grain merchant dealing mainly in wheat. He was elected state senator, and also served on the Normal School board for several years. His home was on South Ave. It is still one of the finest residences in our village.

John. R. Davis was in the grocery business in our village for 40 years, a prominent and respected citizen. He was treasurer of the village for over 25 years, being elected annually without opposition.

John Owens, also a grocer, was a distinguished appearing person, and a typical example of the self-made man. It was, by his own efforts alone, that he was able to rise to the position of a leading business man. He was in business for over 55 years. When wishing to retire from active service, he formed the John Owens Company.

Paul Wicks, a carpenter and contractor, started building houses in our village about 75 years ago. There are many fine examples of his workmanship. He excelled in wood carving. This home of Mrs. Gifford Morgan is an example of one of his fine built houses.

Edgar Maynard and John Wadsworth formed a carpenter’s partnership and for 29 years they were the leading contractors and builders in this village. Among the houses they built was the John Burns’ house, (later the home of Dr. Hazen), Henry Moore’s, on College St., and the late Milo Cleveland's home on Adams St. They also built the Capen Hose House. Mr. Maynard and Mr. Wadsworth remodeled the Hon. Richard Shannon house and the M. A. Cleveland residence.

There are other men that I do not need to classify as their great deeds and work are remembered by all our citizens. Among those will name the Hon. Horatio Beech, Hon. Richard Shannon, and James Seymour the donor of our Library property.

All of the above are but a few of the men, comparatively, who have made our village great. Let us hope in the future generation, there will be many other men to be thus remembered and honored by those then living.
Dear Editor:

An Editorial

Old District Schools Near Brockport

In that period following the Revolutionary War, and previous to the Civil War, there were built 10,000 district schoolhouses in the United States. After the war of the States a few academies came into being, and were thought of as being built for a select few who desired more advance learning.

We would be very lax in our thinking to sustain the idea that there were not great men during that period in our history. Also, we must admit that there were capable teachers, who taught very thoroughly the subjects that were considered essential at that time.

Let us now investigate these district schools of one room that were located near Brockport some 60 or 70 years ago. I will start with my home district, No. 8 on the Fourth Section Rd.

It was in the year of 1882 that I started attending what was then an octagon building. The late Mae King was my teacher. First, I would like to describe this very old schoolhouse. It was clapboarded over plank sides and had a rectangular woodshed attached. Between the main building and the shed was an entry and at the far end of the entry was a shelf for the water pail. (I have very good reason to remember this particular part of the building, as I will state later.)

On one side of the woodshed was an opening about five feet from the ground to throw wood and coal through. If we arrived ahead of the teacher we would raise up the slide and enter by boosting each other, the largest boy climbing last without aid.

All sided of the schoolroom were wainscoted, the wide boards running horizontal and painted gray. Seven of the sides were plastered above the wainscoting and the side back of the teacher’s desk supported the blackboard. Desks, or benches as they were then called were constructed of broad, white wood board by the carpenter who built the building. These desks were of bare wood, no finish or decoration except the carving of initials by the pupils.

It was very difficult for the writer to adjust himself to school discipline that first year. The ruler was applied three different times to the palm of the hand for saying, “I won’t” when asked to do some small task. This punishment always took place in the school entry which I have mentioned previously. I wonder what is done in such cases today? I will say we never heard of the term “juvenile delinquency” in those early days. Such matters were taken care of at the beginning of wrong doings, so you did not continue to worse behavior.

I will name here these, who are known by the writer to be living, who attended that octagon school: Leland Sheldon of Snyder; Frank Udell and his sister, Mrs. George Jewett, both residing in Florida; Miss Jessie Holland and Henry Good of Sweden; William Elwell; Mrs. Stella King, and the writer, of Brockport.

Mrs. Stella King had a record of this school district from its beginning, which made very interesting reading. I believe she has turned it over to the Seymour Museum. It seems the firewood
A lady teacher was hired for the three months of summer at $10 a month. Then a man teacher took over at $15 a month for the remaining three months. There were two reasons for this arrangement. It was necessary to have a man teacher in the winter months as the large boys were then in school. In summer the large boys worked on the farms. The second reason was that by having a lady teacher in summer $18 was saved to the district. The low prices stated for all work material used on the school property were proportionally low compared with the present. A later school building on the site had been converted into a dwelling and is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Knab.

About one mile to the south of the Fourth Section Rd., on the West Sweden Rd., was located a very early other school called the White District School, as many families living in the district bore that name. John White, who still resides near the school site, attended the school when very young. He tells me a Miss Lilly Brooks, who resided at West Sweden, was one of his early teachers. The school building at this site had been reconstructed for used as a dwelling. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Linscott are the present occupants and owners.

Still to the south, about two miles, at West Sweden, early settlers built a school, which has outlasted all other Sweden schools in keeping in session as it was only recently discontinued. No doubt John Markham who still lives in the district and Charles Snell of Brockport attended this school in their youth. Dr. James Enright went to this school as a boy, and I believe he also taught at this school, on his off years, while attending Brockport Normal. He became a very successful physician in Rochester previous to his death a few years ago.

Passing to the East side along LaDue Rd. for about two miles, we come to the Comstock School District Building at the southwest corner of the LaDue and Lake Rd. Very early this school was taught by Mrs. Hattie Brigham; Mrs. Mary Locke; and the late Albert Davis attended then. Later Miss Emma Comstock was the teacher and Mrs. May Davis and George Comstock were two of her students. After being abandoned for school purposes it was remodeled for the home of Mr. and Mrs. Shattock.

At Sweden Center a brick schoolhouse was built in the early days and was well attended for many years. This was a central located for many fine farms and a few business places centered here also.

Mrs. Rose Brodic taught this school about 50 years ago, (“you said it, Rose”) and William Mault was one of her students at that time. He reports that she taught a good school. This school building is now being used as a residence.

A mile south of the village at the Four Corners, now called Zellers Corners, there was wooden frame schoolhouse at the northwest corner. At this time the location was called Barlow’s Corners. This schoolhouse was later torn down. Our school, No. 8, being suspended for the day we visited this neighboring school. Fred Crowfoot was the teacher at the time and Howard Peake one of the students. Fred and Ralph Ellis went to school here.

The Rising Sun schoolhouse east of Zeller’s Corners, on the road now known as the Million Dollar Highway, has been converted into a tavern and refreshment stand. One of the early teachers...
here was Miss Bertha Arnold. Mr. and Mrs. Simon Remington attended at that time; also George
Robinson, George Rood, and the late Roy Gardner.

Garland, in the early days, was called Ladd’s Corners. The district school was located a short
distance south of the corners. Frank McCagg attended this school in his youth and remembers Mrs.
George Beadle and Miss Lettie Ring as being his teachers. The school building has now become a
dwelling.

The two surviving district schools in this vicinity are the Adams Basin and Clarkson School.
During the Civil War period an academy was established at Clarkson. Charles D. McLean was the
principal before leaving to come to Brockport. My father followed Professor McLean and principal
of the Clarkson Academy during the years of 1866 and 1867.

West of Brockport, at the northeast corner of Route 31 and the Redman Rd., was located a
schoolhouse constructed of field stone. This later was torn down and the site returned to the
original owner, to be used for farmland. This school was taught very early by the Hon. George Sime
and Richard Garrison, Sr., attended at the time. Later Miss Emma Chriswell taught this school for a
great many years. Richard Garrison, Jr., and his two sisters had no other teacher, while attending this
school.

I have tried to recall to the memory of our older inhabitants some of the happenings in our
district schools of the past, also stating how this schoolhouses are being used at present.

Now let us try and remember what was taught in these district schools of the past. The
curriculum was not spread out to cover many subjects as is done today; thus more time was given to
what was then considered the essentials; there may be a possibility that our grammar schools of
today are trying to teach too much, too fast.

In those one-room schools, that are often referred to, in a somewhat depreciating manner,
“the little red schoolhouses” much more emphasis was placed on the rudiments of learning. You
were taught to read, write, and spell, also to memorize your geography.

How many grade students today are taught to name the states, counties, and townships in
their country? Also we were required to name the countries in Asia, Europe, Africa, North, Central,
and South America and their capitals. The presidents of the United States were also required to be
named in order of their terms. All of this gave you a wonderful memory discipline.

Each new teacher would start you at fractions, if you were that far advanced, so you certainly
had many chances to master them before proceeding to decimals and other advanced study. I often
wonder if there are students finishing the grades, at present, who have not mastered the
multiplication table through the 12’s. That could not happen in the old days. I hope it does not
happen today.

There is one superior feature of the one-room district school that cannot be denied. A child
of superior intelligence may sit at his desk and learn much from higher grades as they recite their
lessons. That child is often eligible for advancement regardless of his age. Much time is saved in his
schooling when such a condition exists.

We have now covered those early district schools near Brockport. I hope it has brought back
pleasant memories if you attended any if these schools. They served their purpose well; let us always
be ready to state their worth if we hear people of the later generation attempting to place a lesser value on their early existence.
Republic-Democrat

Dear Editor

An Editorial

Threshers and Barn Raising

If you lived on a farm in the 80’s you will remember that the steam engine used for furnishing the power in threshing had to be drawn by a team of horses. Also another team was required to draw the grain separator with water tank attached to the rear.

Later the traction engine was invented, which was much larger, and could locomote itself, and draw the grain separator as well. Still a team of horses was required for tanks of water were needed, at different intervals, while threshing was in progress. The arrangement continued for several years, until the farm tractor came into being, and could be used for power. Steam engines now gave way to the gasoline-fed engines on the farm.

Soft or bituminous coal was always used for the heat to produce steam in those old engines, and the power was transmitted to the grain separator by a long, wide belt. The engine was also used to push the separator up the steep driveway onto the barn floor.

Now let us observe the changes that took place in the development of the grain thresher and separator. At first the straw was carried out of the barn to the straw stack on a conveyer, which was then called a straw carrier. Later a blower was invented which could blow the straw more nearly to where it was needed.

At first the grain, while in the straw, had to be fed into the thresher by hand. Also a man was needed to cut the bands on the bundles, before being let evenly into the jaws of the machine. Self-feeders were next devised, which not only drew the grain into the machines, but cut the bands as well.

As the grain left the separator it continued to be more free from foreign matter as the process of screening improved. Do you remember the peg boards that were used for tallying the number of bushels? There were three vertical rows of holes; first row at right was for number of digits, the next to the left for tens, and the row at the lefty side of the board was the number of hundreds. You had to move the pegs as you emptied the bushel baskets. Later you moved a spout from the full basket to the empty one and this operation registered the number of bushels on a dial. The thresher was paid for the number of bushels threshed – different prices for different kinds of grain.

Next we find the farmers having their grain threshed in the field and the straw being baled, instead of being placed in the barnyard. It was not long, as all farm machinery continued to be improved, before the combine was invented, which not only cut the grain but threshed it as well. I mentioned previously how the farm tractor came to be used as the power for threshing; during this
period it continued to replace the horses also, and we find the combine being drawn by the tractor; and most of the power needed on the farm today is furnished by this improved gasoline tractor.

Let us now turn to the human side of this threshing business. There must have been some glamour attached in this occupation, as it was hard, dirty work; still you would find the same men following the machine each year. They seemed to enjoy the thrill of finishing one job and moving on to the next. The farmers changed work in threshing with the neighbors to obtain their share of the help needed. The number of men furnished in the exchange was determined by the comparative size of the job.

When the machine reached the neighborhood, a man would be sent to notify the farmer when to expect “threshers”. It was then that the women folks began to get nervous. I could never quite understand this, as those men just wanted “plain food and lots of it”. It was a fact, though, that men who followed the machine, remembered from year to year, where they could expect the best in food. Perhaps women’s intuition made them conscious of that fact. One of the old stand-bys was a large pan of baked beans. I can hear that thresher now saying, “Pass them beans”!

The last man in for dinner was the engineer and he was also the first to leave the table. His work was not so strenuous as the others. I used to keep him supplied with harvest apples; perhaps that was the reason why he was not so hungry at meal time. My greatest disappointment was that I never was asked to go along with the man when he went for a tank of water. I suppose he didn’t think I would be a help in pumping that tank full from the creek or the canal.

With the coming of the combine there had passed into history one of the most thrilling events of farm life, “threshing time”. It was exceptionally hard work, but it was one thing we would not have liked to have been deprived of in those days of the past. This special occasion of farm life is now but a memory.

Barn raisings are another colorful event in farm life which no longer exist. It took place only occasionally in the neighborhood but, as it was a mark of progress, it remained in the minds of those who took part for a long time.

Much preparation had to be accomplished before the neighbors were called together to assist. All mortices had to be made and the frame fitted together in parts called “bents”. In making these mortice joints, first the position was marked out on the timbers; and then the boring machines worked as close as possible to the pencil marks. The cuts were then trued up by the use of wide, flat chisels. All joints were fastened together by wooden pins of very strong, hard wood. This operation was called the framing of the building. Very early hard wood such as beech and maple were cut in nearby forests and used for framing timbers: often some of the bark would be left fastened to the side. Later hemlock beams from the western states were used exclusively for framing.

When the neighbors arrived at the time set (it usually required about 25 men), the first operation was to place the sills on the foundation and fasten them together by driving the pins into place. Then the “bents” were raised and put along the sills, being held in place by the aid of long
pike poles until fastened securely. After these were up the purlin plates were fastened along the top of the bents. Two plate beams were also placed across, one on each side of the barn floor. Then they were ready for the rafters and the ridge pole to be put in place. At this time only a few of the rafters were needed to be set as they could be handled later by the carpenters. If there happened to be an extra brave man in the group he would, at this point, walk the ridge pole as the work of the neighbors was now completed.

Lunch was then served by the barn owner, and the neighbors thanked for their help by both owner and boss carpenter. If there was still daylight, a ball game might be organized and played till darkness intervened. This was one evening when the farm chores were not done on time. Two carpenters, Nathan Davis and Edward Winegard, built most of the barns in this area.

These large grain barns are not needed today, as most of the grain is separated in the fields and the straw baled and sold at once. Hay is also baled in the field and takes very little room for storage.

The few barns that are built today are usually of the quonset type, which requires no large timbers. Where strength is needed, thin pieces of wood are laminated, and it is claimed to be stronger than a solid piece of the same dimension.

When you read in your paper the estimated value of barns destroyed by fire, the amount stated is the replacement value, not their worth to the farm; the chances are, that they will never be replaced. The reason for this is, if you were to sell the farm the barn would add very little to the price obtained. It is the opposite with the farmhouse. It has become very desirable property, if in good condition, and adds greatly to the value of the farm.

Thus we have seen a great change taking place at the farm as new methods are developed in its management: more machinery being used, grain and hay going to market much sooner, and more cash crops raised each year. Fruits grown on the farm are not held for higher prices in storage, as of other days; but they are processed at once. Very little in proportion to the amount grown, is consumed in the fresh state.

All of the above conditions have causes storage space on the farm to be of little value. Barn raisings, as a result, are no longer needed. But like “threshing time”, they will be remembered as a special occasion in the farm life of our older citizens.
one-third constructed in height wooden slate of cedar would be inserted to keep the stones in alignment. When two-thirds finished another layer of shorter slats were laid in the wall. Stones with a flat side were used to face the outer surfaces of the wall: oval stones of good size were used on top as cap stones.

John Cleary of Sweden, the father of eight sons and three daughters, became very expert in constructing these stone walls. The farmers were eager to secure his service, so most of the walls in the town of Sweden were laid by John Cleary and his sons helping: Edward, Walter, and William working longer with their father at the trade the other sons.

These young men organized a one-family baseball club, asking Edward Cotter, then Sweden Rd. Commissioner, to fill in for the ninth position. Edward Cotter had charge of building Sweden’s roads for many years using the native stone. He now resides in California and subscribes to the Republic-Democrat.

When the stone crusher was invented, and before limestone quarries were developed, many stone fences were removed to be crushed and used for building roads. Usually they were replaced by fences that did not occupy so much space. Later it was found that the quarried limestone was superior for road building and became used exclusively for this purpose.

It was about this time that the board fence made its appearance. Four six inch boards would be evenly spaced horizontally and nailed to posts set in the ground. This would make a fence five feet high. Since these board fences were never painted they seldom lasted more than a score of years.

Now we also had the slat wove-in fence being made and used in small quantities for chicken yards, pens for calves and swine; also to enclose garden spots. It was several years before it came into use as a snow fence to protect the highways from huge drifts of snow. Now it is used almost exclusively for that purpose and is manufactured in large amounts to meet the demand.

Each year more wire was being used for fencing. At first two strands were used on the top of low stone walls fastened to posts set firmly in the wall. It was at this period that barbed wire made its appearance to keep livestock from crowding fences to reach grazing on the other side.

It is stated in Copeland’s History of Clarendon that a Clarendon man invented the barbed wire. As this product is still used in fencing, and also by the Army in great quantities, the Clarendon man should have become very wealthy. It is seldom though, that the inventor reaps the financial benefit of his invention.
The woven-wire fence which has not been in use for many years is very satisfactory, in both lasting quality and appearance. It is no fastened to steel posts and we find it in many fancy designs. It is also used to enclose door yards where needed and adds beauty to the yard as well.

At this point the thought occurs – how many of our village people have taken note of the fence in front of the Seymour Library and extending along in front of the Lester homestead. If you examine it carefully you will observe that four different forms had to be made in casting its different parts. These pieces were then placed, and cemented together to complete the pattern of the fence. Thomas Berry of Liberty St. constructed the fence. He also built one in front of his own home at the time.

Today the farmers make use of electricity in fencing fields. It is a portable affair as only stakes are driven, and a single wire attached to them. The wire is charged with electricity and animal after receiving a shock, will not venture near the wire again. This fence is so easily changed from one plot of land to another that is had become very useful on the farm.

What a pleasing sight it is to view these crooked rail fences and the well laid stone walls as you pass along the roadside! When you take your next drive through Sweden see hose many of these fine stone walls you can locate. Also try to realize the labor that was necessary in constructing these fences during those days of the early settlers of this community.

We have not gone through the history of the building of the farm fences. At the beginning there was little to work with except what nature had provided, but these pioneers found a way, and by their own hand and a will to achieve, carved out of the wilderness the splendid farm land we now have here in western New York. Do you know a better farming locality?

Let us not be thankful for those sturdy men who founded this farming district of ours, and built well, for those who followed them to enjoy.
Dear Editor:

An Editorial

The Years of the Big Apple Crops

Two young Sweden farmers became convinced that the soil and the climate in this section were suitable for growing apples; so in the early 70's they started to prove their conviction by starting to grow the trees to be set in orchards on their adjoining farms. The two brothers were George Udell and Foster Udell whose farms were located about two miles southwest from this village.

They not only set out 70 acres on their own farms, on the Fourth Section Rd., but sold many trees to other Sweden farmers. It was their conviction also, that the Baldwin variety was the best apple to grow to supply the market. At this time George Udell set out 20 acres and George Udell set 50 acres.

It was the year 1898 that the growing of apples developed to a large scale in this locality. Spraying, to destroy insects, had been successful and that fall the Udell crop was sold to J. D. Hendrickson, a Philadelphia man, who graded and packed the apples in barrels at the farm. The grading for size and quality at this time was a matter of judgment by the individual, as no machine for grading as yet had been invented. The apples were picked and drawn to the dooryard and placed in a large pile to be then sorted and packed. Some however, were taken to the barn basement to be sorted later, when cold weather set in. Patrick Duffy a resident of Smith St., worked at the Udell Fruit Farm for 12 years at this time.

At first there were several small buyers, but as the crops of apples increased in size, firms from all over the United States sent buyers here. A wholesale grocery firm of Waterloo, Iowa, owned by George and Courtney Fowler, built a packing and storage building on High St. It was located close to a railroad siding. The business was managed by Arthur W. Fowler, another brother, who resided in this village and was the father of A. V. Fowler and Grandfather of Keith and Vincent Fowler.

Later this building was rented for several seasons by Crutchfield & Wolfolk, a Pittsburgh Firm, which graded and forwarded many thousand barrels using this packing house as their shipping point. Near the close of the season, the frost-proof building would be filled with barrels of apples and left in storage till spring. Yale Forbes, a resident of Park Ave., had the management of the packing and storage building at this time.

During this era, trees were allowed to grow very large and tall as they were not held to size by pruning. Some of these trees produced nearly 25 barrels of apples each year. At the height of this apple growing period about 40,000 barrels were grown on the Fourth Section Rd., from Zeller’s Corners west to the Orleans County line, a distance of about two miles.
The Udell crop alone reached the total of 15,000 barrels in one season. Foster Udell was known, at this time, as the apple king of western New York. In later years his son, William, sold a crop of apples amounting to 8,333 barrels for $58,366. The buyer also paid all storage costs. This sale took place early in the year of 1919. The purchaser was J. Branch of Lockport.

It was a few years previous to this sale, 1914, that the Brockport Cold Storage was built. Also the same year, the Brockport Fruit Association enlarged their building materially at the corner of Market St. and Park Ave. The Brockport Cold Storage was used almost exclusively for the storage of apples, the temperature being kept just above the freezing point. It had a capacity of 81,000 barrels, but one year, by filling the halls and the packing rooms, 85,000 barrels were housed in the building.

With the advent of the cold storage the growers stopped attempting to grade their crop, but drew them to the storage as fast as they were picked from the trees. A burlap cover was placed under the top hoop, and at the storage the barrels were headed and placed in the cold room, the growers receiving a receipt for the number of barrels.

Up to this time most of the apples produced in this section of New York State, were consumed as fresh fruit. The citrus fruits had not yet been grown on a large scale, so they were priced too high to promote general use.

Then came the extreme low temperature of the winter of 1934 which destroyed a very large percentage of the apple trees of this section. The Baldwin trees, which were thought to be the hardiest, suffered the most. As they were the variety grown chiefly for commercial trade, the supply of apples in the market were greatly reduced.

By the time new orchards were grown to a producing age, oranges and grapefruit had taken over most of the fresh fruit trade and had become both plentiful and very reasonable in price.

In the early days the best of the drop apples, after sorting, were dried. Much of this product was shipped to France to be used in making champagne. Now all drops, with the bad removed, are used for juice, chiefly vinegar.

At present most of the hand-picked apples are processed at the canneries, being sliced for pies, or made into a paste for sauce. Much jelly is also made from the apples jelly or as a filler for other flavors.

We will always have apples grown in this section of New York State, as the quality is much superior to those grown in other sections of the United States. Also, conditions are very favorable for growing a crop each year of the trees are properly cared for.

Apples are now packaged in small quantities as barrels are no longer used. Boxes of one bushel capacity or bushel baskets, with covers, are used. The stores are retailing apples more each year by weight, the fruit being placed in cellophane bags. This method allows the buyer to see the quality of his purchase.
When the thermometer dropped to 22 degrees below zero, as that cold wave from Canada struck western New York in 1934, it may have been for the best for the fruit growers. Those early set apple trees had reached a state where they did not produce well, nor did they produce the best quality fruit. Still the growers were hesitant in removing them, till nature forced them to do so.

Another phase of the situation was known to many who were close to the apple growing business: more apples were being grown than could be handled properly; packers were slack in grading them; and inferior fruit was being placed on the market. It is the opinion of many well-informed people, that this attempt to force the sale of poor apples with the good ones, was the deciding factor in the loss of the fresh apple market. In the last analysis, it is the consumer who is the judge.

Other cash crops are now being grown to advantage to take the place of apples; which reminds us of the old saying, “No great loss without some small gain”. In this case, the freeze of 1934 proved a blessing in disguise; as old orchards were removed and new ones, of superior varieties, set in their place. Those fruit growers who had the courage to start new orchards, on not too large a scale, and are caring for them properly, are still making a success at growing apples.
Dear Editor:

An Editorial

Tornado and Airplane Wreck

It was in the summer of 1906 that a tornado struck at West Holley St. There had been no previous warning of unusual weather conditions during the day; but at eleven o’clock that night this sudden wind storm, following a very narrow path, swept in from the southwest.

The extreme violence of this storm was at first displayed in the farm of Harry Hinds where over a dozen apple trees were uprooted. It then crossed Holley St. and centered its attack on the residence of James Thurston.

All of the Thurston family had retired for the night except Mrs. Thurston, who was staying up with a sick child. She was in the kitchen with a light burning when the storm struck. Mrs. Thurston was killed.

As the house was leveled to the ground by the force of the wind, it is remarkable that the other members of the family survived: Mrs. Clark, the oldest daughter was the most severely injured, and the youngest child of the family was found uninjured in an opening between timbers and covered over with boards.

A short distance to the east was the residence of the Rev. Matthewson, which also suffered severe damage. The southwest corner of the upper story was blown off, and a canvas had to be placed over the opening. A building at the rear of the yard had its roof blown away, also.

An example of the fury of the storm was shown by the fact that a window weight from the Thurston house was flung through the outer wall of the second house to the east, nearly 100 feet away. The window weight is now remembered by a few people as having gone completely through the outer wall and came to rest near the baseboard of the opposite inner wall of the room.

The Brockport Fire Department was called to the scene, but only a small fire occurred; which was started perhaps by the fire in the kitchen stove, or the lamp which had been lit at the time.

Fraternal organizations of the village extended all possible aid at once to those who had suffered from the disaster. Buffalo and Rochester papers had pictures displayed in connection with the account of this unusual and disastrous freak of nature.

As extreme weather conditions so seldom happen here in Western New York, when they do occur, it is then that we all realize the havoc done; and the sorrow that others must suffer, who are not so fortunately located.
It was 25 years ago, eleven years after the first World War, that a young man by the name of Hylan was barnstorming in an old Army plane. He came to Brockport on a pleasant summer day and established a temporary flying field on the south side of the Town Line, just beyond the East Ave. limits.

During the afternoon he made occasional flights over the village, but as they were not very frequent, people paid very little attention. As evening approached, and people were released from the day’s work, his passenger business increased and consequently his flights became shorter and occurred continuously till dusk.

People sitting on their porches began to notice that each time he encircled the village the plane seemed to be over lower altitude. No doubt there were several customers waiting, and the lower the flight, the sooner their trip could be made. I doubt if there were any restrictions at the time on the altitude that must be kept in flying over villages. Nevertheless, many people have remarked that they thought he was flying too low for safety. The writer and a neighbor, Frank Shafer, were looking through the double window at the interior of a new house being built by Miss Paler on Park Ave. when the writer observed his companion to dodge at a passing shadow. The plane in its descent cut off the top of a tree not more than 50 feet distant, and as we glanced around, it struck the brick house of Dr. Morris Mann about 100 feet from where we were standing.

My first impression was the great speed of its descent, much faster than an ordinary falling body. One wing projected over the roof of the house and folded back over the plane, as the direction of the flight was from the southeast, the engine was driven through the east side of the brick wall of the house, causing an opening into the dining room.

My companion remembered that planes often exploded at such times so he remained at a distance. The plane made no noise previous to its landing, so evidently the ignition had been shut off and no explosion occurred.

When the wing was lifted from over the cockpit, both occupants were bent over, and all that could be seen were their backs. There was no answer from either of the men, both being unconscious. The Rev. E. D. Webster appeared at this moment and said that he had telephoned the doctor before leaving his house.

It was revealed that the passenger was Stephen Peters, Jr. son of Stephen Peters of this village. He was pronounced dead when removed from the plane. An examination later revealed that a large artery near the heart was ruptured by the impact. The pilot remained unconscious for a long time, and after becoming conscious, remained near death for several days. Brockport firemen took charge of the wreck, keeping watch till it was removed the next day.

The hospital at this time was located on North Main St., and the pilot was taken there where he remained for a long time. He was not told of young Peters’ death, as his condition was such as it would not have been wise to do so. A Brockport lady, however, took it upon herself to inform him.
No visitors were allowed to enter his room for a long time after that unpleasant happening. I believe that eventually the young flier fully recovered and continued his career in aviation.

Today the airplane has come into common use, and many laws have been made governing its flight. It is contrary to law to do stunts over thickly populated areas, or fly below a specified height. When an accident has occurred a thorough investigation is conducted by those in authority, to determine the cause a place the responsibility. By the thoroughness of this procedure, future accidents are made less likely to occur.

We will continue to have airplane disasters but only by the used of the airplane, keeping it popular, can the defects be removed and improvements be made. It is the greatest invention that men have made to move through great distanced quickly.

Aviation is here to stay, and if properly used, will be a great benefit to all during this generation and those that will follow.
Dear Editor:

An Editorial

Old Camping Days

The 16th of September was the date that it became lawful to shoot water fowl. In the fall of 1904 a group of men, who enjoyed hunting, formed a camping party and selected a site east of the mouth of the Yante Creek (now East Side Park of the Hamlin Beach State Park).

The members to join this camping party were William Palmer, Gifford Morgan, George Guelf, William Van Epps, Howard Matteson, Sidney Nichols, Melville Norey, Charles Guelf, and the writer.

On the afternoon of the 15th William Van Epps and Howard Matteson preceded the others, so as to have camp set up. The rest followed that evening, as they wanted to be on hand at daybreak the next morning for the shooting.

Although the two following years of camping were a grand success, this first year we had much to learn. Our first mistake was placing our camp on the sand. It was very difficult to keep the sand from getting into the food. Another mistake was that the tent was not large enough for all to sleep comfortably; so a few usually preferred to sleep out under the starts. The stove had only two griddles, which made cooking very slow. These bad features were all corrected the next season, as I will relate in describing our future experiences. I would like to mention here that we had fine weather each year during those camping days. The first year it was for ten days, and the next two seasons the time was extended to two weeks.

The second season a site was selected on a grassy plot, in an opening in the woods west of the mouth of Yanty. This spot had an elevation of four or five feet above the lake level and was sheltered by trees on the other three sides. We now had two tents, one for sleeping accommodation, and the other for provisions, table and benches for dining.

A top from a six-griddle range was mounted on an arch of stone for cooking. Two lengths of stove pipe took care of the smoke. This cooking arrangement was left for the following year and was found unmolested. A refrigerator was had in the dining tent and Gifford Morgan brought ice from his ice house at Straight Lake (now Sandy Harbor). A boat was kept in front of the camp but was used only for transportation.

The sleeping tent had straw placed along one side covered with blankets (the straw was obtained from the farm tenant on whose property we had the camp). This arrangement made fairly good sleeping conditions. After retiring, conversation would be carried on from some time, many stories would be told, and plans devised for the next day’s shooting.
In planning for the provisions, a steward was chosen, and each member was consulted in regard to his choice of food. When time for closing camp came, the total for food and any other expense was made, and each member presented his share. As it was less than $5.00 each year per person, it may cause you to wonder how it was done, when you compare with the cost of the two week’s vacation at present.

Each morning those who chose to go for game would arise before daylight and get placed at a spot which they had selected the day before. On their return breakfast would be had, which was not hard to get, as plenty of wood was near and the large surface of the range top allowed several foods to be prepared at one time.

There was a mink that would appear just back of camp occasionally, looking, I suppose, for some morsel of food. He was the quickest moving animal I have ever watched. You had to be alert to get a glance at him as he dodged in and out of cover.

Game was plentiful at the time and it was seldom that all would return empty-handed. One morning, a duck, a raccoon, and a pheasant were brought back to camp. That evening that camp had visitors and they were served a wild game meal. Among these was the assembly-man from this district. When served, he remarked, with a twinkle in his eye, that it was the best fried chicken he had ever eaten.

One afternoon the owner of the farm, William Parks, called on us. He said during his conversation with Gifford Morgan, “I suppose you would rather be here, than at your cottage at Straight Lake?” Gifford Morgan replied, “I certainly would or I would not be here.” Companionship has much to do in making any hunting or fishing trip a pleasant vacation. It is not the game secured or the fish caught that will remain in one’s memory in after years.

The second year that we camped at this spot, Charles Guelf and Mrs. Guelf pitched their tent a short distance away. Mrs. Guelf enjoyed the camping part, and Charles could join us in the hunting.

The introduction of the ring-necked pheasant to this territory has caused the number of hunters to be increased many fold. This idea to provide more game, has brought just the opposite results; as all game has now become very scarce. It is now also somewhat dangerous to take to the field when there are so many hunters, some of whom are not well experienced in the proper handling of guns.

The first season in camp, a young man from Niagara Falls was invited, but as he was careless with his gun he was voted by the members to be absent the next year, much to his disappointment we were informed. The second year also brought an invited guest. He came prepared with an automatic shotgun. It was amusing the way he used it. He would shoot at a flying duck and keep shooting as long as the duck was in sight, or ‘till his gun was empty of shells, making him an excellent customer for the ammunition maker.
The parks and parkways have encroached on the territory where wild fowl used to be plentiful. But in this particular instance at the Hamlin State Park thousands of people are getting pleasure in healthful surroundings, where only a few campers did previously in those old camping days. Perhaps the water fowl have sought and found a better place where they can live and not be disturbed by new developments. I am sure that is the wish of all true sportsmen.

Today if one is to find suitable camping life, where game and fish are plentiful, he must go far from home. Each year many people from here go to Canada for fishing and shooting. Pennsylvania and the Adirondacks also attract campers who are seeking the natural habitat of game.

When a camping vacation is taken, you not only “get away from it all” during the time spent, but by roughing it, you are brought close to nature, learning much of her ways. You will then be made to realize that you have been missing some of the worthwhile things of this life.

By this change from the routine of your affairs, the slowing down and taking note of your surroundings, you will find that your health has been benefited also. It is then that you will feel fit to take up your duties more cheerfully and with greater zeal.
Dear Editor:

An Editorial

Monroe County Pioneer Picnic

At the beginning of the century the Monroe County Pioneer Picnic was being held each year at Manitou, and it was a popular occasion. Many thousand people gathered there each year in August, to meet old friends and relatives, and discuss topics of the day.

Many from Brockport would go by train to Rochester and then take the trolley to Charlotte. After reaching this point they transferred to an open or sight-seeing trolley, which ran along the lake shore to Manitou. It was a delightful ride, at times over water, as you cross the mouth of Braddock’s Bay.

When excursions were run on the steam road, you could go all the way by this form of transportation via Otis Station on Lyell Ave. where Rochester passengers would be entrained.

The scenic trolley road to Manitou has been discontinued for some time, and the Rome, Watertown Railroad that passed Otis Station has given up all passenger traffic and is now used chiefly to transport fruit and fruit products. This railroad passes through the fruit belt of three counties, Monroe, Orleans, and Niagara.

Cars in the Manitou line would pass over the rails every half hour, when there were special attractions at the resort; so you could start your journey home at any time you wished.

Those who lived near enough would drive their horses, attached to all kinds of conveyances, for the day’s picnic. There was only one wagon road that entered the park, thus it had to bear a very heavy traffic during this annual event.

The Odenbach Hotel was located at the top of the grade, farthest to the west; and in front of it was the park which included picnic tables, refreshment stand, and rides for the children. It was said that politics were discussed in connection with the dinners at the hotel, and perhaps the county ticket proposed for the approaching fall election.

The refreshment stand was managed for several reasons by Mrs. Tennyson, where you could buy the additional luxuries you might want for you picnic dinner. A power boat was docked to at the pier, near the north end of the park, to take out passengers who desired a ride on the lake.

Down the path always was located the hotel of Wiedman and o’Laughlin. In front of this lake resort, during the morning, a clay pigeon shoot would be held. It was an interesting sight to see the clay disc sail out over the water, and when a hit was made, crumble and fall into the lake. You could also rent a boat here for fishing, if that was your desire.
Back of this hotel, and somewhat to the right, was located the tenting camp of a group of men from Pittsburgh, Pa. They had formed a club in which each member contributed every month of the year, so that they could come to this camp each season for their vacation. It was continued for several years. The members were mostly business men, and no doubt came from wealthy families.

The big event of the day was the ball game for the amateur championship of Monroe County. The ball grounds were located near the road, a short distance to the rear of the Odenbach Hotel.

The Hilton ball team was always a contender, and usually won, as it was well supported by the townspeople. If you had occasion to criticize their first basemen, whose tactics were similar to those of the former major league players, Ty Cobb, you would be immediately surrounded by at least a half dozen of Hilton's rabid fans who would argue that he had committed no improper act. The Brockport ball team did not play in any year in which the writer attended. I believe there was a prize of 25 or 50 dollars for the winning team.

At this point, I would like to relate an incident that occurred, as I drove with my mother, from her cottage at Troutburg to this pioneer gathering at Manitou. It will show the strong feelings of disapproval of the automobile at this time.

It was the year of 1905 and automobiles were then rather an unpredictable affair. The drive chain had become worn, and not wishing to take the time that morning to replace it, the new one was taken along in case it was needed. All went well 'til we were returning home on that one road out of Manitou.

When the chain broke I pushed the car to the side of the road and went to work installing the new chain. The number of horse-drawn vehicles that passed I will leave to your imagination. Many shouted “Get a house” but not one stopped to offer assistance. My mother became much disturbed, and I had to tell her to wait and see if the automobile didn't become more popular later. Finally, the new chain was attached and we reached Troutburg before darkness set in. My mother died in December, 1911, and by that time, cars had become numerous enough to remove all ridicule.

Today we occasionally hear of a pioneer picnic being held at different localities, but they are an unusual affair anymore. Have people become less friendly? Let us trust that is not the answer. As you ride through the countryside you do see families having their annual reunions. Tables are set out in their yards and the relatives gathered there. Perhaps families are most closely united at present, and these smaller picnics are taking the place of the old-fashioned pioneer picnics of 50 years ago.

The nearest approach to the Monroe Pioneer Picnic today is the Monroe County Fair, but it too has changed. People no longer carry their dinners for an all-day event, as automobiles take them there and back home quickly. The Fair is not made more as an attraction for the city people, and does not draw the country folks as of old.
These changes in our American way of life are continually taking place. Families have the automobile to take them to distant places, to view many worthwhile scenes that they were deprived of before. Airplanes will take you still farther to distant lands, quickly. It is becoming a much more familiar world, and people are not as attracted to local events. They are now gaining a broader view by traveling and seeing more each year.

So it is doubtful that a county picnic would draw the many thousand people together as it did a half century ago. Still is it a memory that we older people like to cherish, as the newer forms of activities and entertainments take its place.
Dear Editor:

An Editorial

Hamlin German Church Missionary Meeting

In its early years the Hamlin Lutheran Church missionary meeting was held annually in the Leverenz grove, a short distance east of the church. It was an affair attended by all denominations. People came from more than ten miles away – even when horse-drawn vehicles were the only means of transportation. All other affairs were out aside on that Sunday in August.

At the time the writer attended, some 55 years ago, many Brockport people were in attendance. The dinner served each year was known to all to be the finest, but only free offerings were accepted in payment. Many business men were observed to be present, for to be seen at community gatherings and meet people in congenial surroundings is good business.

In the forenoon the sermon would be delivered in German and in the afternoon the message was given in English. With the advent of the automobile, many people could return home for their dinner and come back for the afternoon session. It was always somewhat difficult to serve the dinner in the grove and entailed much previous preparing and hard work for the women folks of the church. It was at this time decided to omit the dinner and this relieve the ladies of the task.

The meetings continued, but were later held inside at the church. However, still later, a small grove back of the church, reached such a size as to provide shade and it was decided to hold the meeting outside again.

Also, the dining feature of the meeting was restored as the grounds were now near the church facilities, making it a less difficult task to serve the meal. The fact that $1,200 were subscribed, all for missionary work, will give you a fair idea of one year’s success. No doubt this same plan will be followed next year.

This church, located near the center of a very fertile farming district, is well supported both attendance – wise and financially. Recently a modern school building was built, attached to the church, and a school bus provided to transport the children.

There have been so many churches discontinued in rural areas, that it is very gratifying to witness this German Lutheran church in such a well-established position.

Hamlin people must be very proud to have this prosperous church in their township. It is such church organizations that keep this nation strong. So let us all serve our churches, and their various affiliations, to the best of our ability and resources.
Hamlin Steam Roller Contest Fifty Years Ago

It was nearly 50 years ago that a young man by the name of Roy Crandall called at the store where the writer was clerking and requested that I accompany him to Hamlin to take some photographs. He stated that the regular photographer was out of town, and that he understood that I had been doing some picture work for the Buffalo and Rochester newspapers.

After having permission granted by my employer, I went with him to Hamlin. On the way there he informed me that he represented the Buffalo Pitts Steam Roller Company, and that there was to be a contest between his roller and another make, and that a strip of road had been allotted for the contest.

He also informed me that, if I could obtain pictures detrimental to the proper performance of the opposing roller he would be delighted. He assured me that I would be well paid in any event and also have my dinner at the Singleton Hotel where all refreshments would be paid for by his company.

The hotel at that time was located at the southeast corner of the Lake Road and the road leading to Hilton. A stop light is now located at this intersection. The strip of road had been set apart at a short distance east of the hotel.

The opposing roller had been purchased by the Hamlin township with the understanding that it could do the work required in a manner comparable to any other make of roller. The crew operating the roller were quite friendly at first and during the conversation stated that they understood it was an exhibition and not a contest.

As the event proceeded and pictures had been taken showing their roller at a great disadvantage, on in particular, with the roller out of control and placed crosswise on the highway they operated it keeping their backs to the camera. At this point conversation became somewhat strained.

The late Henry Burke assisted in taking the pictures by securing a dark place to change the camera plates. It was a grain bin in a nearby barn. He, as well as the rest of us, enjoyed the sport; although at the time it looked as though the sale of the roller contracted was in jeopardy.

Different operations were conducted and the time recorded for each activity. These consisted in securing the spikes to the rear wheels of the roller, spiking up a measured space, then removing the spikes and rolling down the strip of road. After results of each operation had been computed, it was found that the Pitts roller outclasses its opponent in every test.

The salesman, Mr. Crandall, had the writer prepare a set of six enlarged photos for his future use. A year or so later he telephoned from Buffalo asking if I had kept the Hamlin plates. I replied “I had”. He then ordered another set of pictures as he was to be at Albany the following weeks, where bids were to be opened for a new road contracts, and the successful contractor made known. They would then be likely to need more equipment and a sale could be made.
You are, no doubt, wondering what took place at Hamlin as a result of the contest. The information gained later was that the township of Hamlin kept the roller which they had originally ordered. Perhaps the fine print was not carefully read in the contract.

Aside from the entertainment furnished and the business done at the hotel, the writer emerged as the only participant to benefit financially.

The older citizens of Hamlin no doubt remember the event, as many taxpayers were present. The excitement of any contest is bound to linger in one’s memory. In the final result, nothing was changed, but many Hamlin people witnessed a well-conducted and earnest performance.
Dear Editor:

An Editorial

Clarkson at the Turn of the Century

The first telephone call made by the writer was to the Fred Nixon Store at Clarkson. At that time it was known that many men around the corners would loiter there in the evening so it was the hope that I would contact a certain Clarkson citizen that I made the call. Mr. Nixon was a highly respected citizen of Clarkson and had been chosen town supervisor at this time.

The Brockport territory was supplied with the home telephone service, but later the Bell System was established here. For a few years people were obliged to have both phones if they wished complete coverage. Later the Bell System took over the Home franchise and increased their rates to meet the added expense of operating a larger system.

It was near the turn of the century that two Clarkson young men, Frank Thompson and Roy Fetter, secured employment with the Charles Decker Company. Mr. Thompson remained, as a member of the firm until his death a few years ago. He was the buyer for the company for many years. Mr. Fetter remained with the firm until he started his own business, the Brockport Sprayer & Pump Company. When Mr. Fetter died the business was sold, but the firm name was continued. Mr. Fetter, though handicapped by poor health, had a very successful business and he became well-known throughout this farming district.

Harley Hamil was another young Clarkson business man to be carrying on at this beginning of the new century. He had the agency for the Ford automobile. The writer would like to relate an incident to show the spirit of this young man. Mr. Whipple, who then resided at the Uplands, on Holley St. mentioned that he would like to trade his driving horse and buggy for a Ford car. A group of friends of both Mr. Whipple and Mr. Hamil, drew up a blind contract for the deal. Mr. Hamil agreed, but Mr. Whipple withdrew. When the contract was made known it was to have been an even exchange. Mr. Hamil was in line to have been a heavy loser. Harley Hamil was elected supervisor of the township of Clarkson and later became sheriff of Monroe County.

Another young Clarkson citizen to make his name famous, politically, at the beginning of the century was the late John Fallace. He was elected to the State Assembly from his district, and later became Collector of the Port of Rochester. He also became well established in his law practice, and was counsel for many people who had suffered injustice in some manner.

It was nearly 50 years ago that the late Fred Gordon built the magnificent home in Clarkson. There has been no finer estate established in western New York that this one in its rural setting at Clarkson. At this period in the life of the village, John Vaughan and Mrs. Vaughan, newlyweds, went there to make their home. John Vaughan became responsible for the fine grounds and gardens of the Gordon property. This position he held all through the life of Mr. Gordon.
One of the first dairy businesses started in this locality was at the farm of Dr. Sillman, later the Charles Maw farm. The writer visited this dairy barn when it was first built as it was supposed to be the most modern at the time. A milk house was built near and a team of driving horses drew the milk to Rochester each morning, starting very early so as to reach there for that day’s delivery.

When the Mertz Brothers dry house was built at the rear of the Clarkson School, the firm for which the writer was working installed the hot air furnaces. It took several of these to heat the air for the drying kilns. The drying of apples, which were shipped to France in those early days, has been completely discontinued in this fruit growing section.

The hotel at Clarkson was owned and managed by James Coyle. He was very strict and would not allow any disturbance to occur on his property. The story is told that a group of young men from Brockport went there pretending to be highly intoxicated. When they tried to order drinks, Mr. Coyle immediately ordered them to leave the premises, saying “You have had enough already, I don’t want this place to be responsible for your condition”. No amount of pleading by the young men could change his decision. He finally told them, “You will get no drinks anyway, as you tried to make a fool of me”.

It was during the first World War that a company of soldiers from Ft. Niagara marched down the Ridge Rd. on maneuver and camped for the night in front of the Clarkson Church. Many people from Brockport drove down to witness the formation of tents and watched the soldiers prepare for the evening mess. It was very interesting for the civilians who were not familiar with Army life.

The number of students that came from Clarkson Township families to attend the Normal School just before the turn of the century was most impressive. I will name those who are known to have attended at this time. I am sure you will agree that it is an imposing list. No doubt there were others, but these we have recorded: George Earl Edmunds, Edwin Rowell, Lucille Howell, Ora Rounds, Emma Rayburn, Maud Chapman, Mary O’Brien, Newton Hovey, Aaron Hovey, Catherine Snyder, Saray Snyder, Henrietta Steele, Josephine Steele, Winifred Tapley, Elton Corlett, Myrtle Corlett, Ethel Fegan, John Moor, Arthur Cown, John Fallace, Mary Fallace, Carrie Fallace, Edith Paine, Edith Parks, Watson Parks, Isaac Snyder, Homer Chriswell, Lathrup Chriswell, Elmer Knapp, Emma Hixon, Frances Hixon, Harry Fletcher, Alice Nichole, Fred Hovey, Mabel Paine, Dora Waterbury, Julia Allen, Helen Allen, Gertrude Allen, Julia Donnelly, Carrie Johnson, Myrtle Luce, Alphonso Cotter, Carrie Roberts, William Wilkinson, Ross Wilkinson, Edith Smith, Josephine Elodgett, Una Ring, Forest DeGraff, Mabel DeGraff, Frank Coye, and Eva Risley.

Clarkson village today is expanding in four directions. It will not be long before homes will be built on all available space to the Brockport village line. Along the Ridge Rd. many fine houses are being constructed and all will agree that the drive along the Ridge Rd. to Rochester is one of the most pleasing experiences to be had in motoring. On the Lake Rd. toward Hamlin many people are choosing to build their houses also. Former Rochester residents employed at the Kodak plant are
finding Clarkson an ideal locality in which to reside, and do not mind commuting daily to their place of employment.

Near the four corners is located also the town hall, in front of which is the village clock. It is a very well designed structure, and in addition to conducting the affairs of the township there, the local Grange is now having use of the hall for its meeting place. But, no doubt, it will soon be constructing its own building on the site presented by Mrs. Herbert Slater, which is located on the north side of East Ave. in the town of Clarkson also.

The two trailer camps along the Ridge Rd. in the township have caused the many people residing there to enjoy the freedom of contrary life. Let us hope that they correctly evaluate all the benefits of living outside city limits and will choose to build their permanent homes in Clarkson in the near future.

Clarkson village is old in years, but young in spirit. And one would have to go far to find a better residential locality. It is a fine place to live and have your children grow up, be educated, and become good citizens. What more could be required from any residential community?
Dear Editor:

An Editorial

Rural Sweden Before the Year 1900

The Township of Sweden pioneered in road building. It was in the early 80’s that a stone crusher was bought and stone was being drawn from different farms, crushed and applied to the highways.

Surface stone was plentiful at this time and many farms had large piles in their fields; and the owners were very anxious to have them removed, for it was difficult to till the fields around them.

When these had all been cleared away the farmers started offering their stone fences to be used for crushing; and they replaced the stone fences with wire ones, which did not occupy as much tillable land.

In Copeland’s “History of Clarendon”, published in 1889, the author repeatedly urged the taxpayers to purchase a stone crusher, referring to the success that the adjoining township of Sweden was having in building approved roads. Clarendon, also, had plenty of stone available, appeared somewhat backward in starting to use it to make better roads.

Sweden has over 200 miles of highways and the people living here may well be proud of their splendid condition. When severe snowstorms occur it becomes a difficult task to keep all of these roads open for traffic. Crews often have to be on duty for 36 hours, in one continued period, to accomplish this result.

There has been much written in regard to the oldest house in Sweden. Recently the writer received a letter from Mrs. M. M. Swartz of Les Cruces, N. M. She was Sarah Green when living on White Road. In it she questions the statement that has often been made that Billy Patten’s house was the oldest. She was often told, as a child, that the stone tenant house on her father’s farm (the late Frank Green farm) was the first built after the log houses, and that the Martha Kendall house at West Sweden was the next oldest.

Mrs. Swartz also wrote that her great grandfather, Edmund Spencer, gave the land for the White Schoolhouse, the terms being that the land was to be returned to the farm when the school was discontinued. She has the deed in her possession and is wondering if the Seymour Museum would care to have it for posterity.

In mentioning the White Road my memory goes back a long way to the occasion of a political rally at the Young’s farm, later the Frank Green farm and now the south farm of the Staples property. I must have been quite young as about all I remember was that there was a flag pole raising in the front yard and that it took place in the evening among many lights.
Perhaps John White will give us a brevity on this happening as he lived near and, no doubt, was much more impressed. The facts, I would like cleared up are: What year was it? Was it a Republican or Democrat rally? Who were the candidate? Also, who were the speakers of the evening?

Let us now refer to some of the business places in Sweden during those early days. At West Sweden Charlie Roberts had his blacksmith shop. Here also, was the A. B. Pullis grocery store, which reminds the writer of an occurrence which took place in his store. He was known to the writer to be a very strict church man and a strong prohibition advocate.

The writer was a member of a group of fox hunters who had become exhausted and when to his store to buy some cheese and crackers. After being served, one of the party, now knowing that he would offend, asked if he had any cider on sale. It was fortunate that we already had our cheese and crackers, as we might not have been served anything after that request had been made.

Here at West Sweden was located in the 90's the cooper shop of Squire Burns. Several Sweden young men learned the cooper’s trade here. One of them was Charles Snell of this village. He would often make 100 apple barrels, at 35 cents each, for the day’s work. Apple barrels are not made in this vicinity any more as apples are placed in smaller packages today.

At Sweden Center in the 90’s David Fay had his blacksmith and carriage repair shop, and his brother, John, had a cooper shop and older mill. John Fay also had a threshing outfit and was the leading thresher in Sweden for many years. The cooper shop was later turned into a saw mill, where many bushel crates were made and sold to the farmers.

On the east side of the Lake Rd., south of Sweden Center, James Dennis, who lived at West Sweden, set up a saw mill, cutting the timber and making it into barrel staves. This was considered quite a project at this time.

During the time referred to in this article, Daniel Green owned and lived at the farm on the West Sweden Rd., where Bert Armour now resides. Harris Holmes was living on the farm where the White schoolhouse was located before he came to Brockport to reside. William and Kirk White lived on the farm across the toad from the Holmes place.

At West Sweden John McCulloch lived on the northeast cotner of the cross roads, and his sister, Belle, taught the Fourth Section School while the writer was attending.

On the White Rd. John Sutphen then resided, and was elected supervisor of Sweden Township. He was one of the first Sweden residents to spend his winters in Florida, and he wrote many articles for this paper regarding the advantages which that state provided.

Over on the Lake Rd. in Sweden were many prosperous farmers during this period. The Hon. Charles White had been elected state senator, and he also held a prominent appointive position for his government later. He was a very brilliant man and it was said of him that he liked to listen to others, but when he spoke, you should be attentive, as it was sure to be some words of wisdom.
Other prominent farmers living on the Lake Rd. or near to it were Henry White; Eugene Locke; Fred Clark; Charles Nelson; George Beadle, who served as supervisor of the town; Edward Beadle; Hosea Covell; Edward Mershon; Seymour Root; Hon. Fred Root; and Albert Davis.

In the southeast corner of Sweden Township the Hon. Fred Root built a magnificent house on his farm. It later burned to the ground. The same year the large brick Rowe house on the Reed Rd. was constructed. It is not the home of Mrs. Albert Davis the granddaughter of Mr. Rowe.

The story is told that the proceeds from one large wheat crop on each farm built these large houses. It is also related by the older citizens that each builder tried to outdo the other in the size and grandeur of the dwelling on their respective farms. Tragedy also came to Sweden during these years in the case of the Bruton Murder. A group of men indulged in a drinking spree for a few days and the oldest man, Mr. Bruton, was found dead with many bruises on his body. The hearing was held in our village building before James Mann.

At the hearing an incident occurred which nearly brought a charge of contempt of court. A certain young man of the village allegedly blew snuff over the heads of the spectators. Mr. Mann, in telling about it later said, “There I was looking the accused straight in their eyes, charging them with murder, and everybody was sneezing”.

The Billy Patten trial, to punish the men who stole his chickens, was also quite an event during a year about the turn of the century. This was also held at the village hall. To insure a conviction, Fred Holbrook, a member of the district attorney’s staff, was sent to Brockport to prosecute the case. It was stated at the time that it was very difficult to obtain a conviction in chicken thieving. Although the buggy tracks in the light snow were traced to a dealer and the live chickens recovered, Mr. Patten had to identify one of his chickens by an unusual growth on the side of its head, to clinch the conviction.

At this time there were four churches in the township outside the village; over at West Sweden on the west side was the Baptist Church, and the Free Methodist was on the east side of the highway. Many people called this little village the “two meeting houses” for several years.

Sweden Center Methodist Church was on the east side of the Lake Rd. and the Presbyterian was the last church in Sweden to be open for worship. It later was voted by the congregation to join the Presbyterian Church here in this village.

The township of Sweden has the village of Brockport within its boundary, the largest village in Monroe County west of the Genesee River. It is fortunate in many ways, as it has very little waste or low land within its borders, and as a consequence, it became a fine farming locality. Today, much building is taking place in rural Sweden on the Lake Rd., and from this road both east and west no the Fourth Section Rd., especially east towards Rochester.
If one wishes to take a pleasant Sunday afternoon to ride in the country, the writer knows of no better place to view, than rural Sweden with its many fine roads, beautiful landscape, and well-kept farms and buildings.
Dear Editor:

An Editorial

Early Automobile Experience

It was in the year of 1905 that George Stewart stopped the writer on Main St. and suggested that we visit a cousin, Bert Webster, at LeRoy. He said that Bert had a store there and that Clarence Hathaway and Frank Curvin has also rented a vacant store, and were holding an auction each evening.

Clarence would paint landscapes in oil during the day, and Frank would sell them at auction at night. He was able to paint three or four each hour, and would place them in the two show windows as soon as he had finished them, so people could view them during the day. You could buy them with, or without, the frame.

We decided to make the trip by auto the following Saturday morning, as we knew that would be the big day at the stores. It was suggested that we start early in the morning, for automobiles were not yet dependable in reaching your destination at a certain time. In fact later, the writer discontinued the practice of telephoning ahead the hour of expected arrival.

All was uneventful that morning till the attempt was made to drive up Fort Hill. Let me state right there that the grade then, was not the long gradual incline that we find there today. It was very steep and continued that way the entire distance to the top. If you were obliged to stop you were marooned, as far as going ahead was concerned: no auto had yet been made that could start on that hill. If you had good brakes you could gradually let your car back to the foot of the hill and try again, after getting a good start.

We were doing very well and were about half way up, when the drive chain broke. The emergency brake failed to hold, and the car started going down the hill backwards. As this occurred, George jumped out and called, “Keep it straight”. I did, but there was a bend in the road at the bottom of the hill; so I went straight into a dooryard and along by the side of the house, not missing it by more than three feet.

There was a blacksmith shop near the foot of the hill and we were advised to take the chain there and have it repaired. When all was ready to try to ascent the grade once more, I requested George to follow up, carrying a large block of wood to place under the rear wheel if necessary. The car made it up all right but George was completely exhausted. I will always remember how red his face was when I stopped for him to get into the car. Carrying a heavy chunk of wood up a steep grade, and trying to keep close more than I should have asked, I realized afterwards.

LeRoy was finally reached, and the first man that George told our experience proved to be the correspondent for the Sunday Democrat & Chronicle. The next morning in blazing “scare
“heads” across the top of the page, was printed the thrilling experience of an automobile, out of control, descending Fort Hill, and nearly crashing into the side of a house some distance away.

During the day we visited both stores and accepted the hospitality of Bert Webster to stay with him overnight. We did, however, have our evening meal at the hotel with Frank Curvin and Clarence Hathaway. During the meal Mrs. Hathaway arrived as a surprise visitor for the weekend, also.

In those days on Saturday and Saturday night, villages were crowded with people, and LeRoy proved to be no exception. Frank Curvin conceived the idea of me driving up and down the main street while he stood up in the car announcing the sale of oil paintings at their store, and also the time the sale would start.

The place was soon filled with people and the auction sale started, but customers were very slow in their bidding as Frank and Clarence were strangers among them, and this caused them to hesitate. A man, taking in the situation, stepped up to Frank and introduced himself as Lawrence the local auctioneer, and said he thought the people lacked confidence, and he believed he could make the sales. He was told to go ahead.

He at first made a short speech in which he stated that no matter how fast the paintings were made, they were genuine oil paintings, and if there were any amateur artists present, he would dare say that they could not do them as well regardless of how much time they could afford to spend in trying.

The paintings were all sold in a very few minutes and many buyers bought frames as well. A few of the residents remained after the sale, and Lawrence told them that as a boy I grade school he would set up on a chair at noon time and auction off pencils, jackknives, or anything that boys would like to buy or sell.

It was at this time that George Stewart took out his pen and started sketching on some wrapping paper. His sketches in ink were considered very good here in Brockport at that time. A young man, whose name I do not remember, stepped forward and asked George how he was on doing faces. George replied that he had never attempted doing that particular art. The young man asked if he might borrow the pen and with about a dozen strokes, he made a very good likeness of Theodore Roosevelt. He remarked as he drew, “A pair of glasses, a heavy mustache, and some large teeth”. This man, who by the way was badly deformed, drew as easily: Charles Hughes, Chauncey Depew, and many other famous men of that time.

On of us Brockport men remarked that he considered him quite good. His reply was, “Well, the Pittsburgh Dispatch pays me $5,000 a year to do cartoons for their paper.” Brockport representatives were rather outdone that evening and we learned that a very good plan to follow is – not to boast or feel too important when one is away from home environment.
This article would not be complete if the writer failed to emphasize the talent displayed by Clarence Hathaway. Recently the Seymour Museum here was presented with some of his paintings. The donor was George Korn, whose shoe store is located in this village. The writer also had a portrait of a girl with a fancy shawl draped over her head. Clarence spent a full week on this number and the colors in the head covering and the likeness of hair falling over the shoulders would, in the opinion of this writer, be hard to excel.

This portrait was exhibited in Domestic Hall at the Monroe County Fair Grounds many years ago and was awarded First Prize for three consecutive years. A note was written on the back stating that this exhibit is not eligible for further premiums.

It is a great loss to Brockport that this artist could not have applied his whole life to work he liked to do so well. But it is fortunate, that the Seymour Museum has secured samples of his work to hand down to posterity. If you have in your home a painting with the name of Hathaway printed in the lower left hand corner I advise you to cherish it as a souvenir from one of Brockport’s best artists, if not the very best.
Dear Editor:

An Editorial

Bicycling in the Early 90's

It was in the 90’s that the bicycle became most popular, as the automobile has not as yet made its appearance. Whole families would have bicycles and go out for spins together.

Bicycle racing was also given attention during these years. There would be track races, also road races. The road races would usually be for a distance of about 15 miles. The prizes would often be displayed in a store window for some time previous to the date of the race. Often riders would compete from all parts of the state, if the prizes were considered worthwhile.

Cinder paths were constructed alongside of the main highways and men were employed to keep them in good condition. A license fee of one dollar a year on each wheel made this possible. There was a well-conditioned path along the Ridge Rd. to Rochester, and it was much used. It is a fact little known today, that bicycles are much more easily propelled on a cinder path, than on a smooth concrete surface.

The first summer that the writer possessed a wheel, a distance of three thousand miles was recorded on the cyclometer attached to the front wheel. It was a wonderful experience to visit new places and view scenes that one was deprived of before. Many riders were able to make a century ride on a pleasant day in summer. In the cities clubs were formed and the trips were planned ahead, so those who wished to ride with companions would be accommodated.

It is a curious fact that the bicycle is the only manufactured piece of machinery which has not increased in price during the past 50 years. A wheel bought in the 90’s cost $40, and today one of the equal, or better value, can be bought for the same price. When you consider the much higher price of material and also labor costs the only conclusion must be that today there is a much improved method of manufacture.

The pleasure derived from the use of the bicycle was comparable, in a small way perhaps, to the automobile today; and you had the added result of healthful exercise. In those days not many families could afford to keep a driving horse and conveyance, but nearly all had bicycles to ride, which allowed them to get out in the country for fresh air and sunshine.

The families of my two older brothers lived here in Brockport during the bicycle age and they had attachments for their wheels, so the children could ride. Nearly every Sunday afternoon they would ride out to the farm, a distance of three miles. It was my job each Sunday morning to freeze the cream in the gallon freezer, so as to have it ready when they arrived.
One of the most pleasant trips to be had in the days before the automobile was the bicycle ride down the Ridge Rd. to Rochester. There were many shade trees along the path where you could stop and rest. Upon your arrival to the city, dinner would be enjoyed, and later you could attend the theatre where stock companies were always playing there during the summer months. If you did not care to ride your wheel home, you could have it checked in the baggage car and ride home on the train.

On one of these trips I recall having met a very flashy man, resting under a shade tree. It was a very warm day, and he was perspiring as he had just dismounted from his bicycle. As I arrived he looked up through the perspiration and remarked, “There will have to be a big change, if we have a frost tonight”. He certainly had a sense of humor, and it made both of us feel better.

The hardest ride taken by the writer was from Troutburg to Brockport. There was a cinder path, but you encountered many grades on the way, as Brockport has a much higher altitude. I was riding with a school boy, and did not expect any difficulty in keeping up with him. I failed to realize that he was the son of a bicycle manufacturer and no doubt had much training in riding. We made the ride to Brockport in 55 minutes, and the last grade from Clarkson in finishing that ride will always be fresh in my memory.

A road race that took place here was scheduled to be from Brockport to Bergen and return. It was well advertised and riders arrived from many distant places. When the prizes were looked at thoroughly it was discovered by those who had paid their entrance fee, that the promoter had misinterpreted their value. The bicycles offered as prizes were reconditioned and not new ones. It was reported that a riot nearly took place. Many riders returned to their homes but the race was held as planned. It was said at the time that those who dismounted and walked up Standpipe Hill and the Beech Ridge Hill saved their strength to win a place in the finish.

There were several good race riders in Brockport in those days, and these are remembered: Lee Nichols, Steve Ross, Ole Orsland, Alfred (Buster) Green, Perry Stock, John Stewart, Hugh Constable, and Watson Parks.

It is surprised how long it takes the public to discover that something supposed to be an improvement may not be worth considered as such. Bicycles were at first using a small tire, and then the balloon tires were placed on all wheels for several years. Today, nearly all bikes for men are equipped with the smaller tires again which propel with much less effort. The balloon tired serve as a better cushion but that fact does not justify the added strength needed to ride them at any speed.

When one reads each day in the papers about the casualties causes by automobiles, and at the year’s end, the number of people that have been killed on the highways by cars during the year in the United States it causes the older citizens to think back 50 years to the bicycling days, and wonder if life is not getting too cheap in these times. We were a contented, happy people and were satisfied with conditions that existed in the 90’s and it was very seldom that an accident of any kind occurred to interfere with the pleasure of riding. It now causes one to wonder if were are not progressing too fast in locomotion, and reaping too large a penalty as a result.
Today bicycles are being used chiefly by children of school age. Bikes are their greatest prized possession and are very convenient for trips to the store and doing other errands for the family. Can you imagine a paper boy without a bicycle? It is usually the first object bought with the money earned during youth.

It is seldom that you witness the whole family out for a spin today. You do see a man and wife or a young couple occasionally. The reason for this is that the automobile traffic is so great that much of the pleasure has vanished. Not many fathers care to be responsible for the family riding as a group, when an accident could so easily happen.

Many things are making way for the automobile: fine residences are being town down so the site may be used for a gas station; and whole sections of dwellings and many other costly buildings razed for new ways for the increased traffic. So bicycling too, has been displaced to the extent that you seldom see a when out in the country on the main highway.
Dear Editor:

An Editorial

“Queen” A Great Hunting Dog

Queen was a fairly good-sized hound. Her color was white with large spots of black and flecks of tan. She was bred Red Bone Hound on her mother’s side, and a Walker Hound was her father. At night she as a coon dog, and in the day time a rabbit hound, and she never got her two jobs confused.

It was about 60 years ago that Harry Palmer asked my brother and me to come over to his father’s house for a coon hunt at night. He said that the late Albert Davis was bringing Queen over, and that we would start from their place soon after dark. We were very grateful for this chance to witness this dog in action, as we had heard much talk about her wonderful performance.

We did not leave the Palmer house ‘til after nine o’clock. Many hunting experiences were recalled during the conversation, which always tends to make one’s enthusiasm greater for the immediate event of hunting.

William Palmer lived at that time on the farm now owned by James Stanley and is the residence of Carl Mault. On starting, we crossed the road to the east, and in a very few minutes Queen was barking on track, and shortly changed her voice to short anxious barking up yelps, which told us that she had treed. As we approached the spot we could discern four raccoons in the dim light. All were located in a group of small trees which were woven together at their tops with wild grape vines.

It was quite a task to shake those coons loose, one at a time, as the grape vines made it much more difficult. I recall to this day that I was completely winded by the part I took in assisting. We concluded that they were a family group, which had been born that season, as they were not fully grown. They had ventured out on their own as we did not find the parent at this time.

Next we returned westward, crossing the road further to the north, and entered a large piece of timber which ran to west for a mile, with occasionally small openings of cleared land. Before leaving this section for home we had captured five more raccoons.

We were back at the Palmer residence before twelve o’clock, having captured nine coons in less than three hours, all except one person carrying two raccoons each. This, I believe, must have been a record for the time that was consumed. How about it, you Sweden hunters?

At this point I would like to relate a most unusual occurrence which happened one season while hunting raccoons with this same dog, Queen. She barked up a tree near a crooked rail fence.
The coon was shined by placing a lantern above the gunner’s head. This procedure will show the animal’s eyes as two fiery balls. After two shots, the coon fell to the ground.

Having hunted the remainder of the night, the hunters chanced to retrace their course near the foot of the tree where the coon was shot early in the evening. While we were sitting on the rail fence to rest, another raccoon fell out of the tree. Unable, in a near death struggle, to stay out of line of vision, it slipped and fell. It seemed the first two shots were fired at different animals. The wounded coon being disturbed by the return of the hunters, and in a numb condition, could not keep his grip to the limb. I have often thought that the above would be a rare enough occurrence for Ripley to relate in, “Believe It Or Not”.

A few years later it was the writer’s privilege to hunt rabbits with Queen. There was less than an inch of snow on the ground that morning. It was a mild day in winter and by noon the sun had melted all of the snow except in shady places. At this time I expected some one of the party to say, “We might as well go home”. I did not know Queen’s capabilities, as well as some of the others. She kept right on running rabbit tracks by scent, and when one would hole up would remain at the burrow ‘til one of us hunters came to assist.

All rabbits that were forced from their holes that day were allowed to have a chance of running free, as they were not shot at ‘til they had reached a fair range. As we were near a large thicket of marsh land, which is located at the rear of the Comstock farm, many took refuge there.

When we returned to the home of Bert Davis on the Lake Rd. and unloaded our hunting coats on the horse barn floor, we found altogether we had 16 rabbits. I dare say we could have had as many more if we had not given each rabbit a chance to take cover in the thicket.

Queen did not remain the property of Mr. Davis during her entire life. She was so eager for hunting that it was very easy to entice her away from home by neighboring hunters. As a consequence she remained in an exhausted condition much of the time while at home, during the intervals between those hunting expeditions that were taken without permission.

She was sold, to be taken away from this locality. The price, as remembered, was $50, which in those days was considered a very good price for a hunting dog. Let us hope she was owned and cared for by kindly people during the latter days of her life.

In this section of the country, much emphasis is placed on the bird dog. So it was with considerable satisfaction to the writer upon reading in the paper recently of a hound being awarded top dog by the judges at a contest for all breeds. We know that in the south the Walker Hound is preferred above all other dogs, and the man who owns one, thinks nearly as much of his dog as any other possession he may have. It is considered a member of the family and is treated with great care and attention.
If you have ever had the experience of watching a hound ferret out the tracks of a cunning fox, matching his skill against that of this wild animal and after succeeding, start baying with delight, for having mastered the situation, you will have gained a greater respect for the hound dog.

Often the fox will travel on a stone wall for quite a distance, and then jump off at right angles as far from the wall as possible. He will back track often to confuse the dog, also take to glary ice where no scent is lift is the wind is blowing. If there happens to be a tree near, that has blown over and lodged at an easy angle, he will take to this and then jump far off to one side. All these and many more difficult tasks the hound must solve if the hunt is to be successful.

The baying of the hound, especially at night, is the sweetest music for any true hunter to hear. It will start his heart to beat a little faster and he will begin to speculate on what is being trailed, and whether it will be coming his way, or passing out of hearing into the distance.

Hounds have been known to follow a trail for days, or ‘til they drop dead from exhaustion. Often the owner has to intercept his dog and take it forcibly from the trail when such is the case.

Whether you choose a bird dog or a hound dog for your hunting adventures, always be kind and considerate for its welfare. The dog will then work with you faithfully, and continue to live up to its reputation of being man’s best friend.
Dear Editor:

An Editorial

Geese in Migration

Each spring the Rochester papers inform their readers of the arrival of the geese at the swamp lands in the Township of Shelby, Orleans County. This particular location is often called the Alabama swamp.

Last spring a friend living in Brighton telephoned one evening and asked if I cared to visit the location where the geese gathered each year to rest during migration to the north country. I replied that it had been my desire for some time, and that I would be ready at 6:00 a.m. the next morning, the time he expected to arrive in Brockport.

After driving through Clarendon, Barre Center, West Barre, and a few miles more we reached this gathering place for the wild geese at 6:45 a.m. Several cars were parked along the highway and across the field, perhaps 30 rods wide, was the small lake on which the geese would rest. It seemed to be understood that no one was to cross this field and frighten the birds, although there were no signs posted to that effect. This lake is about 20 rods wide and we discovered it to be about a half a mile long as we drove parallel with it later.

A man with whom we conversed told us that we were too late in the morning to see the geese leave for their feeding grounds, but that they would all be returning during the next two or three hours, a few flocks at a time.

This man, who introduced himself as Mr. Simmons, the official photographer of the Buffalo Ornithological Society, Buffalo Museum of Science, said that he arrived in time to see them leave at daybreak. He had his camera to await their return and my companion had a very powerful pair of binoculars. During my conversation with Mr. Simmons, I informed him that George Guelf of my hometown, Brockport, was a member of his Buffalo Bird Society. He them presented me with his official card and told me to take it to Mr. Guelf.

We did not have long to wait before the geese started stringing back to this small lake. They all came from the north or the north-east, which seemed strange to me as they must have passed over good feeding grounds on their flight in from the south. By the way, only one flock migrated in from the south while we were there.

As they flew back they seemed to have very little fear of man, as they did not vary their course and were flying low enough to be in gun range. With the glasses you could distinguish their markings. Their tail feathers were spread out fan-shaped and their wing movements were very slow. The black markings on the head below the eyes could be seen, and they uttered no sound whatever, so their bark-like honking must be used only when migrating on long flights.
They all lit on the extreme eastern end of the lake and then swam toward the west. No doubt the direction of the wind was the determining factor in the landing. We did not comprehend this movement to the west till we drove along the side of the lake later, and discovered the entire lake surface closely covered with geese.

Why these geese gather here I will not try to explain. We concluded that they are not being fed here, as we did not see over a half dozen birds tipped up, showing their white rear feathers, when feeding on underwater vegetation. It is fortunate for the nearby farmers that the geese do not choose to feed on the land near the lake, for with a great many thousand birds gathered there the fields would be stripped bare.

There was a small group of white swan, not over a dozen all, that remained quite close to each other. They seemed to be feeding on the bottom more than the geese. The reason, I suppose, their necks being longer they could reach down and obtain food out of reach of the geese.

It was quite a surprise to learn how far those geese flew for their breakfast. We were about five miles northeast from the lake on our way home when I asked my companion what I was seeing in a corn field about 30 rods from the highway. He asked me to let the window down as we stopped and he would look with the glasses. I did, and the click of the window was heard by the geese and immediately thousands of birds were in the air. Many came our way with their flight in all directions; and it must have been an excellent feeding ground, judging from the scolding we received from those geese for disturbing them.

In the return of the geese from their morning feed they remained in the original flocks that were migrating but did not keep in such a good formation as they do in long flights.

If you decide sometime later to witness these thousands of birds gathered at their meeting place on their flight to the extreme north, I will venture to predict that thereafter you will not rush outdoors to watch a single flock go honking overhead.

A person has often been called “a goose” upon making an error which seemed entirely unnecessary. The writer cannot imagine such an act being a trait of that bird. Geese do not make many mistakes. Hunters find it almost impossible to take them unaware when they are feeding on land, and when migrating they fly above the range of the gun. It is very seldom that you hear of a goose being shot.

Recently a school child was asked, “If you were not born a human animal, what other animal would you choose to be?” The answer was, “A bird”. When we analyze their life habits, I am sure most of us will agree that it was a very good answer. I believe however, the answer could have been more specific by naming the goose.

In flight if one of their number becomes disabled for any reason, the rest of the flock will circle and try to find out the trouble, before going on. Their winters are spent in southern
marshland, inaccessible to man, and their summers far up north where their young can be bred without the fear of being molested.

In the December issue of 1953, Nature Magazine has an article about a goose that became separated from the flock and had to remain behind for some time to care for itself. The title of this true story is, “So Long Voyager!” It is a very well written description by Gerald Movius. It also appeared in Readers Digest in a condensed form the same month. The Seymour Library has this number on file. I am sure you would enjoy reading this splendid tribute to a goose, if you have not already done so.

To be interested in the life of birds and study their habits, also to be able to classify them, is a wonderful pastime. In my youth on a farm a boy lived nearly directly across the road from our house, who was very much invested in nature. He made a wonderful companion and from him I learned much about birds. We would get punished often for being late in getting home from school after having rambled through some woodland. This early companion is still living, and although he cared very little for books, he learned a great deal from nature, and I cannot help but feel that he has lived a full life and enjoys much that the rest of us may be missing.

If you have the chance to associate with some person or group of people who have, and are still making observations of bird life, seize this opportunity and you will find it to be a delightful experience. You will then want to know more of nature’s ways.
Dear Editor:

An Editorial

Felling a Bee Tree and Capturing Flying Squirrels

It was a warm day in early fall while hunting gray squirrels, that I discovered this home of a large swarm of bees. It was in a basswood stub which was about 15 feet high and two and a half feet in diameter. About 10 feet from the ground was a hole a couple of inches wide and around it were flying a great many bees, some about to leave, and others flying back, seeking to enter with their gathered honey.

The great number of bees working, more than I had ever seen about a hive, impressed me, and on arriving home, I told my older brother about my discovery. He said “We will wait ‘til we have a frost, which will make the bees more dormant, before trying to secure the honey”. As this bole of an old tree had no value, we did not hesitate to fall it to the ground to obtain the honey.

So the first frosty evening we set forth, my two older brothers and I, taking what we thought necessary for the job. This consisted of a crosscut saw, an axe, a lantern, two 16 quart milk pails and a butcher knife to cut the comb loose from the wood.

Later we decided not to use the axe unless the saw pinched, as the jar from the stroke of the axe might rile the bees into action. So we started to saw at once. The older brother taking one end of the saw and the other of us two changing off on the other end. We placed the lantern on a nearby stump for light, but it provided very little light for the work ahead, as I will relate later.

As the crack of the saw cut began to widen, my partner dropped our end of the saw having been stung on the hand. I took his place and received the same treatment. That kept up, he and I getting stung frequently, and changing places each time ‘till the stump fell to the ground. We then realized that the other brother had not left his post during the sawing. He, being six foot tall, had started out higher on his side, so the bees all sifted down to our end of the saw, and then crawled onto our handle to sting us.

This basswood tree being somewhat pithy from standing dry so long, split wide open in falling; so we got busy at once to recover the honey. About this time we noticed our lantern was shedding very little light. The bees had covered the lantern globe. This was discouraging in two ways; it shut off the light, and the bees after becoming warm on the globe, went into action and more bee stings followed. We had to extinguish the light for self protection.

We finally had those two milk pails full of honey comb and there was still more to be had, as the bees were using that stump of a tree, from the hole in the side down to our saw cut. It was decided for me to cross a field to Henry Good’s house and tell him if he cared to come back with
me, he could have the remainder of the honey. After explaining the situation to him, he found a suitable pail and we returned to the scene of action.

It was estimated that we secured about 60 pounds of honey. The combs were irregular and damaged, being broke apart; so all was made into strained honey and placed into pint fruit jars.

This was a very exciting adventure, and as we had an object in view, the stings of the bees had very little effect in cooling our eagerness for achievement. I do not know whether there was a better way in securing that honey or not, as none of us ever had any experience with honey bees; but I do know it was an experience that the three men who are living today, who took part on that night in the 90’s, will remember during their lifetime.

Capturing Flying Squirrels

At the farm during my youth it was the custom to cut down the dead trees in the sugar bush for firewood for the coming year. This always took place in winter after the other farm work was finished. The dead trees were marked during the summer when they failed to leaf out. This work of securing the family firewood took about ten days, and the mild days of winter were chosen for the task.

It was while chopping at the base of one of these trees that a pair of flying squirrels came out of a hole about 12 feet above the ground. As there were no trees near to sail to, and our being at the foot of the tree, it caused them to scurry around the body a couple of times, and then return to their hole for safety. Having observed this, my brother had me stand on his shoulders and plug the hole with my handkerchief.

Flying squirrels are mis-named, as they do not fly, as the term is understood. They are gliders, and nothing more. On each side of their body and extending out on the legs is a flap of loose skin or hide. So when they spread their legs sideways they become much flattened out. The tail is also a help in gliding, as it is flat and the hair closely formed. It resembled a feather in appearance. All of this gives them the ability to glide from one tree to another, but they lose some altitude in doing it. In size they are a trifle smaller than a red squirrel and more brownish in color.

After falling the tree we sawed towards the hole from both directions until decayed wood began to show. The remaining block of wood was small enough to be carried to the house. Removing the handkerchief we placed the hole over the entrance to the cage which was to be their future home. It was not long before they ventured into the wooden soap box which was lined with tin and covered with a heavy wire screen. This arrangement allowed us to view them at all times.

Like most boys I prized them very much at first, and was very attentive in caring for them. The cage was placed near a south window in a vacant upstairs bedroom. Boys of the neighborhood would come to see them, and one boy braver than the rest of us, would take them out and fondle them. He would wear leather gloves, however, for when mature animals are captured it is very
difficult to tame them. If you can start with young animals or birds, it is often quite easy, as they know of no other life, and are nor rebellious in their present environment.

After having these squirrels for nearly two years, I did not care for them as often as I should. One day I found their cage filled with feathers from a discarded feather bed. This proved that they had freed themselves. It was discovered that a piece of tin had been bent back and they had gnawed through the exposed wooden side of the box. Had I been more watchful this could not have happened.

There was only one squirrel in the box at the time so we had to leave the hole open, hoping that we would find them both there later. We never did. One of the cats around the house, perhaps caught it when it was outside its cage. So after a reasonable length of time we took the cage to the woods and left it there with a small opening which would allow it to leave. The squirrel could now find a new home with other squirrels for companions. We never have seen any flying squirrels since that time, and I often wonder if they do not get about more at night time than they do in daylight.

If you ever cage wild animals or birds, choose a place for them where you will pass near them often. You will then see their needs and also forestall any attempt to escape. Upon tiring of them, if you do, kindly take them back to their natural habitat and turn them loose. It will give you the satisfaction of knowing that they did not die in confinement, or free themselves in dangerous and unfamiliar surroundings.
Dear Editor:

An Editorial

David Bruce, A Great Genius

David Bruce, scientist, painter, naturalist, and taxidermist was born in England, near Kent, in the year of 1832. Here he grew to manhood and engaged in the business of procuring the plumes and breast feathers of birds for millinery purposes. To obtain these, he had to visit places where the desired birds were found. This occupation caused him to see much of wild life. The skins of the birds’ breasts and the plumes had to be processed; so it naturally led him to proceed to the art of taxidermist upon arriving in the United States.

He also became a painter of great skill using this talent in several ways during his life work. In the winter months he would decorate the interior of our best residences; first by tinting the hard finished walls, and then painting tropical foliage and the bright hued birds found there. Also our native cattails were reproduced in his paintings with factual forms and colors. The sidewalls and the halls of these grand, old residences often had his work displayed up along the winding stairways. In later days, while removing wall paper, you would uncover some of this early art, which must have been very beautiful when first executed.

His work as a taxidermist also have him a chance to use this talent for painting, as we will relate later. His work in taxidermy led him into other scientific fields. He also became a collector of insects and made a most complete collection of United States butterflies. During these adventures among wildlife for the purpose of collecting specimens for his work, it gave him a chance to study the surrounding habitat of the animals and birds, the flowers, shrubs and land surface.

David Bruce was the first taxidermist to place birds and mammals to cases surrounded by their natural environment. He was also able, by his skill as a painter, to reproduce a suitable background for this particular case of mounted specimens.

Carl Ward Akley, who became famous as a taxidermist, was taught by Mr. Bruce here at Brockport. He was born on a farm south of Holley in Orleans County. Later he became an authority on African animals. African Hall, in New York City, was conceived and directed in its making by him. Although all the animals in this exhibit are reproduced with copper exteriors the manikins or forms had to be made accurately, which requires the skill of a taxidermist.

After Mr. Akley became famous it was stated and published that he laid claim to the art of placing specimens in their natural surroundings, even to placing them in decorated cases. It was just another case where the inventor of a way of doing things, does not receive the credit due to him by the public.
The first contact with Mr. Bruce’s work by the writer was as a child when taken to the Power’s Building in Rochester. On display in an L-shaped hall on one of the upper floors were about 50 cases of mounted birds and animals, all the work of David Bruce. The owner of the building had bought these to exhibit to the people free, so as to attract people to the wonderful “Powers Block”, as it was called at that time.

It was a little later that Mr. Bruce made a similar collection for what was then termed Mechanics Institute. George Guelf was a taxidermist and a collector and processor of birds’ skins and animal pelts during this same period. The two men exchanged many specimens to each other’s advantage. Mr. Guelf also assisted in doing some of the work in this latter collection so it might be completed according to time specified.

Nathan Davis, a Sweden young man, learned the taxidermy art under Guelf’s teaching. Later he went to the West Coast, locating permanently in the State of Washington. There he conducted a store in connection with the work and did an extensive fur business. Examples of the taxidermy work of Bruce, Guelf, and Davis are on display at the Seymour Museum.

Mr. Bruce received a government appointment to make the collection of butterflies and moths of the United States. He traveled extensively through the western states, making Colorado Springs his headquarters for several years. It was entirely his efforts which brought together the most complete classification of these beautiful creatures ever exhibited.

Many Brockport homes are fortunate in having samples if Bruce’s work in taxidermy. You may be sure of their authenticity if his name appears in a lower corner, usually painted on a small clam shell. You can also be positive that the setting is true to nature in every respect. It is an educational treat to study these cases of birds and mammals as David Bruce never faked any of his work. He knew firsthand what he was trying to reproduce, so there was no guessing necessary.

The late Gifford Morgan had a very fine case, all game birds, in his study which were mounted by Bruce. It contained both male and female of about a dozen different native game birds. It was especially a prized possession for anyone who liked to match his skill against hose wily birds during the hunting season.

The State of New York has published two volumes on the kind of work this great genius has accomplished; E. H. Eaton was the compiler and he mentioned David Bruce several times throughout the work. Carl Akley had the disposition to push forward and sell himself to the public; David Bruce had a retiring nature, but was exceptionally gifted, very accurate and fast in the preparation of his work. The reality of the scenic effect of his showcases, also the exact posture of his specimens that he mounted, have never been excelled. The gift which he possessed as an artist assisted him greatly in preparing the natural effect desired.

The story is told of his offering to sell a small mounted eagle in a case. The buyer asked the price. Bruce’s asking price was $10. The buyer replied, “Why that stump that the eagle roosts on is worth that much!” Mr. Bruce replied, “I made it out of brown paper soaked in water, squeezed dry,
and a little glue added”. What he did not say was that a great amount of skill was needed in making that stump look so real. This incident may give us the clue why David Bruce did not become a wealthy man. He may not have placed a high enough value on his work, as we know he accomplished a great amount, being very efficient and busy during his whole lifetime.

This great genius passed from this earthly life during a stroll near Lake Ontario, while collecting specimens for his work. One who knew him cannot help but believe it would have been the way he would have wanted it. The shore of Lake Ontario had always provided many specimens, and the pleasure of going there was, no doubt, uppermost in his mind.

David Bruce died September 24th, 1903, having lived to the age of 71. It would have been much more difficult for him to have made his collections of birds and mammals today. Much territory has been removed from the abode of wild life by the development of parks and new farming districts.

So if you possess one of his cases of mounted specimens, do not value it lightly, as the contents and skill displayed in its arrangement are not likely to come into one’s possession in the years ahead.

Note. David Bruce was the father of Marshall Bruce, who was the husband of Mrs. Edna Bruce of Adams St.
An Editorial

Many Varieties of Local Apples No Longer Grown

Many of the fine eating apples we have today were not grown in the 90’s. Among these I will mention the delicious, McIntosh, Cortland, and Banana apple. A little later, however, in the year 1905, we find in the two volumes published by the Department of Agriculture, State of New York, “The Apples’ of New York” by S. A. Beach, mention made of the McIntosh and Banana apple.

In the early days we had in late summer the Harvest apple, Astrachan, and Sweet Bough. A little later the Strawberry apple was enjoyed. When the fall season arrived we had the Pippins, Dutchess, and the Twenty Ounce. About this time, usually in early October, we started picking the winter apples, the Rhode Island Greening being the earliest of these.

You can classify all orchards of apples into two classes, the commercial orchard, usually of only one or two varieties, and the home orchard, which consisted of many varieties. At our farm we had a home orchard of only three acres, but it contained 23 varieties of apples. These I will name, also those varieties which were found in neighboring orchards that we did not have in our home orchard. This will give you a good idea of the apples being grown in Sweden before the turn of the century.

In our orchard were the following varieties: Baldwin, Rhode Island Greening, Spy, King, Hubbardson, Spitzenburg, Golden Russet, Roxbury Russet, Gillflower, Golden Pippin, Holland Pippin, Seek-No-Furthur, Lady Sweet, Strawberry, Spiced Harvest, Coper’s Market, Twenty Ounce, Astrachan, Sweet Bough, Phoenix, and Tallman’s Sweet. There was a very old tree near the house which bore a small, but very sweet apple. The skin was yellow, striped with red, and the flesh had a yellowish tint. We never did find out the name of this variety.

In addition to the above varieties, I recall the following apples grown by neighboring Sweden farmers, and, no doubt, there were many more: Maiden Blush, Pound Sweet, Swaar, Belflower, Snow, Sweet Greening, Northwestern Greening, Sweet Russet, Black Detroit, Ben Davis, Lady Apple, Crabapple, Wealthy, 20 Ounce Pippin, Dutchess, Jonathan, Alexander, Bottle Greening, Canada Red, and Winesap.

All apples were sorted and packed at the farm in those early days, as they were never drawn to storage or market “tree run.” Usually they were picked and placed in piled in the orchard or near the farm buildings. Some were taken to shelter to be packed in bad weather. Almost all apple crops were sold in the fall, as growers in those days did not care to speculate on the prospect of a higher price during the winter and spring. The longest apples could be kept for market before the advent of the cold storage was about March 1st.
The price of apples varied greatly during the past 65 years. I have witnessed apples selling for 85 cents a barrel for packed fruit in those early years. Later I saw the same variety sell for $12 a barrel on track here at Brockport. For many years the Baldwin apple was the principal commercial apple. The one drawback was that this variety had the tendency to bear only every other year. Today they have produced many varieties, that, with proper care, spraying, fertilizing, and tilling the soil, will produce a crop each year. This is a great new advantage as the grower has about the same overhead cost whether he has a crop to sell or not.

In the old days all apples of good quality were placed in barrels. As soon as the barrels were made they would be drawn by the cooper in large racks holding over a hundred barrels, and stored in empty farm buildings ‘til needed. The price of barrels varied from year to year. If apples were bringing a good price, barrels would be more costly as material and cost of making would advance also.

Packing apples, followed a general practice. The barrel would be faced with the choicest fruit, stems up. Back of these face apples would be placed a half bushel of “backers”, also selected for color and size. At the other end of the barrel, after it was nearly filled, selected apples were used to ring the surface. These apples would be placed on their sides in circles and wedged in tightly, starting with the outside ring first. This was the general rule for packing apples in barrels. It was often criticized as being unfair as it placed all of the best apples near the ends of the barrel. The defense of the packer was “If there are only good apples in sight, how would you know there were many in the barrel?"

Sorting tables were made with slat bottoms to let the leaves through. The tables slanted down sharply toward the front so the apples for the middle of the barrel would roll in easily. All choice apples were picked off the table by those helping along the sides; the inferior apples for drying and cider making had to be picked out at this time. The barrels were ringed a little higher than the chime so the press would insure that the apples would not shake in the barrel and bruise. The old screw press was used in those early days. Later a laver press was invented which was much faster.

As the size of the apple crops increased, as a result of being cared for better, more buyers were attracted to this section of New York State. They built or leased packing and storage buildings near railroad sidings. From that time on, the grower ceased to pack apples at the farm but drew them to the buyer as fast as they were picked.

The barrels of apples were drawn to market on racks which had a pole on each side. The grower made these racks to accommodate 20 barrels, two rows ten barrels in length. Sometimes four or five barrels would be laid on top and wedged to keep them from rolling.

Often the buyer would buy a whole orchard of fruit on the trees for a lump sum, if it was a promising crop. He would then bring his own packing crews, but the grower was always required to pick the apples and draw them to the storage or shipping point.
The buyer would forward his packed apples to some distant city each day. It would be one or two carloads of two hundred barrels each. Near the end of the season he would fill the building with apples and store them for higher prices later in the winter of spring. This procedure continued until the advent of the cold storage. When that time arrived all apples were sorted and packed at the cold storage packing rooms. Then apples could be held ‘till July 1st instead of March 1st, as in common storage.

The relative value of all apples is frequently discussed when apple growers get together. The older growers often maintain that some of the earlier varieties were superior. Foster Udell, who lived in Sweden, and was termed “the apple king of western New York”, chose the King apple for eating and always placed a generous supply in his cellar for the winter. This may seem strange as he grew and marketed many thousand barrels of the Baldwin variety on his fruit farm.

The apple situation today is changed greatly from what it was in the early days. All fresh fruit is being marketed in small packages. Comparatively few apples are being placed in bushel baskets or boxes of that capacity. What is shipped in these containers is repacked by the retailer and placed in cellophane packages and resold by weight. This method allows the purchaser to view nearly every apple he is buying.

It is estimated that over 75 percent of all handpicked apples are being processed during the fall season. The canning factories prepare them by two methods as a pre-cooked products; sliced for pies, and in a marmalade form for sauce. Recently, some factories are placing the raw sliced apples in large cans for quick freezing. These, no doubt, will be used by hotels and restaurants for pie making also by commercial bakers.

We have seen a great transformation take place since the early orchards were set out in Sweden. No longer do families store several barrels of apples in their cellars for the months ahead. The head of a family would then bring them up from the cellar a heaping pan of several kinds of eating apples each evening. These would be eaten before bedtime. Grandfather and grandmother would have to peel theirs; but the younger people liked to snap into them with their strong teeth, and could be heard across the room.

No doubt many of our elder citizens often think of those days and wonder if we are not passing up too many of the pleasures we enjoyed during early life for something of less value to our well being.
Republic-Democrat                                                                                                   Brockport, N. Y.

December 9th, 1954

An Editorial

Saturday Night Dances Recalled At Old Troutburg

A few of our older citizens will remember the Lee House at Troutburg, owned and operated by Mrs. Lee. It was a low rambling affair, clapboarded and painted white, which made it resemble a private dwelling. Its length was at right angles to the lake shore and near the rear of the east side was a well and pump.

After this building was displaced by the Ontario House the well appeared in front of the new hotel, and very near the shore. This gives you an idea how much the shore line moved forward in those days. Later, this well disappeared, the earth being washed away from around it.

The Ontario House, a large rectangular building was built by Silas Holbrook of this village in the early 90’s. He was allowed only six weeks to complete the construction, which he accomplished on time.

This hotel became very popular, with Menzo Storey as owner and proprietor. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Manley were employed, Mrs. Manley acting as hostess and Mr. Manley as clerk. A walk leading to the west from the front of the hotel and over a bridge brought you to the dance hall. This contained a very good dance floor and every Saturday evening during the summer a fine dance party would take place. The side of the hall would be thrown open on those warm, summer evenings, and the writer enjoyed, with many others, the opportunity to watch the dancing from the outside. Alphonso Cotter was one of the finest of dancers in those days. Also I remember Mr. and Mrs. Jay Murphy and Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Manley for their excellent performance. Remember smiling Charley Vick who took the tickets?

Between the hotel and the dance hall, there was constructed a pier, projecting into the lake for about 300 feet. Pleasure boats could land here; also it afforded a very good fishing location at its extremity. Henry Purvee, who was employed by the hotel, would catch the perch here to supply the hotel tables. He could dress a fish the fastest of anyone I have ever seen.

The story is told that a large boat anchored off shore opposite this pier and a prize fight was held here at Troutburg in the 80’s. The boat brought many sport fans from Rochester, and many from Brockport attended. I was informed the names of the men who fought were Sloan and Hendershot.

Back of the hotel were the horse stables and on picnic days often 200 horses would be cared for in a single day. To the west of the stables, in an orchard, poles were attached to the trees and many horses were ties to them to take care of the overflow of the stable.
Many guests were accommodated at the hotel both as day guests and boarders for long vacations at this resort hotel. This was before many cottages were built or automobiles came into use.

Beyond the dance hall, to the west on a rise of ground, was also a pleasure resort, owned and operated by William Bush. This comprised of a restaurant, bowling hall, picnic grounds, and accommodation for horses and vehicles. This became a gathering place for the younger folks, especially the boys, as the bowling hall and bar attracted them.

A trick often played on “Bill Bush,” as he was called, was to draw his attention to the bowling hall, which was located through the doorway; while one of the boys with a cud of gum on the end of a cane would reach over the bar and recover a half dollar. This same half dollar would be spent over and over again giving those present a great thrill.

It was at this time that the writer was camping with five other boys in a nearby grove. Three of the boys were from Brockport, namely: Luther Winship, Harry Rice, and William Guenther; others were farm boys: Arthur Sime, Howard Peake, and the writer. It was not the most agreeable arrangement in personnel as later events proved.

A neighborhood picnic arrived one day and set tables on the Bush grounds. This group was from Bennetts Corners, near my home. One of the ladies came to me and said one of their layer cakes had been stolen and that she was quite sure that one of my camping crew took it. She also said if I would recover the plate, all would be forgiven. I did not know a thing about it at this time, but as many of her party knew me, I said I would see what I could find out for her. My gang had the cake all right, and I recovered the cherished plate and returned it; and for so doing, I received the worst tongue lashing from its owner I ever received. If I had been more experienced, I would have known better than to have gotten mixed up in the affair, as a woman’s ire is not that easily cooled. This was only one of the unpleasant experiences which occurred during that two weeks of camping.

It was a few years later that my aunt sent me word that if I could get a way to reach her cottage I was welcome to spend a vacation there. My home, being at the extreme south end of the Orleans-Monrow County Line Rd., the distance was approximately 14 miles to Troutburg. However, I received permission from my family to walk the distance. I did not have an offer of a ride during my marathon walk, but I arrived at the lake in fairly good shape. Then I made a mistake by sitting on the front porch to rest, and letting the breeze from the lake cool me. The next day I was so sore and stiff that I could hardly move.

Let us see what was doing over at the Cady Grove during all these years. At first the hotel was a wooden structure with a dance hall leading to the east. I have watched dances in this hall also. How many remember this building? It was a long time ago when it burned to the ground and I do not recall the year. I do remember well the construction of the present building, as that did not take place for several years after the former one burned. The Cady’s resided in one of their cottages to the south for a long time before rebuilding. During this period they built and rented several cottages.
There was a large picnic ground in the center of the grove and it became so popular that church organizations and other social bodies had to book the grounds and tables far in advance to be sure of accommodation for their picnics. At one time there was a small refreshment stand at the south end of these grounds.

It was during this period that the grove became filled with new cottages of private owners. These allowed the owners to remain the entire summer if they desired. Or, if they wished to rent a cottage part of the season, there were no restrictions forbidding it, provided no other use was made of the building.

After the grove became filled with cottages building started to the east along the lake shore. Here some of the finest cottages were constructed. This location had many advantages. You could view the lake at all times and watch the beautiful sunsets at twilight. Also you were free from the intense dampness after a rain, and very few mosquitoes in evening, but you were deprived of the shade provided by those fine beach trees during extreme warm weather.

Most of the cottages are not used today for long periods, as in those early days. People have automobiles to come and go as they please. Many use their cottages for weekends only. Others rent theirs for short periods, usually for two weeks. In this way, several families are allowed to have short vacations at the lake. The Cady House is the only hotel remaining today. The Ontario House burned several years ago and was never rebuilt. The William Bush property was sold to the late Edward Burns and converted by him into a private summer estate. The writer was employed there while this change was taking place and the late William Winslow had charge of all work. Nerve Cole of Holley built the large cottage and much other work was done on the grounds at that time.

To the westward of the Burns property, a friend of Mr. Burns, Col. Grief, built a very large, well-equipped summer home. He was called the “Sugar King” at the time, having become wealthy in the production of sugar. After his death the property was sold to the Salvation Army. It is now a summer camp for underprivileged children and is used to capacity, a fine project by this splendid organization.

Much of the property in the Cady Grove is owned and occupied by the Assembly of God, a church society. They own the former Cady Hotel and several of the cottages and have constructed a quonset type of building for worship.

Troutburg has almost ceased to grow in a physical sense, but perhaps by spiritual growth, now taking place, much good had, and will be accomplished in the years to follow.
Dear Editor:

December 16, 1954

An Editorial

Hunting Parties at Old Straight Lake Recalled

Straight Lake, or Sandy Harbor as it is now called, differed greatly from Troutburg in the activities of those who vacationed there. Boating, fishing, and bathing on its sandy beach were enjoyed during the summer. In the fall and winter many hunters were attracted to this spot, where Sandy Creek empties into Lake Ontario.

The first public building was a summer affair built at the east end of the Moscow Rd., near the creek, by the Beadle family. This was later bought by Fred Kelso and converted into an all-of-the-year establishment. A barn was built to accommodate horses and vehicles and a bowling hall was constructed, extending to the south of the hotel building. This wing was later converted to a hall for dancing.

About the time the original building was built a Sportsmans Club was organized in Brockport and property bought on the east side of the creek, near its mouth. A club house was built on this site; also a small pavilion was constructed apart from the club house. Here refreshments were served during the summer season. David Singleton was employed to operate the club.

The venture was not a success as the club house was too small to accommodate enough members to provide an income sufficient to carry the overhead expense. It was then sold to Mr. Singleton and he ran it as a public enterprise for a few years. He hired different managers to operate this lake property as he was already owner and operator of a hotel at Hamlin Center. Mr. and Mrs. Mark Cook of Brockport were among those hired to manage the lake resort.

The property was later bought by the late Gifford Morgan and developed into the beautiful summer home and ground that we find there today. Later a pier was built by the owner on the east side of the mouth of the creek, extending several hundred feet into the lake.

The Brockport Yacht Club built their building originally facing the lake, and some distance to the west of the mouth of the creek. This made it very inconvenient for boat owners, as no provision could be made for docking at this site. So it was decided to move the building to its present location on the west bank of the creek. It was necessary to drive piling for the foundation at this new site. These were about 15 feet in length and George Guelf supervised this operation.

Many sailboats were either bought or built by the club members at this time, and several races held each season. During the first race held it was estimated that there were 5,000 people at the lake watching. This will give you an idea of the enthusiasm developed by the public for sailboat racing at this time—also the strife among the members to own a winning boat.
The club today is in a very flourishing condition. It has over 95 active members and during the past year it constructed a large harbor for anchoring boats of the club and those of any visiting yacht club. Also, this past season, several races were held, and they now have regular meetings throughout the year. At present a project is under consideration to build a pier at the west side of the mouth of Sandy Creek. Such a structure would ensure a deep channel for boats at all times.

There were many cottages built to the west of the mouth near the lake shore during the time Fred Kelso owned the property. They were constructed on a sand bar, as the land back of these cottages is low and marshy. Because of this peculiarity Mr. Kelso leased the land on which the cottages were built for 100 years as he felt that he had no right to issue deeds. The little red cottage built by Dr. William Mann, the father of the late Dr. Horace Mann, was one of the first at this location, if not the very first constructed.

East of the Morgan property several cottages were built on the farm land of William Westfall. An elderly man whom associates called “Dad” often stayed in one of these cottages. He was very fond of boats and of sailing them, but he used the most profane language I have ever heard a person utter. One day he fell into the creek and it was told that he swore at his rescuers for pulling him out. Such an experience should have had a different reaction it would have seemed.

The writer spent two different vacations at the yacht club house while an active member. Each time the following members included during that two weeks: George Guelf, Bert Dorrance, and Frank Cooper. The second season the late Charles O’Donnell, game warden, was guest for a few days. We hunted game with him and he was very observant in regard to our complying the game laws. He would take out his watch and have ours set to match his. This would let you know when to cease shooting. He saw the writer open the flap of a vacated tent in the woods and peer inside. He directly informed me that I had no more right to do that than to open some person’s front door in town and look in at the interior.

Another experience that comes to mind happened during a spring freshet. A party of four hunters, including the writer, went down to the lake for a short stay at the hotel. Leaving the others at the hotel, I tried my luck at shooting muskrats and in a short time had secured several of these animals. In trying to retrieve one I slipped on an ice shelf and into the water up to my hips. Returning to the hotel I borrowed some dry clothes and hung my pants and union suit on a line to dry. Not satisfied, I went back for more muskrats, bagging ten in all.

It was about this time that I heard shooting near the hotel, and looking there I saw my wet garments go up and around the line with each shot. When I returned to the hotel yard, I threw what was left of my wet clothes into the swollen creek and resolved to say nothing about it. I then rejoined my party at the hotel and I do not know to this day what provoked the shooting-unless it was the thought that I was getting too mercenary in the pursuit of muskrat pelts and not being a socially good fellow.

The writer was not much of a fisherman, but I do remember one occasion when four of us filled our creels with bullheads. Harry Palmer, his sister Edna, Melville Morey, and myself, using
small frogs for bait (there was no law forbidding it then) caught many fish that would weigh nearly two pounds. We soon had all that we desired for that day, we fished above the hotel in the west channel.

The one occasion of sailing that stands uppermost in my memory was taken with the late Waldo Brennan. We first sailed west ‘til we were opposite Troutburg, and then returning, sailed about the same distance east of the mouth. We were out for about three hours and was most enjoyable, as sailing conditions were just perfect.

Fred Kelso sold the hotel property to George Connor and it was from the latter that the yacht club bought its present site for the club house. There were no changes made in the hotel while owned by Mr. Connor; it burned to the ground during his ownership and was never rebuilt. It was during Connor’s ownership that three of us hunter went to the lake to shoot ducks. We had a shack at Yantee Marsh and decided while at Connor’s place to go to the shack for the night so as to be there at daybreak for the shooting. Those who went were Mel Morey, Tim Craig, and the writer. Others were invited but refused.

We piled brush on the dirt floor to sleep on, and remained there ‘til morning. I don’t think any of us slept well, for no matter what position you took a limb would prod you. We then chose our positions and waited for the flying ducks. That morning the writer dropped six ducks and succeeded in retrieving four of them; the others did as well. Several if the ducks were blue and green winged teal, the fastest flying game bird in the world. It was the best duck shooting I ever experienced! We put all the ducks in a large basket and returned to the hotel. There were many envious eyes, also disappointed hunters, who refused that night to go with us.

Another time, near sun down, while at the hotel, Mel Morey said that he intended to leave for a few minutes and bag a few rabbits. He said I could go with him, provided I kept it a secret how it was done. I agreed, and he led me to an open space in a thicket. I should say this clearing was about six rods on each side. He directed me to take a position while he took another, remain motionless, and wait.

As soon as darkness started to set in, and while you could still see your gun sights, the rabbits started coming into that open space. They would even sit up on their haunches and look at you as you have seen squirrels do. It was strange that the shooting did not keep them from coming out if you did not move about. Perhaps their curiosity controlled their action.

Melville Morey was a persistent hunter and the best shot I have ever seen. He would take a flat-bottomed boat and pole it through the marsh with his gun lying on the seat in front of him; when a flock of ducks would rise hw would drop the pole, pick up his gun, and get his duck. I have seen him shoot Wilson snipe in the same manner. It takes perfect coordination of eyes, brain, and muscles to accomplish such a feat.
There is still much fun at Straight Lake by those who have the time and inclination to go there. The hunting is not what it was in the old days, but you still have the good fishing, boating, and a sandy beach for bathing.

This period is often called the “speed era”, and do you think it is making us any happier? A departure from that quest of the mighty dollar, and a slowing down by doing the things mentioned here, that were done at Straight Lake in those early days, may be the answer for a longer and happier life.
An Editorial

Writer Tells History of Village Clock

The village clock! Although we scan its face frequently, little thought it given to what is taking place high up there in the Methodist steeple. All we are interested in is the time of day, or night perhaps.

Recently while passing the church, Charles Page asked if I would care to go up and watch the winding of the large clock. This has to be done once a week. One arriving at the base of the steeple I was amazed at the size of the working parts. They occupy a space comparable to that of the family sharp freezer.

The clock is operated by two ponderous weights. The one giving the action for striking the hour was about twice the size of the one operating the movement of the hands. The former also had to be raised twice as high in the winding operation. It takes several minutes of exhausting labor to raise those weights to their extreme height.

Formerly the care of the clock was assigned to one of Brockport’s jewelers but now the utility men at the village building have taken charge, and very seldom have to call an expert clock man to overhaul it. At certain intervals it is necessary to climb up inside of the steeple to oil parts near the face of the clock.

As I watched the clock being wound, it occurred to me that there must be a story connected with this most useful contribution to the people of Brockport, and to others who use our Main St.

This is what I discovered: the Daughters of the American Revolution secured and installed the clock, also a bronze tablet which was placed in front of the church. Both were dedicated to Revolutionary War soldiers of this vicinity, the 30 that are known and also those unknown. These remembrances were to be passed in to future generations.

It was proposed at a DAR meeting in October, 1913, and also voted at the same meeting, to start the fund by subscribing $200, to be taken from the treasury. Then a harvest festival was held by the organization and it netted $225 more to be added to the fund.

Subscriptions were then solicited and the late Fred Gordon pledged $25, provided nice more people would do the same. This was accomplished and the Hon. R. C. Shannon gave $100 and George Rand of Buffalo gave $200. Then followed many smaller donations ‘till a total of $1,500 was reached in a few months.
Then the clock manufactures had to be contacted, so as to select the most suitable location for the clock. To get the information needed for the memorial tablet, many graveyards had to be visited.

The clock and tablet were dedicated by the DAR to the following soldiers of the Revolution whose services were given to their country between the years of 1775 and 1783.

**Brockport:** Capt. Joseph Roby, Thomas Buck, and Rev. Amos Frink.


**Clarendon:** Lemuel Cook, Samuel Lewis, and Augustus Sturges.

**Clarkson:** William Pennatt, Moody Freeman, Capt. Samuel Darling, Sgt. Elijah Cook, John H. Bushnell, Joseph Kennedy, Jonathon Mead, David Smith, and Eli Mead.

**Hamlin:** Peter Blossom.

**Kendall:** Samuel Bates.

**Sandy Creek:** Asa Clark.

**Spencerport:** Charles Kimball.

**Adams Basin:** Thomas King.

The grave of Capt. Joseph Roby of Brockport is located in High St. Cemetery. The inscription on his monument states that he was a member of the famous “Boston Tea Party” about which all of us have read about in our study of United States history.

The presentation of the town clock and the unveiling of the memorial tablet took place June 20th, 1914, 40 years ago this past June. It is also significant that the above year was the 100th birthday of the town of Sweden, as the first town meeting was held at the home of Reuben Stickney in April, 1814.

The actual presentation was to the village president, George Harmon, representing the village of Brockport. At this time the key to the clock tower, insurance policy on the clock, and the statement of finances, which were in perfect condition, were surrendered to the possession of the village.

Mr. Harmon then accepted the gifts in behalf of the village and thanked all of those who had worked so faithfully to secure them.

As so often happens, we, the public, take our surroundings as a matter of fact and do not delve into how they came about, or seldom realize their true worth or significance.
May we in the future see more than the time of day when we looked at our village clock in
the Methodist Church steeple!
Republic-Democrat                    Brockport, N. Y.

Dear Editor:                                       January 6th, 1955

An Editorial

Toboggan Slide From Gas House To Main Street

Many people now living in Brockport will remember the era of the wooden toboggan slide. You would see them in many large door-yards during those winters of the past. In the George Gordon yard on Main St. and in the Merritt Cleveland yard in Adams St. were constructed two very large ones. Many smaller ones were built about town. Over the fence from my grandfather’s home, William Millard had a nice one made by his father who was a carpenter. How I used to envy him and his boy friends while watching them over than high board fence.

On the frozen canal just east of the Gas House Bridge the late William Winslow had a public toboggan slide constructed of enormous size. It must have been at least 60 feet high and the sliding course took you nearly to the Main St. Bridge.

As all of these slides were constructed of new lumber, you can readily realize that they would not be practical to build at the present time—the price of lumber being what it is today. I remember what a glorious sight it was to watch this Winslow slide at night, the many lights and the glistening snow and ice, together with those merry people hanging to the ropes along the side of the curved front toboggan, as it came down the slide at terrific speed. Many were dressed in complete outfits for the occasion. I do not remember the charge for using the slide, but I do know that its construction required a great amount of lumber; and also much labor to keep the down track coated with ice during freezing weather, and the course over the frozen canal free of snow.

Over the canal bank to the north of the slide and south of the present home of Patrick Duffy was located an ice skating rink for several seasons. A shelter was built at the southeast corner of the rink with an operator in charge. It was privately conducted, a charge being made for an evening of skating. The late Jerry Wiley was, I believe, the last manager of this rink.

Previous to this time the water was always left in the canal during the winter months. This often afforded fine skating. If there happened to be a strong west wind blowing, some of the best skaters would take advantage of it to skate to Rochester. When the trolley was running you could skate in either direction and ride back home.

In more recent years the village maintained an ice skating rink at the Village Park just north of the present General Electric building. A suitable shelter was provided of a log cabin design. Among the older skaters you would see there, cutting figure eights were Ray Davis, Charlie Waldock, and Dean Butler.

Then there was the sliding o Gordon St. hill which didn’t cost anybody a nickel to prepare, but some near residents who opposed sliding in the street would often place ashes there to stop the
practice. In the 90's you would find the Sizer children, Dunham boys, Harry Page, Fowler girls, Burt Kocher, and Katie Rogers of the neighborhood enjoying the sport there during the winter evenings.

The writer remembers one winter night in the early 90's a few of the boys and girls who lived on the Fourth Section Rd. using Gary Green's heavy bob sleighs, tried sliding on the Standpipe hill. It was not good sliding as there were too many pitch holes in the road, so Gary proposed we go down to the East Canal hill at the end of Park Ave.

It was quite a task to pull those heavy bobs which were designed to be horse drawn-and if I remember correctly, the girls were obliged to be drawn part of the distance also. In sliding on the hill, the tongue would be thrown up and back so the one steering could stand on the back bob to twist the front one. One must admit that this was quite a strenuous performance to gain an evening's entertainment.

Those who possessed skills used to go up to Beach Ridge and use the sloping fields to the north. This was never a prevailing sport here in Brockport, at any time, as only a few were interested enough to possess skills and learn to be proficient in their use. The same may be said about the use of the snowshoes. Only a few possessed them and a fewer number learned to use them with any amount of skill.

Of course there has always been winter hunting of rabbits and foxes by those who were toughened for this sport. It required many miles of walking over frozen snow covered country. This of course did not deter one who was accustomed to it. The writer, including many others, consider this the best of all sports-especially the pursuit of foxes with good hounds.

Now let us see what was taking place indoors regarding sports during the winter in those early days. In basketball we had a town team that we had reason to believe was about tops. Those playing on the team as I recall, were Clyde Amidon, Bert Connors, Dunk Lawler, Dip Murray, Sam McConnell, Foster Udell, and Bing Engel. None of these players, unless it was Dip Murray, scaled six feet in height. The playing floor was in the old East Rink located above stores in the James East block. This is now the location of the Strand Theatre.

At the height of this team's winning performance a visiting team from Hudson, N.Y. came to Brockport as contestants. It was the first time the writer had seen a team where all members were over six feet tall. We all know now, that height is nearly always required in professional basketball. Our boys were outmatched, and there were many long faces after the game that night, the writer included.

It was about this time that Frank Curvin built his bowling hall on Clinton St. Many good players from Rochester would come here as contestants. As it had only two alleys it later became obsolete. It is now the store and shop of Ralph Brown, the electrician. Some years later a much larger bowling hall was built below the canal on Main St. at the location where Allis TV and Appliance is now found. This bowling hall burned during one of the largest fires we have had in a great many years.
A gun club, for trap shooting, was formed here during that period in which we had the WPA. The members of the club secured logs from nearby woods and built a fine club house with two fireplaces and a kitchen attachment. Some of the labor was furnished by the WPA; also the different members worked at the construction. I believe the village of Brockport furnished the means for cement and other material that was needed.

The club had a wonderful layout when completed and club shooting teams from Buffalo, Pennsylvania, and Canada came here to participate in contests. Trap shooting continued throughout the year at the grounds, but the main contests were held in warm weather. The building is now the property of the General Electric Company and is being used chiefly as a club house for its employees, but its use is frequently granted to other organizations.

At present we do not see young people here engaging in outdoor sports to any great extent during the winter months. Would it not be better for their health if they did? The doing of this would build up one’s resistance in the cold, and also help ward off illness that often attacks during the winter season.

We have a roller skating rink on Clinton St. and basketball games at the college and high school, but if one wishes to bowl he must go out of town for that sport. We certainly should have a bowling establishment here at Brockport, as it furnishes the best of exercise in winter, as well as much enjoyment.

Now that we have gone back in our memory through many years, do we find our young people of today as active as those who lived here in earlier days? The answer must be that they are passing their spare time in more modern ways, watching television, going to the movies, attending dances, and motoring for pleasure, and also enjoying the radio.

Yes, winter sports have become less important; other activities have taken their place and only the memory remains to recall what was taking place in early Brockport on those crisp days and nights of other years.
An Editorial

Many Old Timers Remember Ice Harvest Here

Before artificial ice was conceived and made possible, harvesting natural ice, here at Brockport, was quite an undertaking.

Many of our townspeople must remember Joe Dushan and his covered ice wagon. It was designed somewhat after the prairie schooner of pioneer days, having canvas stretched over an oval top.

The canvas was newly painted at the beginning of each new season and space allotted to the merchants of the village for their advertising signs. These were expertly done by a sign painter in bright colors. The sale of this space no doubt paid for all paintings of the vehicle.

Dushan’s ice pond and storage building were located near the north bank of the canal on Lyman St. When the canal was enlarged it took a goodly portion of the land occupied by the pond. A substantial sum of money was paid by the state for the loss incurred to this natural ice business. Artificial ice was later made and distributed for a short period however, at this location.

The colorful ice wagon was abandoned at the coal yard on Market St. for several years. One Halloween night a group of teenage boys drew the ice wagon up along Park Ave. stopping long enough in front of the writer’s house, to fill the body with dried leaves. They continued their journey to the Normal School Campus, where they set fire to the leaves which caused all the combustible parts of the wagon to burn also. The Normal School officials sent word to the utility men of the village the next morning, to come and remove the iron parts. That was the fate of the picturesque wagon which traveled the streets of Brockport for so many years.

Many other dealers sold natural ice in Brockport, from time to time, during the past 75 years: James East had a pond and house out on Holley St., on property where our mailman, Charles Deffendorf, now resides. James East had, at that time, a meat market on Main St. where William Graf now resides. He built a small building in the front yard for that purpose. This, no doubt, let him into the ice business, as he needed ice for his meat market.

William Winslow built a pond on which to harvest ice; also a storage building on the Fred Ellis farm, off the Fourth Section Rd. He advertised to sell pure spring water ice, as this ice was fed with spring water. This ice business, however, did not continue for very many years.

The Corbett brothers were in the ice business very early at the west canal bridge. The ice business they carried on in addition to their saw mill located there.
All meat markets had their own ice storage building. The Stanley Market had their ice house on Clark St., back of Bauch’s barn. James Gallagher stored his ice in a building on lower Erie St. near the canal bank. Charles Lawton’s storage building was at the rear of his market, which was located where Bill’s Lunch is now found.

Several stores, other than meat markets, had space for the storage of ice. I remember the Duffy and Welch storage buildings to mention only two of these.

Some private homes in the village put in ice for summer use. Merritt Cleveland and the George Gordon family had their own ice in storage. Cleveland’s kept theirs in a building at the rear of their dwelling. The Gordon ice was shipped here in railroad cars from Silver Lake during the winter and packed in storage when received. One building was located on lower State St. near their sawmill. Also ice was taken to the Gordon farm at Clarkson for use there.

It might be interesting to present day readers to state how the storing of ice was accomplished. When the storage building was being constructed, an inner lining was nailed to the studding and the inside surface was filled with saw dust. Also a space of about six inches wide was left on the outside of the packed ice to be filled with saw dust. Over the top of the ice about a foot of saw dust was placed, when the work was completed. All cakes of ice were stored on edge, and any open space was chinked in with crushed ice or snow.

Much ice was taken from the canal in those early days as the canal was left filled with water during the winter months. Also ice was obtained at the Cleveland Quarry on the George Sime farm. The late James Mann bought this pond and stocked it with fish for a private reserve.

Often the winter weather would be such that no ice would be thick enough to harvest till March. At such time much concern was felt by those who were depending on it for their business during the summer months.

Obtaining ice at the source was quite an undertaking. Usually a horse-drawn marking and cutting machine would cut about half way through ice in one direction. The cake of ice could then be sawed on the long side and broken off with an iron bar at the end. The cakes would then be floated to a runway with pike poles, and then drawn up into the storage building by a rope.

The sawing of the ice by hand was the hard part of the job. Many men were employed in this work during the ice harvest. How many readers remember “Doc” Hobbs, the fish peddler? He claimed to be the champion ice sawer of Brockport. He had very large, strong, and muscular developed arms so, no doubt, had a right to claim his superiority at this tiresome job.

Today, no ice is being distributed to homes in Brockport, as all are no supplied with cold producing units of their own. At our cold storage much ice is produced for cooling refrigerator cars, and occasionally you will see truck loads of ice pass to be used when emergency cooling is needed. Cherries have to be chilled in large tanks of water before they can be pitted successfully.
Manufactured ice is often used for this purpose as several cakes of 300 pounds weight are placed in the tank at a time.

There will always be use for manufactured ice. Can you imagine a picnic or other large social gatherings in the open spaces and not having ice for its convenience?

Again is brought to mind how science is continually changing the method of getting results. We do not have to depend, now, on weather conditions to obtain ice for the hot summer ahead. Much hard work has been eliminated and a cooling system is now available whenever electricity or gas is supplied.

It was, however, a yearly event for a great many people to harvest ice in those winters of half a century or more ago. It was one of the most colorful of tasks, though strenuous, to pass on leaving only the memory of our older citizens to cherish it.
Dear Editor:

April 14th, 1955

An Editorial

Writer Visits “Sugar Bush” On Knab Farm

It is recorded in our history that the North American Indian discovered the method of making that delicious treat, maple syrup and maple sugar.

When you consider that it takes 30 gallons of maple sap, evaporated, to make one gallon of syrup, you wonder, with the utensils which they had, how they happened to accomplish the feat.

Let us note what takes place during the season of making maple syrup at the “sugar bush”. Along some time in February all utensils that come into contact with the maple syrup must be thoroughly cleansed. This is not done at the finish of the season because the sweetness keeps the tin containers from rusting. Then at the first warm, thawing days, a few trees will be tapped in different parts of the grove to determine when the sap has started to rise beneath the bark in the new wood.

As soon as the flow of sap is freely shown, all trees will be tapped. This is accomplished by boring a one half inch hole about one inch into the trunk. The spikes are then driven into the hole and their buckets hung beneath. Then attention is given to the evaporating house, arch repaired, chimney pipe put in place and evaporating pans tested after being adjusted to a perfect level.

The wood necessary for fuel, and it takes a great amount, is gathered previous to the time needed. A large storage tank to hold the fresh sap is mounted on an elevation on the outside of the building and is fed by gravity through a hose to the evaporator. The amount of the flow is regulated by a floating valve on the side of the main boiling pan. This section of the evaporator has a corrugated bottom so as to have more evaporating surface exposed to the fire.

Back of the large section are three smaller pans connected by siphons to keep equal depth of liquid at all times. Since the fresh sap enters the front pan the sap in the rear pan tends to become more nearly evaporated to the thickness of the syrup. The rear pan, of course, is the most dense.

When the syrup in the rear section has reached the desired thickness it is drawn off into a large can. The density is determined by a graduated instrument dropped into the hot syrup. If it registers 32 degrees, that is 11 pounds to the gallon, it is at the proper stage, any further boiling would cause it to turn to sugar after canning. If the purpose is to make maple sugar, further boiling and testing frequently by removing a small portion and stirring rapidly, will determine when it will sugar.

It is said that lime rock localities make the best flavored maple syrup. That there has been a change in the climate of New York State during the last 75 years is proven, I believe, by the length...
of the maple syrup producing season. Back in those old days 100 maple trees would produce 100
gallons of syrup. Today, 50 gallons appears to be about the average.

Maple syrup sells today around five dollars a gallon. This is about four times the price
obtained three-quarters of a century ago. But doesn’t that compare favorably with the advance of
other products? It is a difficult, tiresome job, coming at a most unpleasant season of the year. The
hours are uncertain, also. If there happens to be a big run of sap the evaporator must be kept going
for many hours each day. The sooner the sap is converted to syrup the better is the quality of the
syrup. First runs of maple sap produce the lightest colored syrup.

Often the best run of sap occurs during a rain storm of several days. So it is quite necessary
to have lids on the sap buckets, or that run of sap is wasted. If ice is formed solid in the buckets, it
may be removed after it thaws loose and saved by putting it in a large container to melt.

Recently I visited the sugar bush of Arthur Knab who lives at the corner of West Sweden
and Fourth Section Rds. It was a most agreeable experience at it was a warm day and I had the
chance of seeing the evaporator in operation.

I was told that about two gallons of syrup was drawn off every three hours. He had to re-
fuel the steel arch under the evaporator several times while the writer was in attendance. I said to
Mr. Knabb, “I see you have lanterns hanging above”. He replied, “Yes, we have to work nights at
times”.

Outside of the building was the large storage tank and near it was a new gathering tank. I
was informed that there had to be a division built inside of this tank to keep the sap from slushing
when in motion. This tank is drawn about the grove to gather the maple sap by a tractor.

Arthur Knab, a mean of nearly the writer’s age, said to be, “this is a pretty stiff job for me,
and I hated to get out of bed this morning”. His son, Loren, helps with the most strenuous part of
the work. He was splitting some difficult pieces of wood with a sledge and wedge on the outside
during my visit. Dry wood of most any kind is used to make the maple sap boil. The arch takes
pieces of wood up to three feet in length, so you see it is no small task to keep wood supplied.

Still, the writer knows from an early experience in the making of maple syrup, that there is a
fascination in the art of making this most desired product, as well as the cash reward. You feel that
you are accomplishing something out of the ordinary of farm work.

Over half a century ago there were several “sugar bushes”, as they were then called, in
operation in this vicinity. The hard maple trees have been cut, either for basket material, or fire
wood. The only other maple groves near here, that the writer has much knowledge of that is being
tapped, is at North Bergen, owned by Calvin Dean and son, Merton.

Maple syrup and maple sugar is brought yearly to the Raw Davis store from Attica. I believe
this is the only store where maple products are being sold in Brockport. Most of this is ordered in
advance and the balance is taken up very quickly.
It may not be long before we will have to contact other counties of New York State, or even the state of Vermont, if we are to satisfy that “sweet tooth” during the spring of the year. I am sure that it is a product of any farm, which is fortunate enough to have a maple grove, that will always be in demand.

Let us up that it will not be too difficult to obtain in the future, as the writer has never met a person who did not like maple syrup or its companion product, maple sugar.
An Editorial

Old Blacksmith Shops in Town Are Recalled

Going back in my memory to my early childhood, I recall being taken in the Henry Allen blacksmith shop. It was located where Carl and Leon now have their service station.

My father had taken a team of horses there to be "shod". On the ceiling of the shop were hung many blank horse shoes of assorted sizes. They had to be heated and shaped to fit, as well as having toe and heel corks welded in place.

Then the nailing of the show to the horse's hoof was a most interesting feat to me-how the blacksmith knew just what slant to give the nails, so as not to injure the nerve part of the foot. The nails would then be clinched to the outside of the hoof and rasped off to make a smooth surface.

I well remember the not unpleasant smell as the hot shoe was put in place to unsure a perfect fit. The odor resembled that from corn popping. Sometimes the horse would shift his weight to the leg that was being held up by the smithy. The horse would then be slapped as a reminder to let up. Unruly and sometimes very young horses had to be trussed up in order to be shod.

My attention was next given to the forge. I never did learn what kind of coal was used. It looked like a lot of cinders to me. Often the fire would look completely dead, but two or three strokes of the bellows would bring it to a glowing and very hot flame. The show after becoming red hot was formed on the anvil after being struck ringing blows with a hammer made for the purpose. The red hot shoes were handled with iron tongs and the blacksmith became very expert in their use.

After this, the show was dipped into cold water to temper the iron to the desired hardness. This causes a hissing sound, and much steam would arise above the tub of water. Special nails of a very odd shape were driven through the holes in the show and outward through the hoof. These nails being very malleable were easily clinched.

All blacksmith shops had cinder floors and had rings attached along the wall to tie the horses to while being shod. The forge was on the opposite side. The smithy had a special designed tray on a box-like stool that he placed near the horse while nailing the shoes. He stooped with his back to the horse and the foot of the horse raised between his knees. The tray not only held the nails, but all the tools that were needed.

I am wondering as I write this, if there are many people of mature age, who have never seen a horse shoe nail; or made finger rings from them. It was quite a fad some years back, and they were much desired on account of their oddity. The head of the nail had a pleasing shape and formed the top of the ring. You would often see young people wearing them at school.
The blacksmith always wore a leather apron to keep the sparks from burning his clothes; also a red flannel shirt seemed to be the proper attire for this work. As the amount earned depended on the number of horses shod, and the sale of the new shoes, the blacksmith was bound to be a hard, fast worker, but it also appeared to be a very healthful occupation for those who followed the trade.

Other work was done in the blacksmith shop besides shoeing horses. Many broken pieces of iron were brought in to be welded. He must know the kind and temper of the material he is working with to be able to do the job right. Much work had to be done on conveyances—such as wagons, carriages, and sleighs, also on farm machinery. Some of these shops were known as carriage shops.

Did you know that it was a blacksmith who invented the process of welding two pieces of iron together? The writer has often watched him take the two pieces of iron heated to a white heat, place them on the anvil, sprinkle some white powder on the ends to be attached, and pound them with a hammer ‘till both become one piece of metal. He would then strike the iron gently, while turning it, to get the desired size and shape.

Now let us take note of the many blacksmith shops that have existed in Brockport and vicinity during the past. I will try to list them starting with the early ones and coming along to the last known ones.

During the time of the Allen shop there was on No. Main St., the Mckuen shop just north of the present Allis T-V and Appliance Center, also the Harvey Crandall blacksmith shop where the Quinn brothers now have their auto repair shop. Later Henry Garrison was the blacksmith in this building. He was a member of the Brockport Yacht Club, and built himself a fine sailboat in the rear of the shop. Frank Wendigel worked with iron afterwards at this location.

On Clinton St., just back of our present past office, was the Jubenville shop. “Juby” as he was called by his friends, was a gine-built man, and always carried a smile.

In the brick building on this street, now owned by Maxwell Karge, several blacksmiths occupied it at different times. Harvey Crandall was here at one time, also William Mitchell. The last was George Scott, and he was in his 70’s when he retired. The writer remembers one occasion when this ambitious man came into an adjoining woodworking shop at the end of the day’s work and said, “Take me home, ‘Coop’, I am tied for I have earned 30 dollars today”. This was a favorite shop at this time for checker players to meet, and many contests were held here by men of retiring age. If the proprietor was not too busy, he would join the spectators, also.

On King St. at the rear of the present Lincoln-Rochester Bank was located the Johnson and Ellis shop. The writer was clerking in the Fowler Hardware Store at this time. The rear of the store contacted the yard of the blacksmith shop. It was my habit to leave my automobile back of the store in this yard. Milton Ellis sat in it one day and asked if he might start it. He did, and it crashed through a high board fence, Milton shouting “Whoa”, as he forgot to brake. No harm was done, however, except to the fence.
Then there was the George Brown blacksmith shop on Spring St. This man after the age of 70 changed from the ordinary work of the shop to making fancy wrought iron work. First grilles for porches and steps, and then to elaborate objects such as candelabra, fire place accessories, and other household utensils. A great achievement for a man of his age.

The late Mark King’s father was a blacksmith, also was Henry Schram whose shop was in Decker’s store building on King St. and later William Radune worked at the brick building on Clinton St. A part of the Brockport Fruit association building was used for a blacksmith shop at one time. No doubt there were other shops, that do not come to the writer’s mind at this time.

Happy Flow’s shop was one of the last, if not the very last, in Brockport. It was located at the rear of his home on Clark St. Later he had a truck outfitted with all the necessary equipment, and would go to the farm when called to shoe horses. This saved the farmers much valuable time during the busy season.

Early vicinity shops were located at Clarkson, Sweden Center, and West Sweden. Victor’s at Clarkson was, I believe, termed a carriage shop, but David Fay of the Fay brothers shoed horses at Sweden Center and Charles Roberts had a blacksmith shop at West Sweden. Also the Crowley brothers at Redman’s Corners were experts at the making and repairing objects of iron or wood.

We have now dealt with the different blacksmith shops of Brockport and vicinity and I believe all of us remember the blacksmith, as the poet described in, “The Village Blacksmith”, - a strong, honest, hardworking, and good citizen of the community. He belonged to an era of the past, but is not forgotten by this generation.
Dear Editor:

April 28th, 1955

An Editorial

Medicine Shows Offered Quick Cures For All

It was during the heyday of patent medicine that these shows often came to Brockport.

There were two distinct classes of these free entertainments. One would announce the date of its arrival in advance, and would either occupy a large tent, or hire a hall. The other kind of show would come unannounced and would locate near the corner of the two busiest streets. These latter kind of shows always planned to end the exhibition on a Saturday night, starting one or two nights previous. By this plan, they would have a build-up of quickly improved or completely cured patients.

Let us start with the larger or housed medicine show. It might be well to state here that the free show given in advance of the sale of the different cures, was always good enough to fill the hall or tent to capacity, with people of all ages.

After the free show came the build up for the sale of the sure cures. It might be for consumption (tuberculosis), liver trouble, indigestion, rheumatism, or the most prevailing disease of that particular time.

Several ringers would be placed throughout the audience to start the sales. In each aisle were two assistants. They were allowed to sell only one bottle of the remedy before returning to stage for more. Each sale made by these men had to be announced by their shouting, “another bottle here”. You can readily imagine the excitement created.

After all sales of one particular remedy had been made other medicines were recommended for other complaints and its splendid qualities told. Since the free show given previous to the sale had left the audience in a happy frame of mind, it was not difficult to make sales at one dollar per bottle. It may be hard to believe, in this day and age, that people could be so gullible.

It has been stated that a drowning man will grab at a straw, so will a desperately sick person buy any remedy offered that has a possibility of relieving the pain or curing his ailment. Often people with imaginary ills, will do the same.

The last one of these tent medicine shows to visit our village, had its tent pitched on the south side of Adams St. extension, near the site of our present high school.

I am sure that many people, now residing here, remember the event, as it remained there for a full week. It was during one evening that a few of the elite of our young social group, returning from a party, took over the show on the platform outside the larger tent. The management made no objection, no doubt thinking it might boost the attendance inside. The local talent displayed was more of the jubilant type, than of careful thought, being spontaneously given.
Now let us take up what transpired at the medicine show on the street corner in Brockport during the latter part of the last century.

These men always referred to themselves as a doctor and they certainly tried to dress and look the part. Some would pose as a ventriloquist to entertain, others would do slight of hand feats with cards and other objects.

Then there was the doctor with the “watermelon cure”. A large canvas would picture a huge melon, and to give the scene a southern atmosphere he has a colored boy play the banjo and dance.

It was the practice to appear two or three nights. Usually they would park their rig on the north side of Market St. near the corner of Main St. The first night would give them a chance to place some of their cures with the townspeople, so the following nights they could call people to the stand to testify how much better they felt after taking the medicine. No doubt they did feel much better, for the concoction always contained a very high percentage of alcohol.

It was amazing the character of the people who bought. They usually had the reputation of being the most penurious of those living in the vicinity. They may have thought that they were saving a doctor’s fee.

The doc to make his sales talk more forceful, would display glass jars containing gall stones and tape worms, also other worms sometimes found in the human body, which he claimed had been removed by the use of his remedy.

Often he would give people back their money because they had confidence in him and his medicine. Then he would insinuate that he was going to do the same for the customers that followed, but he never did. He would ask if all were satisfied, and they would answer, “Yes”. He would then say, “If you are all satisfied, there is no need for me to give back your money”. A very clever ruse to keep them from complaining or going to the police.

The last one of these street fakers selling cure alls parked his vehicle at the north side of Connor's store on Market St. He made so many promises to the people gathered there, that he did not intend to keep, that it became necessary for him to exit quickly. However, he added one more falsehood, by saying that he would return immediately. He, no doubt, realized that he had gone the limit in making sales by his questionable methods. An assistant from one of the hotels near the railroad came with a horse, and hour or so later, and drove away with the outfit.

Although the medicine show is an institution that we can well do without, it is interesting to chronicle the doings of the past and so come to realize the advance made in our thinking. This has been brought about, not only by the medical profession, but the government, itself, is constantly on the alert for imposters in the field of medicine. It also keeps the public informed through newspapers, radio, and television of the worth of all new discoveries in medicine.

Yes, we have come a long way since the era of the “Free Medicine Show”.
An Editorial

Writer Recalls Good Old Days Down on Farm

Living on a farm before the present century, you would know people well within a radius of two or more miles, and you would consider them as your neighbors.

You knew them well because they owned the farm on which they lived, and would not be making a change of location, as tenant farmers often do. You considered them a fixed part of the community, for it was not unusual for farm homes to stay in one family for the greater part of a century.

People were bound to be neighborly when such was the condition. Also another situation prevailed to make people neighborly. There was no speedy way to go long distances to see entertainment or companionship; so a visit to the neighbor had to suffice. Newspapers came once a week, and neighbors would take turns in going to the village for the mail.

One’s religious and social activity consisted in going to church on Sunday, calling at a neighbor’s house for the evening, and occasionally, a party would be held to celebrate some event. The writer remembers well, one of those gatherings held at his parent’s home. All the grown-ups were seated near the walls of the living room singing, “Coming Through The Rye”. As I had the run of the house, I stood in the center of the room and joined in the singing. Some signal was given and everyone stopped singing, but me. I was so badly frightened that it is still vivid in my memory. I was four years old at the time.

Then some years later there were the box socials for the young people, remember them? Your special girl friend would tip you off how her box would look, and you had to buy that box when it was put up at auction, or never be forgiven.

Often families would go to the nearest neighbors to play cards during the evening. Apples, cider, and popcorn or nuts were the usual refreshments served.

The quilting bees were being held by the women of the house during this time. Neighboring women would come and help “tie-off” a quilt during the afternoon. Usually these took place during the winter. That was before blankets for bedding were manufactured. No doubt there are some of these quilts being kept by some of your family today. Some had very beautiful designs, and great skill was shown in arranging the colors.

In the spring of the year the men folks had the task of scraping the roads, as soon as they were dry enough. The different neighbors would each furnish a team of horses and a man to drive them. It always took about four teams to draw the large heavy, wooden scraper. It had a steel blade
fastened to the lower side to take the wear and insure a good smooth surface. Later an all steel scraper was devised which could be adjusted. The occasion always gave neighbors a chance to visit at times, while horses rested. Do you remember the poll tax? Every male resident of mature age had to work one day each year on road repairs, or pay a poll tax of one dollar. I believe they still have this tax in some parts of the south.

There were also bees when neighbors gathered to buzz wood, bale hay, fill the ice house or help at butchering time. No one felt timid in asking the neighbors to help with the big jobs.

It was during my boyhood that a swarm of Frank Green’s bees gathered on a tree in our yard. I went across the road and told him, so he could come and get them. He said he would be right over and put them in a hive for me. I replied, “They are not my bees, and anyway I do not have a hive”. He replied, “That’s all right, I’ll bring a hive over for you”. Can you imagine having a neighbor do all that these days?

How many of your neighbors do you know well enough today, to ask even the smallest favor? Is our time so precious, or making a living so difficult, that we cannot do these little favors for our neighbors and thereby know them better? I think you will find that the trouble is we are too much in a hurry to bother with the affairs of others.

But why are we in such a hurry? That is the first question our British cousins ask us when visiting our country. The old saying is, “Go slow and you will live longer”. I believe that you will lie a fuller, happier and more satisfactory life by taking time to know your neighbors.

In the village, I doubt if you know more than half a dozen of your neighbors well. In the city, they tell me that often you do not know your next door neighbor. You may know the kind of car they own and see them pass daily, but do you go over when you see them caring for their lawn, or do you fear they will think you are nosy? Yes, we are independent of our neighbors today, but do you think it is better to be that way? To quote scripture, “You should love your neighbor as thyself”. How can you love them if you do not even know them?

**Visiting Relatives**

Today, if you are planning to visit your relatives, be sure and tell them on your arrival how long you intend to stay. That will put them at ease and your visit will be much more agreeable all around. Very few people today expect relatives to visit them at meal time, let alone staying over night. Especially, is this so, if they happen to occupy a newly built house, as quite often these houses have no guest room provided.

The writer was visiting at the William Palmer farms many years ago. Harry Palmer, his son, had just returned from spending a year on the Pacific Coast. It cane near meal time and I started to leave. Harry spoke up saying, “In the west they consider a person a bit queer, if they do not stay for a meal, when asked”. I stayed.
When I was quite young, I was taken to Dutchess County, my mother’s birthplace, and to Danbury, Conn., where my father’s relatives lived. We were gone from home for over a month. When we had finished our visit with one family or relatives, we would be taken on to the next stop. There were so many of these relatives, that we did not stay but a few days with each family.

I remember one place where I was having great sport fishing in a nearby creek with the boys of the family, when I was told by my parents that we had to leave. I was broken hearted. The worst of it was that at our next stop lived two elderly people, and only a large dairy to interest me. It was explained to me later that it would have been a hardship to the boy’s parents, if we had remained there longer, although we were repeatedly urged to do so.

Why is it them that people, as a general rule, are less friendly today? Are they too much involved concerning the next payment on the new house, the 1955 automobile, or perhaps how to meet the many new taxes of today? All of these obligations, except occasionally a new house would be built at small cost, were spared of our ancestors.

We must be a friendly people at home, if we are to gain the friendship of other nations, and thereby remove the fear of war that is constantly being held over our heads by our government. To be a happy people, we must be neighborly and remember that those living in other countries may be our relatives, though perhaps, far removes. So let us lessen the strain of today’s living by following the golden rule of doing to others as we wish to be done by.
An Editorial

Remembers Old Barber Shops in Brockport

So far as possible, I will try and name these barber shops in the order in which I visited them. It is my belief that I patronized them all, at sometime during their existence. In dealing with each shop, I will take them down through the period of the several different proprietors.

My earliest recollection was my going to the Troy White barber shop which was located where Tony D’Lallo is now barbering. It was the habit of Troy White to clatter his false teeth while cutting your hair. Though I was very young at the time, that fact stayed in my memory all of these years.

James Gidfaldi came next as the barber in this shop and he tried to save my soul while cutting my hair. It wasn’t his preaching that made me nervous, but his gestures while holding the shears or razor did. He at first had his shop near the railroad on Main St. in the office of the Lamb Coal Company. Earl’s automobile service station is now found there.

Wilbur Rayburn and Tony D’Lallo were the next to occupy this Market St. shop, Rayburn buying the block. Later Wilbur withdrew to his home taking customers by appointment only, Tony carrying on at the old stand. This arrangement gave Wilbur more of a chance to attend to his chickens and garden. At the present time Tony has one of those old blanket one dollar bills attached to his mirror. His customers keep asking him if that is the first dollar he earned. You know it could be, as Tony started working at the barber business about the time those bills were called in.

The Hollingsworth shop under the First National Bank was the next to receive my patronage. You went down the steps in front of the bank, and an iron railing enclosed all but one end of the stairway. The part of this shop that impressed me most was the cabinet high on the wall, which held the owner’s private shaving mugs. They had many different designs pictured on their surface, usually in gold. I remember one had the emblem of the three balls, indicating that the owner was a money lender.

Hugh Cooper had his shop about this time where Wilbur’s dress shop is now located. I remember him as a very quick, businesslike and pleasant person, which a high forehead and curly hair. Harry Rayburn operated a barber shop here later. We see him occasionally on our main street these days, and he can tell you much about horse racing, as he is the owner of two very good ones.

The Schlick barber shop in the old American Hotel was operating at a very early date. When Fred Grill remodeled the hotel, an arch-way was made between the foyer and the barber shop to accommodate the patrons of the hotel. Ray Tuttle had information that this shop was in the basement previous to this. The writer recalls of only getting his hair out on the main floor.
Frank Jeffrey had his shop for a great many years above the present Hitchcock jewelry store. Frank was a very pleasant, mild mannered fellow, and he had a great many friends. On one occasion he accidently drew blood for a sore on a man’s face while shaving him. Though he was in no way to blame, it completely unnerved him and he dismissed for the day all the customers that were waiting. He also advised the man to have his son shave him until the condition improved or healed. Frank later barbered in the Powers Hotel building in Rochester. The old Jeffery shop is once more being used, as William McCauley is the present barber there.

Also a very old location, which had continued as a barber shop is where Otto Thoms is now the proprietor, this shop was opened by Cornelius Crowley in 1902. It was sold to William Marshall in 1905, and to Damon Pitts in 1911. Eugene Smith was the next proprietor. He was the first barber in Brockport to have a chair and department for lady customers. Otto Thoms has been at this stand for the past 32 years.

Joseph Caley first had his shop next to the Scott Rowley jewelry store. Both of these stores were taken in by what is now the Sobb Department Store. Joe started in the barber business 36 years ago. At his present location on the south side of Market St. you will often find many of his friends gathered there, and Joe’s better half had named it “Joe’s Social Club.”

George McGregor opened a brand new shop where Joe Caley is now located. He later moved his barber shop to his home when Joe Caley bought him out. He barbered at his home for several years.

For a few years Ed Banker had a barber shop on the north side of Market St. He is still in the barber business in Rochester. Our best information was that he was proprietor of a shop on Court St.

Pelow and Rowe had their shop on Market St., also for several years. When Pelow withdrew and left Brockport, Sam Rowe continued at the location for a time. He then took a short vacation touring the south, previous to his opening a shop where we now find the Ralph Walker studio. It was at this time that Sam said to this writer, “one thing I learned from the people of the south is, that there is nothing gained by working through this life”. No doubt it was this though in mind that caused him to remove his shop to his home, where he could allot his tome by requiring appointments.

The most recent barber shop to open for business in our village is on Market St. where Pelow and Rowe once held forth. The proprietor’s name is Ralph Emelio and he came here from our neighboring village of Holley. Ralph has been doing a fine business right from the start, as Brockport had a great need for another shop.

Barbers today, as a rule, do not solicit the shaving of their customers, but if you are feeble or otherwise incapacitated they will consent to do it.
The price of haircuts in Brockport at the present time is near one dollar, and in many localities it will cost you much more. In the year of 1900 or thereabouts, haircuts would cost 25 cents.

Let us now compare prices of some of our main foods: bread then five cents, now 20; milk then six cents, now 24; coffee then 15, now a dollar per pound; and if you wish to buy a bushel of potatoes on the public market today, you will pay three dollars. So don’t regret that dollar that you have to pay, about once a month for a haircut.

Have you noticed that you see very few, if any, young men learning the barber trade today? I will tell you some of the reasons why this is so. In the first place they must attend a barber school for 1,000 hours and then they must serve as an apprentice in an established shop for at least two years before they are allowed to open a shop of their own.

After opening a shop they must put in long hours and have a high overhead expense to carry. No social benefits come to the self-employed barber on retirement. Suring working hours he is standing continually, and often under tension when dealing with small children.

Now let us see what this same young man gets upon entering a factory to work. He will make practically the same pay for working only 40 hours, have steady employment, and upon retiring he will receive all the social benefits. Often a bonus is given once a year, and a vacation with pay.

You hear much these days about “Do it yourself” instructions. This device is usually directed at the building construction trades, such as carpentry, mason work, painting, and other jobs pertaining to the home. The value of this instruction is, of course, a debated question, as a required amount of skill and know how is always necessary for any trade, including barbering.

The way the situation is today in the barbering business it is almost certain that during the next generation the different members of the family will have to cut each other’s hair. Certainly no “do it yourself” program will enter here. Can you imagine a four-year-old boy asking his mother of he may cut his own hair? Imagine also the result, if permission were granted!
An Editorial

Writer Recalls Restaurants Of Early Canal Days

If what I am about to write about proves to be displeasing to some people, I am sorry. In Scripture, wine is spoken of with no disrespect, and in our time prohibition was tried and soon ruled out by the vote of the people. The evil lies in the over indulgence, and the same may be said regarding smoking and eating.

During the early days of the Erie Canal we are told that all boars were required to stop at the docks here to pay toll at the collector’s office. Stores were soon established beneath the American Hotel and the Thomas Cornes Block, now owned and occupied by the firm of Kishlar and Collins. There was a restaurant under the hotel, operated by J. Duffy and Cunningham, and one on the east side of Main St. by Korn and C. Duffy. The Welch and Owen’s grocery stores were here on the docks also at this time, and were said to have done a thriving business.

North of the Main St. canal bridge and on the east side was located, very early, the Smead Tavern. It was a two story brick building and along the north side of the property was constructed a long hitching shed where farmers tied their horses, without charge, when coming to the village to trade. Carbonated beverages were manufactured for several years in the basement of this brick structure.

When the canal was widened this property had to be taken, and the owner then bought back the block where the stores of Pete Sunseri and the Walker Studio are now located. The restaurant business was continued there for several years.

Fred Schlosser, who was Brockport’s fire chief for 21 years, owned the block and had his own restaurant where the I. G. A. grocery and meat market are now found. This place had the reputation of selling the largest glass of bear and the best limburger sandwiches in town. Garry Gillespie was the genial host to serve them.

It was only recently that the writer was told by one of the telephone operators of that tome, how the girls used to send their manager to Fred’s place for limburgers. If you were one of those to visit the place, you would usually find Fred Schlosser sitting near the entrance; and as you left he would greet you by asking, “How was the limburger tonight boys?”

Gus Tully had his business and also owned the block where the Barber Restaurant is today. Gus was a fine fellow and a good neighbor. His only child, Margaret, died when about 15 years of age. This writer met Gus that morning on Main St. and after telling me of her death said, “Now for a time with the woman”, meaning of course, Mrs. Tully. By disguising his own grief in thinking of
the mother, gives you some idea of the unselfishness of this man. Gus was a non-drinker and prospered in business, so that he was able to retire when still in middle life.

Jack Duffy had his restaurant where we now have the Federal Liquor Store. Jack in early life was a moulder at the Morgan Works. He thus conditioned himself as a strong active man for his later years. He was also a very striking appearing man, straight of build, with gray curly hair, and he always wore a grey tweed suit.

Being very fond of horses he always had a fine driving outfit, and you would see him and his attractive wife most every afternoon or evening driving about Brockport streets. He always had a man to look after his barn and horses. At his place of business you would see him sitting in his office near the front window.

When automobiles first started to come into use, the writer had an agency and tried to sell Jack one at this time. He said to me, “If you have a car that will go up the grades at the same speed as on the level, I will buy one”. We did not have such a car at that time. He also made the statement that the car he bought had to be such, that no one could pass him, unless he chose to let him do so.

The writer was clerking in a hardware store at that time and with the owner, William Van Epps, went to New York City to view the places of note. One of the places we visited was the restaurant of Tommy Burns on 14th Street. This was in January, 1907. He was the world’s heavyweight boxing champion at the time. He lost to Jack Johnson in December, 1908. As we were talking to him we mentioned there was a great admirer of his in our home town of Brockport, whose name was Jack Duffy. He reached inside of his coat and took from his pocket his business card saying, “Here, take this to Duffy”. A very fine gesture, we thought at the time. (Tommy Burns died May 10th, 1955. He was 74 years of age.)

Some time later a restaurant was operated by Ed Hotelling on the west side of Main St. where the Fagan restaurant is operating today. Edward Hotelling built a fine home on King St. where he resided until his death.

John Kinsella’s business was where Ed Connors now has his cigar stand and restaurant. In the evening you would see some of the best businessmen of our village gathered there to discuss social and business affairs. It is this writer’s belief, that the Brockport Yacht Club was conceived and planned during these discussions. Also, in the years following, yacht racing and other events to be held at the lake club house were thoroughly talked up here both before and after the events.

John ran a first-class place and he was held in high esteem by all who knew him. His home was on State St., and it was always kept in spick and span condition, as was his place of business.

McKeuen and Heffron established a restaurant business on the ground floor in the north part of the Sobb Department Store’s present location. On the second floor there was operated a pool and billiards parlor by this same firm. It occupies the whole space above the present
department. It became very popular during those early years and you would often see all of the
tables in use and occasionally a waiting list as well.

It was during those days that the free lunch became a good will offering. On a table, or at the
end of the bar, there would be cold cuts of meat of several kinds; bread, cut thin, of several varieties;
strong cheese; and pickles and olives. The customer was allowed to make his own choice. This
practice was continued in the cities as late as 20 years ago.

An incident happened one day as the writer was passing the Heffron restaurant that is still
often recalled. A man leading a large, white horse, took it up the three steps into the restaurant. I
tarried a while to see what happened. Soon out came the man and horse, the man wearing a broad
smile. No doubt he had won some sort of a wager, by accomplishing the feat.

In later years Mike Heffron was the sole proprietor, and he continued the business as long as
his health allowed. His home was on King St. and I believe it is still owned by the Heffron family.

The restaurants of today, or saloons as they were called in the old days, are managed more
strictly than in the horse and buggy days; otherwise there would be many more automobile incidents.
You very seldom see an intoxicated person on the streets these days.

Careful vigilance should be kept at all times to prevent a driver from using his car if he is
judged unfit to drive. All persons driving along the highways, while seeing a car being driven in an
erratic manner, should report it at once. Often these drivers have been to some party or other
celebration, and not being used to drinking have over-indulged.

Many new restrictions have been made governing the restaurant business: food must be
served when requested, and windows facing the street must be kept free of obstructions; gone are
the swinging doors at the entrance, which were a sort of symbol of the trade in the old days. All
places serving food and drink are closely inspected at regular intervals and if found unsatisfactory,
the order is given directly to clean up or close up.

Yes, it is the abuse, not the use of intoxicants that has the attention of the public at the
present time. Much more is printed in the papers today about gambling, than the license to sell
liquor.

The manner of operation of any business is bound to reflect the character of the person who
is at its head. It rises or falls in public esteem by the reputation thus established. That is what is
meant when we hear it said, “It is an old, well-established business”. It is also that cherished part of
any successful business known as “good will”.

Without it, no business will long endure.
An Editorial

Remember Old Freezers Ball Team, State Champions of Early Thirties?

For some time previous to the year of 1925 baseball was as dead in Brockport, as it is today. There were the school teams, but that was the extent of the baseball being played here at that time.

A group of men, including Fred Gillespie Sr., Frank Holland, Ed Winegard, Gene Smith, Nat Lester Sr., Mel Corbett, Gene Lester, Harold Mumford, and Herb Lester, called a meeting to do something to revive baseball in Brockport.

Daylight saving had taken place here, so it was decided to start a twilight league with teams representing Moore-Shafer Shoe factory, A & P canning factory, (now Quaker Maid), the cold storage, and the businessmen. These games, played after supper, were to be for seven innings.

A field was selected at the fair grounds and improvements started by a working bee. It might be well to state here that all money charged for admission, during the league’s existence, was turned towards improving the grounds. The amount exceeded $2,500.

At first the games were played with local umpires, but this arrangement did not prove satisfactory. Some interested persons said they had seen an umpire in action at ball games to the south of Brockport and they thought that he would be satisfactory, if he could be procured. This man, Ivan Ames, came to Brockport and umpired all baseball games for several years. It was always this writer’s feeling that it was worth the price of admission just to see Ames make his decisions, as they were very dramatic and conclusive. Any doubt raised regarding his judgment would cause him to regret he had ever chosen the vocation of umpiring.

The officers chosen for this Twilight League were: Nat Lester, president, and Gene Lester, manager. Herb Lester acted as manager when Gene was obliged to be absent. It was decided to play two games each week.

The following men acted as managers of the different teams: show factory, Charles Page; A & P, Ed Wineguard; cold storage, Gene Lester; Businessmen, Gene Smith. This Twilight League was conducted successfully for four years and many fine players were developed from the playing involved.

It was at this time (1929) that it was decided to use the best players of the Twilight League to from a strong Brockport Club, playing all games on Sunday afternoons.

The following players were selected at this time: Delehanty, Heise, Iveson, Stein, Barkley, Stevens, Keable, Yardley, Elliot, Palmer, Nihiser, Jackson, Kruger, and Anderson. Herb Lester was business manager and Ed Nihiser was the playing manager and captain.
This team played together as a strictly amateur outfit under the sponsorship of the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle. The word Brockport appeared across the front of their uniforms in large letters, and this team was bringing to this village a better grade of baseball, and more spectators at each game.

During the existence of the above team many hotly contested games were played, and much rivalry developed, as the villages surrounding Brockport were improving their teams, also.

It was at this time while Brockport was striving for, and the spectators anxious for the best team possible, that the Brockport Cold Storage started sponsoring a semi-pro team which was to carry the name of “Freezers”, a name accepted by the directors after carefully considering such names as Yankees, Giants, Cubs, Reds, etc. E. M. “Pete” Blossom, one of the publishers of the Republic-Democrat, suggested the name “Freezers”.

This team entered a newspaper league which represented papers in Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, and Utica. The Rochester Democrat and Chronicle sponsored the league in this section and Howard Kemp took charge of the publicity. Melvin Corbett was chosen to be manager and he at once went into action to secure the best players possible. Those who desired it, were given employment at the cold storage during week days.

The following players were finally selected: Shope, first base; Yardley, pitcher; Stein, outfield; Stevens, outfield; Nichols, outfield; Bradshaw, pitcher; Nihiser, pitcher and playing manager; Henihan, pitcher; Schultz, catcher; Kruger, second base; Anderson, shortstop; Jackson, catcher; Palmer, third base; and Shantzer, catcher. It might be well to state here that George Kruger and Ty Yardley were the only players to come all the way up from the Twilight League.

This was usually the batting order: Kruger, Anderson, Shantzer, Palmer, Stein, Nichols, Shope, Stevens, and Yardley. The first part of this lineup was termed “murderer’s row” by many admirers. If any opposing pitcher could survive their attack he must have felt relieved. Nothing pleased Chic Palmer more than to have men on bases when he, the clean-up man, came up to bat. George Kruger was chosen as lead man, being short in stature, he was hard to pitch to, and having a keen sense of choosing, would either hit the good ones or be passed.

Let us now recall some of the high lights of the game as it was being played in those days.

Do you remember how Palmer on the hot corner, used to rifle that ball across to first? It was always in time, and the first baseman rarely had to stretch for it. Also, Whitey Anderson played faultless ball as short, and Nihiser never pitched a poor game as Shantzer, catching, gave the signals. Shantzer while catching was accurate, hard working and very quick in his throws to second base, also one of the best at bat. He went on up from here to play league ball in a southern tier organization. Palmer also played Eastern League ball in New Jersey and with Rochester before coming to the Freezers. Ed Nihiser played league ball at Baltimore before coming here.
This writer is wondering how many living here at the present time were present at the Hilton ball park when Ed Nihiser pitched his no-hit and scoreless game against Coldwater, in a tie playoff at the end of the season. In the last half of the ninth a pop fly back of third base threatened to spoil a perfect game. Anderson at short made a most spectacular catch far out of his territory. (I was told recently that Whitey is an athletic coach at Manlius Military Academy.)

In the home games, do you remember how Walt Rittwage would place himself over back of left field and his comments during the game could be heard all over the ball park? I never did learn if he used a megaphone or if it was his fog-horn voice that carried so well.

Another game played here which was against the Coldwater ball team also has remained in my memory. Dan Davis was the pitcher for Brockport, and having perfect control that day, kept throwing a fast low in-curve. It must have had a quick drop also, as the catcher Shultz trapped nearly all the pitched balls in the dirt. The Coldwater batters could no nothing with this pitch, and after the game each opposing player shook Davis’ hand for the prefect performance.

Cups, as prizes, were awarded at both half time, and at the end of the season for a few years. New uniforms were supplied each season with the word “Freezers” on the shirts.

The year the team was most efficient, winning the Democrat and Chronicle championship, they became eligible to play in the newspaper playoffs. At Utica they won in the final, thus becoming state champions.

Howard Kemp of the D &C then turned his attention to reporting the ports of hunting and fishing for his paper, and so lacing the publicity, semi-pro baseball ceased to exist here for a time.

Today there is a semi-pro league of two divisions in this locality, one east of the Genesee River and the other from the west side. Both Spencerport and Churchville of the Western division have been playing excellent ball, often ending the season with a tie which has caused post-season games to be played.

The Village of Brockport was never in a more progressive condition than at present time. Why do we not have baseball to boast of, also? We still have wide-awake businessmen, the much enlarged cold storage, the expanded Quaker Maid and the added plant of the General Electric.

There surely must be material in each of these industries for a baseball team. If any players were lacking perhaps the college or high school could be drawn on during summer vacation. (How about it fellows?)

The General Electric already has its ball park; possibly some arrangement could be made to have the games played there during week-day evenings when not in use.

Let us get Brockport back on the baseball map again. It is a splendid way to let outsiders know that lively spirit exists here, and that we are broad minded, as well as progressive. It would also, I believe, raise the moral of this whole community.
Note: In wiring this article, helpful information was received from the following persons: George Kruger, Nat Lester, Sr. and Charles Page.
Dear Editor:

June 9th, 1955

An Editorial

Remembers Old Brockport Grange Before Year 1900

It was before the year of 1886 that my father was lecturer of the Brockport Grange. I remember his reciting his discourses to my mother, so he might receive her criticism before the day of delivery.

Also, he would go to the Alfred White residence evenings to arrange entertainments, and later, to practice them. Mrs. Alfred White was very active in Grange affairs at this time.

Living and working on a farm until 24 years of age, with the exception of two years of teaching a district school, I heard much about Grange affairs. My older brother at home followed in his father’s footsteps and was a Granger for the required number of years to receive a life membership.

I remember, while quite young, of attending the family social suppers in the Grange Hall, which was then located in the Capen Block (now the Odd Fellows Building). Especially do I remember the scalloped oysters that were always served at those famous repasts, as we seldom had them at home.

When somewhat older I would attend the farmer’s institute, in this same hall, each winter. Professors from Ithaca and Geneva would speak, and afterwards would answer questions pertaining to agriculture, horticulture and dairying, that would be asked by the Grange members. These meetings were open to all farmers interested in better management and methods of farming. They would last for nearly a week.

One other service that was being rendered to the members of the Grange at this time, and is still in force, was mutual or joint fire insurance on farm buildings. This has proven to be a great advantage, as an added assessment is seldom required above the low rates established.

On the entertainment side of the Grange program at this time, George Brainard, and John Sutfin could be counted on to keep the members in good spirits by their wit and humor. Mark Peake, whose family were musicians, would bring their instruments on special occasions to enliven affairs. Elocution renditions were often on the program. Mrs. Franklin Cotter of Clarkson was lecturer for several years. A very brilliant lady, and rendered great service to the Grange at this early date.

Frank Capen, who was to become Brockport’s leading businessman, gave much time and valuable service to the Grange in its early days. He not only supplied the hall for its meeting place, but at his farm implement store gave advice to those who would seek it. He resided on his splendid
farm in Sweden, which is now owned and occupied by Webster Chapman, a local general contractor. It is considered one of the finest and best kept-up farms today. The writer passing this farm recently observed a large herd of Black Angus cattle grazing near the highway. It was a very pleasing sight.

Other prominent Sweden and Clarkson farmers before the turn of the century, most of whom were Grangers, are remembered by this writer. Sweden, Charles Sheldon, William Elwell, William Edmunds, George Udell, Elbert Brigham, who had charge of Grange insurance for several years, Foster Udell, James Holland, William Palmer, Benjamin Hartshorn, George Sime, Marshall Burlingame, Morris Willard, Daniel Green and son, Brainard and Frank Green, Harris Holmes, William White, Kirk White, Alfred White, and son, John, William Way, John Sutfin, James Stickney, Ruben Stickney, George Brainard, Albert Davis, Seymour Root, Edward Mershon, Charles Mershon, Edward Stickney, Hosea Covell, H. Goodridge, Dewitt Comstock, Edward Beadle, George Beadle, Charles Nelson, Eugene Locke, Fred Clark, Charles White, Henry White, Clayton White, Henry Root, Rufus Root, George Smith, Charles Ellis, William Williams, William Quackenbush, Sr., Bert Henion, Edward Whipple, Homer Gardner, Joseph Northrup and son, Edward, George Gardner, Al Madden, Harry Cooley, Leonard Rich, Harmon Crippen, Dean Crippen, Charles Shafer, and son, Perry, Frank Rich, Mark Kelley, Cassius Hovey, George Gallup, and son, Charles, George Buckley, Vamp Buckley, and Roy Gardner.

Clarkson farm families, remembered, most of whom were Grangers, are Denton Snider, John Read, Treat Hovey, Charles Perry, Richard Garrison Sr., Roswell Steele, Franklin Coller, Charles Stickles, Horace Chapman, Solon Rowell and son, Edward, Charles Bellinger, William Blodgett, Reuben Paine, Jay Crary, George Lawton, Jonas Shafer, Samuel Breckenridge, and Samuel Wadhams.

The Grange later purchased a hall of their own on King St., which they later sold, and is now church property. They then bought a lot on Erie St. with the intention of building. (It is now a village parking lot.) The Thomas Gordon property was offered for sale at this time, and the members of the Grange thinking it was better to buy this property than to build, sold the Erie St. site and purchased the Gordon homestead. As automobiles became more numerous, the parking problem became too great at this location, so it was also sold.

Today, the Grange has its bi-monthly meetings at the Clarkson Town Hall and has a membership of about 250. Edward Horton is master and Mrs. Homer Root is lecturer. Gifford Lawton has charge of the Grange Mutual Fire Insurance company for this section.

Among the active members’ families are recalled the following: Gifford Lawton, Charles Jones, Edward Horton, Mrs. Fred Slater, Burton Cotter, Urban Didas, Harold Nelson, Mrs. Edward Beadle, Mrs. Carrie Southworth, Fred Wickens, Lloyd Butterfield, Ward Stiles, Mrs. Augusta Kenyon, Mrs. Marie Shumway, Fred Ellis, Arthur Arnold, Lorn Knab, Nerton McCormick, and Bert Groves. There are others, of course, who are not brought to mind during the preparation of this article.
As the writer passes through Spencerport on the bus to Rochester and observes the fine property of the Ogden Grange No. 111, the thought often occurs, why could not our abandoned Grammar School building be put to a like purpose? Also, I wonder if the building is suitable and available and whether it was ever considered for a home of the Brockport Grange. Perhaps someone will give us the answer.

We have been informed that Grange No. 93 has a substantial building fund at present time and we are also aware that Mrs. Fred Slater has supplied a choice building lost out East Ave.

The trend today is to build new buildings when possible, so no doubt we will see a suitable Grange building erected on the east town line site in the near future. Already new homes are being built near this site, and a new street for a housing development is planned to the south of the highway on the Northrup property.

The Grange is a strong and useful organization throughout New York State and the nation at large. It is most helpful to farmers, in particular, helping to solve all new difficulties that may arise from time to time. It also helps to have laws enacted to enable agriculture and horticulture to meet changing conditions.

The Grange was a great benefit to the farmers before the turn of the century and today is alert in every way to improve farming conditions.

May it continue to grow and prosper, is the wish of all citizens of this great nation of ours.
Republic-Democrat                        Brockport, N. Y.

Dear Editor:                        June 16th, 1955

An Editorial

Yacht Club Has Colorful Past, Promising Future

The Brockport Yacht Club house was built in 1905, a short distance of the mouth of Sandy Creek, and near the lake shore line. It was built on posts about four feet high, so boats could be stored beneath.

Previous to the erection of this building the club had been organized for a few years, and had been holding its meetings in a room over John Kinsella’s restaurant.

At this time the idea was to have a man’s club house at the lake, and the idea of boating was not the dominant feature. The annual dues were to be one dollar, and it was not long before a membership of 100 was realized.

Dances were held in the ballroom of the American Hotel, and they became very popular at once. During the course of these few years, a building fund of $600 was accumulated, and it was decided to go ahead and build a suitable building at the lake front.

James Larkin was elected chairman of the building committee and John Gannon was hired as boss carpenter, to erect the building. A most suitable structure was the result, but the cost had amounted to $1,100.

At this time, it is the opinion of this writer, a very grievous mistake was made. Fifty members were removed from paying annual dues, by their paying ten dollars for a life membership. This was done to remove the indebtedness at once, a very ill-advised procedure, as a portion of those same men could have signed a promissory note, as churches and other organizations often do when building.

A few new members were added and the dues were raised from time to time, but the club did not gain in popularity until sailing boats started appearing and the racing of them was talked up at club meetings.

New boats continues to be purchased and a race was scheduled for Memorial Day.

Dr. John Hazen had purchases a racing boat named “Juno”, a boat with a sharp point at both bow and stern; Gifford Morgan had the “It”; and Harry Morgan had the racing boat names “At”. When the race was almost ready to start, Sidney Nichols and his nephew came sailing in from “Tanglewood” (now Shore Acres) with a boat carrying nearly twice the sail of the other boats.
The spectators especially, expected to see this boat capsize, as nothing like it had appeared at Sandy Creek up to this time. The race was sailed and the “It” was the winner, the increasing strong wind would not allow Sid to unfurl all his canvas.

To give the present racing fans an idea of how the sport had taken hold of the public at this time, it was estimated that there were 5,000 people swarming the lake shore and the creek bank, on this Decoration Day to witness the race.

It was at this time that racing boat building started in earnest here in Brockport. Competition had become keen and money to buy boats, as today is done, was lacking. Henry Garrison built a racing yacht in the rear of his blacksmith shop. Dr. Hazen had a new and better yacht built in the north building of the Wheel Works (now the Cold Storage); George Guelf, in partnership with William Pritchard and William Rowe, built a racing boat at the present site of the Karge machine shop. The boat was given the name of “Oneita”. This boat, constructed to scale, had beautiful lines and succeeded in winning four cups as prizes in racing. One of these cups in racing, the Gordon cup, represented the winning of three races to Troutburg and return. Another boat was built by Burt Avery, Sid Nichols, and Gifford Morgan. They named this boat “The Squaw”.

During one of these races a dead calm took place, and a fog lowered over the lake. Competition was so strong at this time that the racers accused each other of using the rudder to advance, which is strictly against racing rules. The slight vibration of mast and sail caused this suspicion, as there was absolutely no air stirring and the hand on the tiller was not visible.

To get back to the club house, it was no decided to move it to the creek bank, near the mouth, so as to have dockage. George Connor, the owner of the creek located desired by the club, was agreeable to exchange sites, as the lake shore site was valuable location for cottages.

At this new site improvements were started as soon as the building had been moved into position on the pilling, which was necessary for a firm foundation. The “crow’s nest” on the roof was enlarged, so more people could view the lake. A dock was built in front of the club house 14 feet wide, and it extended the full length of the building. Also, cat walk and slips for anchoring boats were constructed at this time.

When Thomas Gordon was commodore he donated the lumber to seal up the entire interior of the lower story, and a few of the members did the carpenter work. Lockers were later constructed on this lower floor for the convenience of boat owners.

Much work has been done on the west side of the mouth of the creek at different times in attempting to keep the drifting sand from obstructing the passage of boats in the channel. Two scows have been built during past years to convey material for constructing this jetty into the lake. Soon, sand drifting from the west would fill in, making first, more beach, and then drifting around the end to fill the channel.
Several subscriptions have been taken during the club’s existence for the above purpose, and it now appears that the only solution is to build a pier far out into the lake, if the club is to have an open channel for boats during the whole season. Where the means for this undertaking will come from, is a problem that the future must solve.

George Guelf, more than any other person, is responsible for the growth and endurance of the Brockport Yacht Club. He gave freely of his time and advice during his active years, and when the depression years came, and interest in club affairs at the lake ceased, he paid the taxes and insurance from his own resources, so thoroughly did he believe in the future and worth of the club to boat owners.

The names of the charter members were posted at the club house, and I was pleased to have my name recorded there. Illness caused the writer to cease being a member some ten years ago, and the thought has often occurred, why has nor some provision been made in the club charter to grant life memberships, when a required number of years have been served? Other organizations often do this. Several names come to my mind, who were members for many years, and are now dropped out, as no recognition was in sight during their advancing years.

Today we find this 50-year old yacht club in a most flourishing condition. Recently, during survey of the building and grounds a great many changed presented themselves.

On the lower floor are now located 43 lockers, a compressed air and water system and a suitable bulletin board where all important rules and notices are placed.

The second floor space has a very home-like appearance. The walk and ceiling have been painted, cases of mounted birds are located around the walls of the main room, and a bar or counter separates this part from the kitchen. The kitchen has modern equipment with closed space under the counter. The dishes and cooking utensils have a small room of their own at one side.

All of the exterior of building has been recently painted. The body of the building is white, and that portion above the roof is a striking blue.

The grounds also show much planning in improvement. A lawn has been made on three sides of the club house. On the two sides facing the water, cribbing has been used for support and to stop erosion. Much space has been gained for parking on the lake side of the property by removing the trees and making new ground.

The anchorage of boats to the west of the club house is now ample, and I am informed that the dredging and new grounds made, cost about $6,000. It was estimated on the day that this writer visited the club that about $50,000 worth of boats were anchored there. A cat walk, with slips along side, has been made on all three available sides of the basin. The channel forming the opening into the lake is about seven feet deep at this particular time.

The present officers of the yacht club are: commodore, John Henion; Vice commodore, Carmen Hendrickson; race commodore, Robert Grah; secretary, Raye Conrad; fleet captain, Ed
Close; fleet surgeon, Dr. George Fuller; trustees, Hugh Constable, chairman; Bert Dorrance, Robert Plato, Andrew Swan, Roy Quinn; treasurer, Dr. W. K. Moore.

There are at this date 100 members and to write that it is a yacht club that this village of Brockport and vicinity should be proud of, is stating it mildly.

May it continue to serve this community for recreation and better health to all its members, and their families!

Note: For information and the privilege of inspecting the yacht club property at the present time, the writer is indebted to Hugh Constable. Also, for the boat ride on creek and lake.
Dear Editor:

June 23rd, 1955

An Editorial

Baptist Mission School To State Teachers College

It is the purpose of this article to relate the story of the different schools which have occupied the campus of our State Teachers College during the life of Brockport.

You may have heard them mentioned at some time, as the writer has, but to know how they came into being, and what happened to terminate their existence, may also be to my readers only a hazy picture of their history. Some had but a brief service, and others served well for a long endurance.

On a portion of the site now occupied by our State Teacher’s College in the years of 1830-1836 the Baptist Missionary Society of the State of New York erected a stone building, four stories high. The land was given and part of the money was contributed by Hiel Brockway. Mr. Brockway’s gift was $1,000 and six acres of land. The building cost about $20,000.

It was intended to found a college and the building was used for this purpose for a time, but the Convention, failing to complete it, the design was abandoned. During the next few years two or three private schools were started and discontinued in this building.

In July, 1841 a meeting of the citizens of Brockport was called to ascertain if it was not possible to make some use of this noble building. They succeeded in making a purchase of the property. Trustees were then appointed, who repaired and completed the building, spending about $2,000, and opened a school December 1st, 1841. During the first term there were 130 students.

On February of the next year, 1842, the Brockport Collegiate Institute was incorporated by the Regents of the University of the State of New York. In the first catalogue, 1842, it was announced that “A teachers class would be formed and would receive particular attention”. This was the inception of the Normal School in Brockport, if nor in the state.

This school building was burned on April 2nd, 1854. The next day the trustees met and voted to rebuild immediately. Additional stock was offered for sale and every effort was made to secure necessary funds. The work of rebuilding was begun and pushed forward so vigorously that the school was reopened in November, 1855, though the building was far from completed.

The structure consisted of a central part and two wings. These parts remained to form part of the Brockport State Normal School. It was later converted into offices, reception room, music room, library, and museum. This conversion cost about $25,000.

The Collegiate Institute was for years the pride of this village; it flourished with various degrees of success; it was always a good school and well conducted, but financially rarely showed a
paying report to its managers. In 1866 it was virtually bankrupt. Its real estate was mortgaged for $10,000 and there was no money to pay the debt. It had been sold on an execution by the sheriff and it seemed then, that the school must be abandoned. It was useless to ask the people to lift the debt by subscription and no other means was in sight.

At this time the state legislature passed the act establishing the new Normal Schools, authorizing proposals to be received by the commission appointed for the purpose from the corporate authorities of any village, or from the board of trustees of any academy, for their establishment. The trustees of the Collegiate Institute at once resolved to avail themselves of this privilege, and in conjunction with the village authorities they presented the subject to the people for their consideration.

The proposition was for the village to raise by taxation a sufficient sum, about $50,000, to pay off the encumbrance, and to enlarge the building by erecting two wings to the same, and to present it to the state for the purpose of a Normal School.

The subject was discussed and bitter contests raged during the entire season. The friends of the school were ardent, enthusiastic, wide awake, and thoroughly in earnest. Under the leadership of professor MacVicar, at the time principal of the school, every effort was made to convince the people of the expediency of the proposed measure. It was submitted to the taxpayers and carried by a handsome majority.

The additional wings were erected, each 50 feet by 80 feet, with three stories and a basement. The entire cost of the property to the village was $50,000. When it was given to the state it was valued by the state engineer at $106,000. It was decided by the village to insure the property for $100,000 against destruction by fire, so as to encourage rebuilding, should such a disaster occur.

Only a few changes were necessary at this time to adapt the old building to its new uses. The desirability of an assembly hall, however, came to be recognized and in 1888 ground was broken adjoining the north wing. This was completed in 1889. A local contractor, Merritt A. Cleveland, built this structure with Medina sand stone quarried on the George Sime farm located about one mile west of this village.

In 1897 an appropriation was made and plans drawn for a gymnasium to be located south of the science department. This was abandoned, and in 1900 the corner stone of the east building was laid and in 1902 this edifice was completed. This provided ample accommodation for the training school, together with a play room, a domestic science department and a large assembly hall.

A word should be written here regarding the exterior beauty of this structure. It was constructed of Pottsdam red stone, and it had a most striking entrance with pillars carved from one piece of solid rock. It was stated at this time that this building had more square feet of window glass for its size, than any other building in New York State.
Repairs and minor changes were made until the school was one of the best equipped in the state. The large assembly hall was provided with art glass windows, presented by several graduating classes. The old assembly hall was converted into a gymnasium and beneath it on the ground floor was a swimming pool, showers, and steel lockers were provided.

The library was enlarged by removing the ceiling and floor above, and a balcony constructed around the outside walls of the room. This made a well lighted room and consisted of 15,000 volumes.

In 1906 a commodious room was provided for the museum, whose collection had grown greatly since it was started in 1869. In this new room were placed more than ten thousand specimens, collected with little expense to the state.

Our present State Teachers College was started in the year of 1938 in front of the old Normal School, and when this unit was completed the students were transferred to the new building without any delay or interruption in the schedule of the school activities. The college, in its entirety, was finished in 1942.

The outlay at this time was $1,100,000, the Federal Government allotting $500,000 toward the project. The cost of acquiring the 23 residences and lots on Utica St., Monroe Ave., and Kenyon St. was $263,000. This was necessary in order that the girl students dormitory on Kenyon St. could be built, which cost about $900,000; also, later, that there might be the extension towards Monroe Ave. for the training school. This latter project cost $350,000. All of this time an athletic field of 110 acres was being developed back of Allen St. and the high school campus. At the present time $135,000 has been spent in initial cost and improvements at this location.

This, I believe, will give Brockport residents, and all other people who read this paper, a fair idea of the immense cost of the physical aspect of our State Teachers College. The educational worth cannot be that easily evaluated.

The temporary dormitories at the south side of the campus will be razed during this summer vacation, and let us hope that in the near future a modern building, to house boy students, will be erected on this site, or on some other more appropriate locality, perhaps.

The worth of the State Teachers College of Brockport and neighboring localities is of a very high magnitude. Not only does it offer an opportunity for an education, but the specific purpose of training students to become teachers of our children is most worthy, and a greatly needed profession at the present time.

It was, indeed, a fortunate occurrence for this locality, back in 1842, when the Collegiate Institute announced that a teachers class would be formed and would receive particular attention. This led up to the Normal School and onward to the present State Teachers College.

May this grand institution continue to serve the people of our Empire State in training and furnishing the best teachers possible to guide the education of the children of this generation.
What more worthy cause can any institution have as its goal?
Dear Editor: June 30th, 1955

An Editorial

Elwell Recalls Brockport’s Early Fuel Distributors

Very early in Brockport there were located near the canal at the foot of Erie St. two coal yards. One was owned and operated by the Berry brothers, Robert and James, and the other by Norman Tooley.

These yards received their coal from canal barges drawn by mules or horses. At that yard a swinging crane was used to bring the coal from the barge to the different bins. A horse drawn rope though the pulley placed at the end of the arm, and attached to a large bucket, would hoist the coal and then swing it around into the yard to be emptied. Men were employed on the boat to shovel the coal into the buckets.

Besides the many grades, made according to the size of the coal, and the different kinds of coal mined, there would be as much as 100 cords of slab wood corded in the yard for sale. This was usually beech or hard maple, cut in 14-inch lengths, to fit in the fire boxes of cook stoves. At this time in farm homes chunk wood was used in heating stoves to provide warmth for the entire house, but only slab wood was delivered to the village, as coal was used here for heating, since they required less attention. There were no centralizes heating plants at this time.

Coal was brought by the merchants at 2,200 lbs. for a ton, and sold at 2,200 lbs., to allow for the screening out of dirt and small particles of cal, the latter caused by breakage in handling. All coal had to be shoveled by hand at this early date.

Later we find a coal yard east of Park Ave., on the south side of the railroad. Hugh McLaughlin operated here for several years, and a daughter, Flora, is one of our present townspeople. This coal business was later sold to James Brodie, whose daughters, Mrs. Leon Milliman and Mrs. Lloyd Groves, reside on Park Ave. in this village. Finally, this coal business passed on to the William Dailey Produce Company which built a huge steel tank to hold many sizes of coal. This tank was razed after being in use for several years. The present owner of this coal yard is George S. Terry & Co.

Also, on Park Ave., very early, a fuel business was being operated by the O’Brien sisters. The yard was located north of our present railroad freight house, and the office and scales were on the opposite side of Park Ave. and near the present Capen Hose Company’s building.

Hawley Webster an ex-postmaster of Brockport, had his fuel business where we now find the new Brockport Lumber Company. This coal yard and the nearby residence was later owned by William Rowe. He conducted the fuel business here until his death. Mrs. Rowe and her son, George, still live on Main St. in this village.
George Lovejoy started a fuel business where we now find Earl Siegfried’s gasoline station. Here was built, by Mr. Lovejoy, the first and only coal tressle in Brockport. It lasted several years, allowing coal to be supplied by gravity to the bins below.

The Lovejoy fuel business was later sold to E. T. Lamb, and on his retirement, to Whitewell and Bailey. At one time there was placed in front of this coal office a huge chunk of coal as an advertisement for their business. You no doubt have seen a picture of this on postal cards. A guessing contest was once held on its weight. It must have weighed nearly a ton.

Dean Butler operated a coal yard for several years where we now find the Rochester Fuel & Feed Co. He was operating here about 50 years ago, and hard or anthracite coal could be bought at the time for $6.50 per ton, and beech and hard maple wood for two dollars a cord. It is a little known facts, that anthracite coal is used in a very small region of the United States. The coal used most has been bituminous or soft coal, as it is commonly called.

John Foye and John McCool had a coal business in conjunction with their canning business on Clinton St. They furnished the coal, about 500 tons, for the Normal School for several years. This was required to be awarded from competitive bids each years, which included delivery to the school. John Foye still resides on West Ave. of this village.

While gas was being manufactured near the west canal bridge, coke could be purchased there at ten cents a bushel, which was about five dollars per ton. It was good fuel, but it was so bulky, it required much space in the cellar when stored for winter use. It also required frequent re-fueling to keep an even fire.

The year this writer came to live in Brockport, 1902, coal was very scarce, as there was a strike on at the mines. Living just north of the railroad on the west side of Main St., I remember of going up on the track to get cinders to burn. The firemen would rake their fires while the engine tanks were being filled with water from the hydrant located there. These cinders would produce considerable heat as they had not endured complete combustion.

Today, coal is shoveled but very little. At the yard portable elevators are used to place the coal in the required bins, as the gondola cars feed it from their hopped located at the bottom of each car. The delivery trucks are supplied with hoists so that the coal can be shunted down through coal chutes into the cellar bin with ease.

There are at present, three coal dealers in Brockport. The Rochester Fuel Co. have their yard on Market St., but are trucking their fuel from one of their yards in Rochester. The Smith Coal company, successor to Carney and Smith, also truck its supply from Rochester. George Terry Company, whose yards are near the railroad, keep a large supply on hand. All of this coal is received through the facility of the railroad.

Like many other changes that are taking place, coal foe heating homes is being displaced by fuel oil. It would be a fair estimate, perhaps, to say that 50 per cent of the houses in Brockport are
today being kept comfortable by heat supplied by the use of oil burners. There are a few of the new homes having heat supplied by electricity. Among them, known to the writer, are those of Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Shafer and the Bernard Cater residence on Gordon St.

With almost no exception, the cooking of food is accomplished by the use of either gas or electricity. Improvements along this line are constantly being accomplished. All sorts of cooking utensils are being supplied to the housewife. One of the latest is a self heating electric skillet manufactured by the General Electric Co., located in this village.

To get back to the heating of our homes, only the future will determine which supply, coal or oil will last the longer. Wither, at present, with the aid of the thermostat, will heat your homes evenly and satisfactorily. I imagine the cost is nearly the same, with coal as trifle less in expense, but entailing more work in refueling and occupying more space for storage.

Who knows, but perhaps in the future our houses will be heated by electricity generated at Niagara Falls, or possible atomic energy.

We have come a long way from cutting stove wood for fuel, or unloading coal from barges on the Erie Canal by horse, rope, and bucket.

Today, your fuel tank is never allowed to get empty by your dealer, as he has a method of computing the amount of oil being consumed according to the prevailing temperature outside.

Our history tells us that only the tropic zones were inhabited before the method of producing fire and the resulting heat, was discovered. Today people are scattered almost all over the land surface of the globe.

So next winter when you settle into the easy chair in front of the warmth of your well-heated home, while it is cold outside, give some thought to the fuel dealers of both the past and present; and to those inventors of heating appliances which have made our present luxury of living possible, in whatever land we choose to reside.

A. B. Elwell
An Editorial

R. J. Welch, Local Boy, Father Of Golden Gate Span

Richard J. Welch, a cousin of William Glynn of this village, was born in a small, white house on Lyman St. on Feb. 13th, 1869.

Mr. Welch retained title to his birthplace until about 25 years ago, and always took much pleasure in looking over his boyhood home when visiting Mr. Glynn. In fact, he once tried to buy it back, the attachment being so strong.

When Richard Welch was 15 years of age his family decided to move to California to join a brother and sister of Richard's who had preceded them. To finance this venture a vacant lot to the west of the home was sold for $300.

Upon their arrival in California, Dick secured a job on a farm; then, when somewhat older, a job as an iron molder, and still later he worked as a machinist. He was always a hard worker, and this habit stayed with him through his whole life.

His first political job was obtained when he was made deputy county clerk in 1900. The following year he was elected to the California State Senate and stayed in Sacramento until 1913. From 1903 to 1906 he also served as chief wharfinger of the city in San Francisco.

In 1916 he was elected to the board of supervisors, and went to Congress in 1926, as a member of the House of Representatives of San Francisco Fifth Congressional District. He remained there for 23 years, until his death, which occurred on September 11th, 1949, at the age of 80.

He was always a friend of the farmer, the worker, the small businessman, and most of all his city, San Francisco, the state of California and the nation at large. He served for 48 years as an elected public servant. Although a registered Republican, in his later years he rarely had to go into a general election since he was nominated in the primaries of all parties.

During his office in Congress he frequently broke with his Republican colleagues. His votes in many instances were considered liberal and in many of his campaigns he received the support of the AFL and the CIO.

Richard Welch was called the “Father” of the Golden Gate Bridge and introduced legislation in the board of supervisors which eventually led to the construction of that span. He served as a member of the board of directors of the bridge from its formation in 1928 until his death. The bridge’s red flag flew at half-mast in recognition of his work.
His accomplishments for the San Francisco Bay area were numerous also. He brought a number of major military and civilian installations to the bay area including the Sunny Vale Air Base in Santa Clara County and the Hamilton Field Air Force Base in Marin County. The Naval Shipyard at Hunters’ Point, the Federal Office Building at the Civic Center, the new Marine Hospital, and the Veteran’s Hospital at Ft. Miley.

While in the state legislature he constantly fought for bills which would help San Francisco’s industry and maritime commerce; and as supervisor he fathered plans for the sky line and bay shore highways and fostered legislation for deepening and widening San Francisco’s harbor approaches.

In his later years reclamation problems of the west were among his primary interests. He was a strong supporter of the Central Valley Project. He headed the public lands committee in the 80th Congress and was its ranking minority member until the time of his death. This committee studies reclamation, irrigation, and Indian problems of the Colorado River basin area.

This 80-year old Republican was stricken during an inspection trip to the southwest. It was typical of Dick Welch during the last hours of his life to be giving himself, with almost unbounded energy, to his public duties. He suffered a heart attack aboard a train en route to Kingman, Ariz., and was taken to the Santa Fe Emergency Hospital in Needles. Death came six hours later thus ending a career of nearly 50 years as a faithful public servant. A man beloved and respected by all who knew him, regardless of any differences in political affiliation.

At the time of his demise, Gov. Earl Warren of California sent this telegram to Mrs. Welch at Needles, “Congressmen Welch served his city and county, state and nation, through two World Wars and a great economic depression. During those years of service he had contributed greatly to the development of our state.”

“His interest in the development of our national resources was an important factor in the growth of the west.”

William M. Malone, chairman of the San Francisco County Democrat committee gave this tribute, “Dick Welch had a long and distinguished record of public service. His record in Congress is one of outstanding performance during his many terms, and is one in which our city and county should take pride.”

City attorney Dion R. Holm said, “I feel that I have suffered a great personal loss because my friendship with Congressman Welch goes back to boyhood days. The many matters affecting the city of San Francisco which my office has placed in his hands were invariably followed through by him with persistence and success.”

It was also said at the time of his passing that Dick Welch represented more than just a Congressional district in San Francisco, more than the state of California. He represented the masses of the people and he fought for their rights and their betterment.
This outline of the life of Richard J. Welch once more illustrates how a small town boy may reach great heights through unlimited energy, determination, and above all, an honesty of purpose to serve his people well.

He went far from his native village of Brockport to reside; but his fame spread to all parts of this nation, by reason of the great trust well executed.
An Editorial

Sunday School Picnics In Old Days Recalled

There were always two times during the year when boys were not required to be persuaded to attend church and Sunday school.

One was the Sunday before Christmas and the Christmas tree, and the other occasion to promote temporary attendance was the annual church picnic which was always held at Troutburg.

Carryalls were always hired to take the Sunday school children, but most of the grownups went in their own conveyances. The picnic wagons had a long seat along both sides, so the two rows of children sat facing each other. It would take these horse drawn affairs about three hours to reach Troutburg; so an early start was needed if a full day was to be enjoyed at the lake.

The picnic tables were located in the Cady Grove, and they had to be reserved in advance to be sure of accommodation; for it was no unusual occurrence, to have several picnics holding forth on the same day.

There was a fine sandy beach in front of the grove, so this spot attracted many bathers during the day.

No day at the lake was complete if you failed to walk up to the Devil’s Nose. The reason for this formation extending far out into the lake was its hard texture of concrete. Sand, gravel and native lime had blended together to form a fairly durable mixture. Hence, erosion was not taking place at this point as fast as at the adjacent shore line where earth of a softer texture existed.

Many trips on foot were made during the stay at the lake to the Ontario House, the pier, the dance hall, where roller skating was taking place, and up the grade to Bill Bush’s bowling hall and restaurant.

There was a hand operated merry-go-round on the front lawn of the Bush resort. A man would be sent out to turn the crank if enough riders were present to make it worthwhile.

The pier in front of the Ontario House drew its share of visitors also. Here would be several people fishing, and several boats for hire was located near it.

It was near this pier, while the writer was in bathing, that an incident happened which is still fresh in my memory. Foster Udell Sr. had a boat load of children rowing out into the lake; childlike I took hold of the stern flating after it. Mr. Udell discovered me and shouted, “Let go!” It was lucky for me, as I found myself up to my chin in deep water.
At one other time while attending a Baptist Church picnic I had been given by my parents, a silver dollar to spend. I had spent only five cents when I decided to go swimming in the lake, leaving my clothes and money in the bath house unattended. When I came out of the water, my pocketbook was on top of my clothes with its contents removed. My boyhood faith in all Baptist was somewhat weakened for a long time by this unpleasant experience. I will add, however, that some of the boys spent their money on me, but it wasn’t like spending your own money and feeling independent.

There was a man at Troutburg at this time who lived and had his studio back through the Cady Grove near the south side. You had to take a narrow path through the woods to reach his abode, if you desired to have your picture taken. His name was Dodd and his slogan was, “Picture by Dodd”.

Then there was Dick Blisset, the handy man around Troutburg, who resembled Abe Lincoln somewhat in appearance. In character though, he was more of a Davy Crockett type. He liked to hunt wild animals, trap for fur and fish. I never did learn where he stayed at night. During the summer months he did small chores for cottages and hotels.

There used to be a gun club at Troutburg that would hold their events for shooting clay pigeons, just south of the Cady Grove. The writer remembers attending one of these contests, while at a picnic, and witnessing some very fine marksmanship.

After dinner had been served in the picnic grove the rest of the afternoon would be spent in games being played. There would be a son’s baseball game, a ladies soft ball game, races for all ages including a sack race. Some of the older men would pitch horse shows in the shade and the older women, after the tables were cleared off, would watch the games and visit. Everybody enjoyed the day in various ways, and it always proved to be too short, as it seemed.

A word should be written here regarding the kind treatment shown at all times by the management of the hotels. The Cadys were always attentive to see that the day was a pleasant one for all; and the Storys at the Ontario House were most accommodating. The use of their facilities were freely granted, and veranda, the pier, bath house and dance hall; also the stables for horses, at the rear of the hotel were for all visitors at the lake who had use for them. If there were enough people interested, the dance hall would be used during the day time for roller skating.

Today, Troutburg is not the summer resort for picnics it was back before the turn of the century. We now have the state park at Hamlin Beach, where people go to hold their picnics. Although many families choose to hold their family reunion gatherings in their own private yard to avoid the crowds gathered at the park.

The cottages at Troutburg are still filled each season by their owners, and it is a delightful way to spend a quiet vacation: a most desired object in this age of fast transportation and general hurrying in all endeavors of our people.
Church picnics, as an affair of the whole church body, are not often being held today I have been informed. Small groups in different departments of the church organization often go on a picnic to relax, and by doing, a stronger bond is formed to carry on the work in which they are interested.

The automobile has made families more independent. They can go when and where they choose, and the desire for large groups to have a day of outing, which entails much planning and previous work, has lost the popularity it once endured.

In place of the old fashioned picnic, churches today frequently have suppers or other social gatherings in the entertainment part of the building. This entails much less work, as modern equipment is at hand to assist in carrying out the design of the undertaking. Also festivals are often held on the church lawn during the summer months.

A camping period is also provided by the church, as well as by other organizations, for the youth of today. Many parents take advantage of the opportunity of sending their children or a vacation in healthful surroundings.

Church picnics at Troutburg and that long tiresome ride to the lake and return, is but a memory. Still, who among us who were living then, would have had it otherwise? It was a break in the everyday living, and was looked forward to with much pleasure by both young and old.

Yes, we remember those church picnic days of long ago, and it brings to life once more many things that brought happiness to our youths.
An Editorial

Brockport Had World's Biggest Magazine Agency

It was said of Wilson H. Moore, the founder and owner of the Moor Subscription agency, that while still a very young boy, he purchased a printing press and started in business by selling business and calling cards.

At the time he was a resident of the town of Clarkson, living on a farm owned by his father, James M. Moore. In 1878 while still a resident of Clarkson he established the newspaper and magazine subscription business, and from the beginning the new enterprise met with success.

In 1882 he removed the business to King St. this village to secure better facilities to carry on the rapid growth of the undertaking. Mr. Moore was the first to develop and introduce the clubbing system of subscribing for magazines. This method multiplied the circulation of all good reading to the American people by reducing the price.

In a disastrous fire, that visited King St., the building occupied by the agency was destroyed, and the business was then removed to the vacated D. S. Morgan office on Market St.

This location remained the home of the subscription agency during its existence and proved to be very adequate. Only once was it again threatened by fire and that occasion was when the piano case works, located directly across Market St. burned completely. Slight damage was suffered by the agency building, but it caused Mr. Moore, however, to have constructed a firewall midway across his building.

The Market St. building, though of wooden construction was in many ways most suitable. It was a long two-story building located just to the east of our village building. It had many windows, so sufficient light was provided at all times, and the floor space was ample for the post office to occupy a section during the time that great quantities of mail were being forwarded.

When the agency was discontinued in Brockport and the building was not put to further use, Mrs. W. H. Moore had it removed, as it was considered a fire hazard to her other nearby property, including her home on State St.

The agency, while on Market St. made a tremendous growth. Two other agencies in Chicago were purchased by Mr. Moore and transferred to Brockport. Everett L. Kenyon came here from a Chicago agency to aid in carrying on the increased business. One million catalogues were being sent out each season during this time. This, with the vast amount of orders in the incoming mail, will give you some idea of the scope of this mail order business.
All this time Wilson Moore was promoting and aiding other industries in Brockport. He, with a group of businessmen, bought the Ham-Rogers show factory and then organized the Moore-Shafer Shoe Manufacturing Company. A brick building near the railroad was built and this company proved to be one of the most important sources of revenue in Brockport at the time. He also aided the Brockport Piano Company and the wheel works by being a large stockholder in each.

While Burton Avery was Brockport’s Postmaster the writer was employed at the Moore Agency during the rush season. To sort the great amount of mail at this time about a dozen extra clerks were employed by the post office, and Jewett Butler Sr. was sent over to the agency to supervise the work. These, I recall, were some of the extra clerks during my employment: from Sweden, the Darby Brothers and George Rowe, Sr.; from Clarkson, Charles Stickles, Theodore Wicks, and a Mr. Warner; from the village, George Dunn, Supervisor Jewett Butler, and myself. The others I do not recall.

The cancelation of stamps was done at the agency, and if you have in your possession one or more of these stamps, with the word “Brockport” printed across their face, you have a prize possession of any stamp collector.

The agency proper employed upwards of a hundred persons during the busy season. Much clerical work was involved besides the correspondence. Philetus Moore, brother of Wilson Moore, had charge of all book-keeping, and many typists and stenographers were required for answering letters and taking care of orders.

The growth of this mail order magazine agency was responsible for Brockport having mail delivery to its home much sooner, as the population at the time did not justify this service. It was allowed in response to the amount of business being done through the Brockport post office.

At the time of the death of Wilson H. Moore, the Brockport Republic in an editorial have this estimate of his character, as follows: “His was a positive if ever there was one. What he believed, he uttered; what he believed in, he did, and he spoke his beliefs and did what he deemed to be his duty in the most positive and forceful way possible. Such a man could not have failed to impress himself upon the life of the community in which he lived nearly all his life. Mr. Moore has been an active and aggressive factor in the activities of Brockport.”

The Moore Subscription Agency, following Mr. Moore’s death, was sold by Mrs. Moore to the Cottrell Subscription Agency of North Cohocton. It is known today as The Moore-Cottrell Subscription Agencies of North Cohocton, New York.

The clubbing system, the brain child of the a8-year old Clarkson boy, is being carried on today throughout the nation in practically the same manner it was at the time of his death. At that time the Moore Subscription Agency conducted the largest business of that character in the world.

Brockport has reared many famous persons, and many have gone into the world to achieve fame and financial success.
Wilson Henry Moore chose the place of his birth to accomplish both of them. His efforts brought many rewards, not only to himself, but also to the village he was so loyal to at all times.

His memory is cherished by all who knew him.
Dear Editor: July 28th, 1955

An Editorial

VFW Drum Corps Won Two State Firsts, U. S. 3rds

As far back as most of those now living in Brockport can remember, the Brockport Cadet Band held forth. This was a few years before the turn of the century.

Louis Heinrich, the leader of the band came from a very talented family. All the brothers, William, George and Fred were band members; and their sister, Elizabeth, instructed on the piano. A son of Louis Heinrich, Kenneth Heinrich, resides on Park Ave., this village. Louis Heinrich remained leader of a Brockport band for a great many years.

Another Brockport family of pronounced musical ability at this early date was the Flagler family. The father, Cornelius, and sons, Reginald and John, appear in the picture of this early cadet band. Later a younger son, Fred, was a member of bands formed in Brockport. The father was also the leader of a very early band here.

The Capen Piano Company sponsored a band derived from its employees at one time. There was a great rivalry between this band and the Brockport Band at the time. Some of the Capen Band members are remembered as follows: William Pritchard, Jack Gossam, Fred Bales, Chet Ellender, Fred Flagler, Walt Sendall, Ed Winegard, William Hamburg, Joe Carter, Ward Mitchell, Sam Carey, Ernie Caswell and the Shumway brothers, George and William.

During Old Home Week, 1911, the Brockport Band was photographed in front of the village building. As this picture was made on postal cards and widely distributed, I am sure there are many Brockport people who still possess one.

Believing this to be so, the writer requested Fred Flagler Sr. and Walt Sendall to identify those in the picture with this result, front row sitting, from left, Charles Jennings, William O’Brien, Ed Korn, and Fred Flagler; back row standing from left, Sam Carey, Prof. Clapp, Bill Hamburg, Walt Sendall, Louis Heinrich, leader, Ed Bigger, George Blacklock, John Depeters, John Hutchinson, Fred Heinrich, John Melaney, Ed Graves, James Dalton, Jerome Dalton, John Major, Joe Carter and James Look. The photographs of these two bands were loaned to the writer by Mrs. George Bott of the Seymour Library and Museum staff.

It was in 1906 that the 20th Century Drum Corps was organized in Clarkson with Frank Wilson leader. It was enlarged and transferred to Brockport in the year of 1908, becoming Co. H. No. 1 Reg. as shown on the bass drum. It was a very fine appearing outfit, with their official uniforms, as shown by the enlarged photograph.
The following people were members of the 20th Century Drum Corps: Chester Lebaron, Warren Flemming, Lyman Raleigh, Lew Wright, Frank Wilson, leader, Wesley Thompson, Joe Gannon, and Henry Nesbitt.


Before passing to later known drum corps, mention should be made of two more Brockport families who possessed marked musical ability, and took part in many musical organizations. The Raleigh family, whose five sons, Edward, George, Lyman, Harry, and Kenneth, all played musical instruments, also a grandson, Wyatt Raleigh.

The Dalton Family, James, Jerome, Frank and sister, Kathryn, were all talented musicians and organized an orchestra which was very popular for several years.

In 1946 the Brockport Firemen’s Drum Corps was organized, mainly through the efforts of Wesley Thompson: too much credit cannot be given this man for both his early enthusiasm, and the work he did later to perfect the VFW Corps, which followed.

Two years later, 1948, the Veterans of Foreign Ward Drum Corps was organized. With this organization as sponsor, the name of “Grenadiers” was chosen to go into competition with both State and National VFW Drum Corps.

At this time a board of directors, comprising some of the men in the educational, industrial and professional fields in the village met to discuss ways and means to underwrite the necessary expense of the corps. It was felt that Brockport residents should have the pride to back an organization of this type.

The directors where mayor Fred Metcalf, George Kruger, Paul Hanks, Joseph Keable, Oscar Nichols, Harold Dobson, Hugh Constable, the late A. D. Oliver, Dr. Harry Greene, “Joe” Hensley, Harry Cleveland and Dr. Donald Tower. Harold Dobson was chosen chairman of the group.

During 1950, the VFW Drum Corps won the state championship and was placed third in the national. The latter was held in Chicago.

The writer recalls seeing them win the state championship at the Aquinas Stadium in Rochester. Here they competed with the best in the state, and the stands had a fine showing of Brockport people. It is a grand spectacle to look down from this slight elevation and watch the precision of movement, while the music continues. Then a piece is rendered while stationed in front of the judge’s stand.

The coming back for the grand formation to be awarded the prizes, is also very thrilling to watch, and you still wish for more as each section marches out to finish the grand display. The prize
won at this contest was $800 in money, and a beautiful trophy. The trophy was placed on display in the show window of the Dobson Drug Store for several days.

In 1951 the Brockport VFW Drum Corps again won the state championship and also was placed third again, in the national contest at New York City.

To accomplish the above results, when in competition with such large cities as Chicago, New York and Philadelphia, a great amount of practicing and drilling under the expert guidance of Vic Jonas, the instructor, was necessary.

The fine timing of Ray Depford, as drum major in the drilling is recalled, also the faithful work of Lester V. (Tom) Ward, manager, and Tony D’Lallo the secretary and treasurer.

Lacking a sponsor, this drum corps operated as the Brockport Drum Corps during the years of 1952-53. The constant practicing and drilling was continued however, and we saw them in more local competition and parades those years.

To be able to compete in state and national competition a veterans organization must sponsor the drum corps. The Glen Lomus Post, American Legion, of Batavia, offered to become the sponsor with Vic Jonas still acting as instructor.

The present drum corps is known by the name of Brockport-Batavia “Cavaliers” and boasts of a roster of 52 members.

The Brockport-Batavia Cavaliers will enter state competition at Buffalo August 6th, during the American Legion Convention.

We have, during the school year, a high school band of very high caliber of which we should all be very proud.

In closing, this thought occurs, why haven’t we at present, a Brockport Band, so those high school students could have opportunity to continue after graduation, as band members?
Republic-Democrat  Brockport, N. Y.

Dear Editor:  August 4th, 1955

An Editorial

Locally Built Morgan Reaper Now at Museum

(Generous Gift Of Morgan Family By Mrs. Sara Manning)

The firm of Seymour and Morgan was founded in the year of 1844. It was called the Globe Iron Works of Brockport. Its purpose was to manufacture stoves and agriculture implements. The building was located near the canal on the west side of Park Ave.

The following year, the Hon. E. B. Holmes of Brockport, a member of Congress, while in Washington met Cyrus McCormick of Virginia, who was there to secure a patent on a reaping machine of his invention.

This Brockport congressman told Mr. McCormick about the Globe Iron Works, also the character of the men in charge, advising him to go there to consult with them. This he did, bringing his crude machine with him for inspection by Seymour and Morgan.

Trials were made, with various improvements put into use on the reaper; but still one had to rake the grain from the platform by hand, and the driver of the horses had to walk.

As a result of these experiments, Seymour and Morgan were engaged to build 100 of these reapers for the harvest in 1846. These machines were sold, and this historical fact was established, that the Globe Iron Works of Brockport, Monroe County, New York, became the first reaper factory in the world.

Seymour and Morgan continued to manufacture this machine until 1848. They then introduced a reaper of their own design known as the “New Yorker”, which gained world-wide reputation. For the harvest of 1851 they made 500 of these machines.

Seymour had invented the quadrant platform and the sweep rake was patented by Aaron Palmer. These two inventions, together made the first successful automatic raking reaper known to have been used.

It was at this time that Mr. Morgan purchased Mr. Seymour’s interest in the patents that controlled the reaper, and licensed other manufacturers to build for specified territories.

Eventually, Mr. Morgan became sole owner of the concern which was subsequently incorporated under the name of D. S. Morgan and Company and he continued as its president and active head up to the time of his death in the year 1890.
The “Triumph” reaper, which was called the perfect machine, was started in manufacture during the years of 1873-1874. This machine was the consummation of 40 years experience. This firm was the first to introduce the American Harvester to the world.

The D. S. Morgan and Company were making over 3,000 of these reapers each year during this period. The Republic-Democrat recently stated in its 75-year history that during the year of 1880 4,000 reapers were built and sold by this company.

One of the first reapers, the “New Yorker”, is on display in the Henry Ford Museum at Dearborn, Michigan. Mr. Ford visited Brockport at one time, and while here Gifford Morgan presented him with this very reaper. It was constructed mainly of wood, and this writer recalls how crudely built it appeared. Still, it was a marked advancement from the former method of cutting grain with the cradle. This was a scythe affair with four wooden prongs in front to catch the grain as it was swung by hand. Many prints have been made of this old wooden reaper, and a copy can be seen at the Seymour Library or Museum.

It was only recently that a “Triumph” reaper was discovered in a barn at Garland, on a farm which was owned by the Shafer family for many years. This reaper had never been taken out of the shipping crate, so it was in excellent condition.

A farm implement dealer in the town of Parma, who had purchased it, let this be known to the Seymour Museum staff and invited inspection. It was found in almost perfect condition, as it have never been put in use for harvesting grain. Through the generosity of Mrs. Sara Morgan Manning who purchased it and presented it to the Seymour Museum, this reaper has become one of Brockport’s most cherished souvenirs.

The village officials had it brought to Brockport intact, and placed in the library yard. Charles Page volunteered to dismantle it, take the arts up to the large east room of the museum and re-assemble them. Mayor Louie Smith and others assisted in the work; and today the museum is very fortunate in having this fine specimen of 40 years of developing the first successful automatic raking reaper.

The painting and striping is in nearly perfect condition and the whole reaper has been coated with white shellac to preserve its present condition. A few of the minor parts are missing and Maxwell Karge has offered to make and replace them by observing a model possessed by Mrs. Manning.

The number of this reaper is 8995 as stenciled on the rear of the platform. We can deduce from this, that this unit was manufactured about 1875, two years after production started.

There have been many explanations suggested why this reaper was never taken from its crate and put into use. It seems almost like an event of providence, that this should have happened, so it may now be viewed by posterity.
It is a rare occasion, during this epoch of history of our country, that people see the need for preserving for the future great developments that have taken place.

Let us be grateful then, that this one, the most important invention during Brockport’s history, has come to rest in the Seymour Museum, as a lasting memento.
churches, and some years later, grounds for a college.

In 1823 it was decided to make Rochester the western terminus of the Erie Canal until rock-cutting at Lockport was completed, but through the efforts of James Seymour, it was extended 20 miles westward, and Brockport was made the terminus. This gave the village two years of commercial prosperity.

In 1825, when the canal was opened to Buffalo, Brockport was an important manufacturing and business center. Cheap transportation by canal brought more money to both manufactures and farmers. Stores did a good business also, as merchandising could be procured more cheaply, and a lively business was done with the canal operators.

The village was incorporated in 1829, but who served as the first officers are unknown, as the records of the first election have been lost. A board of five trustees constituted the village government until the adoption of the present charter on June 25th, 1872. The first election under the new charter was on July 26th, 1872, when the following officers were chosen: president, Luther Gordon; trustees, G. H. Allen, Edgar Buren, and Samuel Johnson; treasurer, J. H. Kingsbury; collector, John Short; clerk, William G. Raines; street commissioner, B. H. Halsey; and police constable, David Bennett.

The village president for 1873 was J. H. Kingsbury; for 1874, M. O. Randall; 1875, James Cotter Jr.; and the officers for 1876 were: president, M. M. Oliver; trustees, A. G. Boyd, Daniel Paine, Ezra N. Hill, and Patrick Donnellan; treasurer, J. H. Kingsbury, assessors, E. H. Graves, William H. Roberts, and Charles Benedict; collector, Edgar Brown; clerk, John D. Burns; street commissioner, David Toaz; police constables, E. B. Fellows, James Mufford, and LeGrange Andrews; board of health, M. M. Oliver, president, C. M. Winslow, William Bradford, and Dr. William E. Mann, health physician.

The first fire company was organized July 9th, 1832. It was called No. 1, and had 34 members. In 1843 the whole fire department was reorganized as follows: chief engineer, Davis Carpenter; assistant engineer, John Efner; fire wardens, Seth L. King, Henry Baccus, Samuel Kingsbury, Roswell Smith, and Oliver Landon.

The fire department was kept up in effective working order until 1862, when the engines were getting well worn. All companies were disbanded, and Brockport was virtually without proper fire protection. That was proven by the fire on Market St., in the year of 1876. At this time nearly all the stores and other buildings on the north side were destroyed and some damage to those on the south side was incurred.

Brockport had several prominent men during its early days. James Seymour was the first sheriff of Monroe County. In 1833 Levi Pond was elected to the legislature and in 1837 H. P.
Norton was elected to the same office. Mr. Norton was also elected surrogate of Monroe County in 1856.

In 1844, one of Brockport’s ablest and most successful men, E. B. Holmes, was elected to Congress and was re-elected two years later. Dr. Dave Carpenter was also elected to congress in 1853.

Jerome Fuller was elected to the state legislature in the year if 1842. Emigrating from the State of Connecticut in 1835 he gained a high reputation as a lawyer. In 1847, while a member of the state senate, he became distinguished as a statesman, and in 1850, he moved to Albany establishing a political paper called the State Register. He returned to Brockport in 1852 and resumed the practice of law. In 1867 he was chosen to the judgeship of Monroe County and was serving his second term in 1877.

Andrew Millican and Davis Carpenter were the first physicians in Brockport, the latter practicing for over half a century. Joseph Webster and James Clark opened the first grocery store, and John Elliot was the first druggist.

Thomas H. Roby was president of the first bank established in 1838. In 1840 it was purchases by John. E. Nichols. It would up its business in 1847. The first general store was opened by Charles Richardson and James Seymour in the latter’s new brick block. Others that opened stores soon after were: Ralph W. Gould, Thomas R. Roby, and George Allen.

The first public house in the village was kept by Jesse Barber. Prices were low at this hotel being in relative proportion to the cost of living at the time. Labor was very cheap and board could be obtained from $1 to $1.75 per week. Whiskey, an indispensable article in those days, was 18 cents per gallon, and “drinks” of the “Old Rye” were three cents. Merchants found it necceary to keep it to treat their customers and grocery men to keep it as an article of trade, as important as coffee or sugar. But the great temperance reform of 1829-1830 brought a change in public sentiment, and broke up the custom.

Farm produce was also cheap, the best wheat 50 to 75 cents, oats 25 cents, and corn 37 and one-half cents per bushel. Pork and beef were $2.50 to $4 per 100. Lumber was $6 to $10 per 1000.

Mechanics received $1 to $1.50 a day, and common laborers 62 and a half cents a day, or $12 per month. Articles of foreign production were dear, while home manufactures were cheap.
Dear Editor:

August 18\textsuperscript{th}, 1955

An Editorial

Brockport’s First Newspaper Was In Year 1827

The first newspaper started in Brockport was called the Brockport Free Press. It was established by Harris and Hyatt and was first issued Dec. 6\textsuperscript{th}, 1827, with Thomas H. Hyatt as editor. There followed, at short intervals, several other weekly papers, so that by 1856 there had been eight different papers published in Brockport.

On October 17\textsuperscript{th}, 1856 the Brockport Republic was established and first issued with Horatio N. Beach, editor and proprietor. On July 1\textsuperscript{st}, 1871, L. T. Beach became proprietor and local editor, with H. N. Beach still associated as political editor.

The Brockport Democrat was started July 21\textsuperscript{st}, 1870, by Williams and Brink. This paper passed through more than a dozen different ownerships before the year of 1877. (In later years it was bought by the Brockport-Republic; so we now have the “Republic-Democrat”, as the name of our local paper).

On August 12\textsuperscript{th}, 1875, the Temperance Times, a weekly journal, was published by Mrs. Carrie N. Thomas, editor. In 1877 it was still conducted and maintained by Mrs. Thomas with the aid of the Women’s Temperance League.

In 1828, Harry Bachus and Joseph Ganson established an iron foundry in a building near the rear of the Episcopal Church. About 1830 they moved to Main St., north of the canal. After many changes in ownership the firm later became known as Bachus, Fitch and Company and started the manufacture of threshing machines, with horsepower to run them.

This firm in the year of 1844 made a trial reaper for Cyrus McCormick. It was tried out on a farm south of Brockport with the result that the Bachus, Fitch & Co. arranged to build for McCormick one hundred machines for 1846. These machines, however, failed to give satisfaction, and nearly all were returned.

There were many changes in the firm name until 1868 when the shops passed into the hands of Samuel Johnston, an inventor, and Byron E. Huntley, who commenced the manufacture of the Johnston Harvester.

In 1870 a stock company was formed with a capital of $300,000 to be known as the Johnston Harvester Company. Samuel Johnston was chosen president and B. E. Huntley secretary and treasurer. In 1877 this company had a capital stock of $500,000 and employed over 500 men to fill orders from nearly all of Europe, Africa, New Zealand, and South America.
The growth and details of the other American harcester of this time, which was manufactured by the D. S. Morgan Company of Brockport, has been fully recorded in a previous article so it will be omitted at this time.

George Barnett and George Whiteside as partners commenced the manufacture of a general assortment of agricultural implements in 1850. Their factory was located on Clinton St. in the west part of the village, and they had a very successful business for many years.

John Smith and Co. in 1839 was manufacturing furniture on the east side of Main St. near the canal. In 1864 their shops were destroyed by fire and they removed their factory to a place north of the canal and in the western part of the village. Here their facilities for manufacturing were so much enlarged that the retail trade was abandoned and the wholesale only retained.

Isaac Baines was manufacturing carriages in the west part of the village below the canal before 1862, and A. Boyd and Bro., were still continuing this business in 1877 at the same location.

Heil Brockway and E. B. Holmes followed boat-building for several years, and conducted a line of packets which became a great source of wealth to them, and prosperity to Brockport. The completion of the falls railroad in 1850 destroyed the packet business and all lines were discontinues. Manufacturing has been the prominent interest in Brockport to which it owes its past and present prosperity.

The Brockport Union Agricultural Society was organized in October, 1859, with E. B. Holmes, president; H. N. Beach, secretary; and Thomas Cornes, treasurer. It leased sixteen acres in the southeast part of the village for ten years, of Lorenzo Porter and Humphrey Palmer and constructed one of the finest half-mile tracks in the state. In October, 1869, unable to secure a lease or purchase the grounds, the project was disbanded. The last officers were: H. W. Seymour, president; Daniel Holmes, secretary: and O. B. Avery, treasurer.

Previous to the year of 1877, the following occupations, and the number of each, had been followed in Brockport: nine physicians; seven clergymen; ten lawyers; two reaper manufacturers, one of agricultural implements, one of cabinet ware; three cooperage; one gas manufactory; two lumber manufacturers and dealers; two of marble; two carriages; five of boots and shoes, four of clothing; three of harness; two of hats and caps; four dressmakers; three justices of the peace, four blacksmith shops; two dentists; three dealers in flour and feed; four produce dealers; four fuel dealers; one furniture establishment; two undertakers; five barbers; four restaurants; two hair dressers; five insurance agents; five hotel-keepers, one bank of discount; one national bank; two photographers; three meat markets; one fish market; two bakeries; one confectionery; three livery stables; two jewelers; three druggists; fifteen grocers; four dry goods; four hardwares; two dealers in farm implements; eighteen liquor stores; five fruit dealers; one express agency; two telegraph offices; one fruit cannery; five milliners; one whipmaker; one glove maker; and three printing offices.
Republic-Democrat

Brockport, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

August 25th, 1955

An Editorial

First Church, Methodist, Was Started in 1827

The Methodist Episcopal Church, organized Dec. 10th, 1827, by the Rev. John Copeland, was the first church society in Brockport. Meetings were held in the academy, which then occupied the site of the present Baptist Church.

The first church building was erected in 1828. This was the first church edifice, of any denomination, erected in Brockport. It was of brick construction, located on the north side of Market St. The cost was $3,000, and it was dedicated in Jan., 1829, by the Rev. Abner Chase.

In the spring of 1875 measures were taken to construct a more commodious and imposing edifice. The old structure and lot was sold to John A. Latta for $3,000; a subscription of $10,000 was raised, and a lot on the corner of Main and Erie Sts., was purchased for $4,500. Plans and specifications were procured and a brick structure erected. The entire amount spent at this time for lot, building and furnishings was $17,500. Services had been held at the Market St. site for over 40 years, with the last one taking place May, 1875. On Aug 8th, 1876, the cornerstone was laid for the new church with suitable ceremonies. The church at that time had 165 members.

The first Baptist Church was organized on Apr. 28th, 1828. It was at first called the Baptist Conference in Brockport, but on the 12th of June following, was organized as a regular Baptist Church. In 1830 a church building was erected on the corner of Main and Holley Sts. It was built of brick at a cost of $3,000. The church had a membership of 195 in 1834. On the 10th day of Mar. 1839, nearly 11 years after its first formation, through a serious defection, the church was dissolved.

The second Baptist Church of Brockport was first organized as a Baptist conference from the members of the disbanded church on the same day of its dissolution, Mar. 10th, 1839. On Sept. 1st, 1841, this conference with a membership of 32, was re-organized as the “Second Baptist Church of Brockport”. It purchased the church building of the former church and in 1842 employed the Rev. I. Clark as its first pastor. In 1852 it had a membership of 254. In 1863 the old church was taken down and the present edifice was erected at a cost of about $10,000. The corner stone was laid on Sept. 23rd, 1864. The church membership of that time was 218 and the Sabbath school had 200 pupils with M. Stark as superintendent; Prof. Palmer, vice superintendent; and George A. Barrier, treasurer.

The Presbyterian Church of Brockport was first organized Aug. 16th, 1827 as the First Congregational Society of Brockport. The place of worship was in a school house. The next year, or soon after, it united with the Rochester Presbytery on the accommodation plan. In 1841 the church organized as strictly Presbyterian.
In Mar., 1857, they withdrew from the Presbytery and remained so for eight years, or until 1864, when they reunited with it, a union which still exists. The pastor in 1877 was D. R. Eddy; trustees, G. B. Whiteside, O. B. Avery, and D. G. Snider; elders, G. B. Whiteside, Jacob Sutphin, Isaac Johnson, I. J. Whitney, Edgar Benedict, Herman Barlow, Horace Beldon, H. W. Gardner, Joseph A. Tozier; deacon, Byron Ketchum; and clerk, G. B. Whiteside.

The first church edifice occupied by the society was completed in 1830. It was erected upon the site of the present structure and was built of brick at a cost of about $8,000. In 1852 and 1853 the building was taken down and the present structure built at a cost of $12,000. Soon after the organization of the church, a Sabbath school was formed. In 1877 it consisted of 20 teachers and 160 pupils with H. P. Norton, superintendent; B. C. Ketchum, assistant superintendent; and E. T. Lamb, secretary.

St. Luke’s Church of Brockport (Episcopal) was organized Sept. 20th, 1838. The singers of the certificate of incorporation were Elias E. Holmes, Jerome Fuller, and Samuel H. Davis. Jerome Fuller was the first delegate from this church to the first meeting of the diocese of western New York, at which the Rev. DeLancy was elected bishop.

For several years services were held in various halls until the construction of the present edifice in 1855 and 1856 at a cost, exclusive of grounds, of $6,897.05. The new structure was consecrated to the worship of God in July, 1856, by the Rt. Rev. William H. DeLancy, bishop of western New York.

Officers of the church, serving in 1877, were: wardens, Ezra M. Graves and Augustus Brainard; vestrymen, Isaac Palmer, Daniel Holmes, Sidney Spalding, George H. Allen, Eastman Colby, Dayton S. Morgan, John M. Kingsbury, and Ezra N. Hill. The membership at that time was 75.

The Evangelical Association of Brockport (German) was organized in 1871 from the Evangelical Reformed Lutheran Church of Brockport, whose pastor was John. G. Reixinger. The old church building at Monroe Ave. and Perry St., near the college, (later converted to a residence) was deeded to the association and enlarged at a cost of $1,500. It was dedicated Sept. 26th, 1871. The first officers were: class leader, Charles Schlick, exhorter, John Zeller; stewards, Frederick Zeller and Peter Meinhardt; trustees, Conrad Guenther, John Zeller, and Michael Colborine. The first pastor was the Rev. A. Klein.

The officers of the church in 1877 were: class leader, Charles Hadler; exhorter, John Zeller; stewards, Fred Zeller and Peter Maul; trustees, Charles Hadler, Henry Heuer, and Michal Hoffman. At that time the Sabbath school had 50 pupils and seven teachers with John Zeller, superintendent; Theo. Keable, secretary; and Peter Meinhardt, treasurer.

The Free Methodist Church of Brockport was organized about 1858. It was formed by a division of the Methodist Episcopal Church. At first services were conducted in the second story of the John A. Latta block, the original home of the Methodist Episcopal Church. John. W. Reddy was
pastor at the time; stewards were Frank Cowin, Michael Vetter, and W. D. Martin; and class leader, Mrs. Mary E. Latta. The Sabbath school had 35 pupils and five teachers. This church society later built the present church on Perry St.

The first Free-Will Baptist Church of Brockport was organized May, 1844, as delegates convened from Byron, Clarendon, Clarkson, Gaines, Ridgeway, Parma, Ogden, Alabama, and Elba. Church construction was started the same year and completed the year following. The church building the present Assembly of God, was consecrated Feb. 13th, 1845. The church was disbanded in 1850, but reorganization was effected in 1854. The first pastor was the Rev. F. W. Straight. On Oct. 6th, 1858, the church was dissolved for a second time and was never resuscitated. The last trustees, appointed Dec. 16th, 1857, were Hiram Mordaff, Curtis Hale, Daniel Morehouse, J. P. Curtis, Daniel Pease, and Joseph Cook; the last deacons, appointed Apr. 3rd, 1858, were J. P. Curtis and Alonzo Norton; and the last clerk, Alonzo Smith. A Sabbath school was organized and flourished in connection with the church, but passed out with the church.

The Church of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary (Roman Catholic) celebrated its first mass in the year of 1848, by the Rev. William O'Reilley, in the village hall. He was appointed pastor of several villages, among them Brockport. On July 19th, 1857, a lot for a church building was purchased at the corner of Erie and Utica Sts for $375. Shortly after, the foundation was laid under the direction of the Rev. Michael Walsh, who lived in Scottsville. He came once a month to Brockport to celebrate mass. The Rev. Thomas Walsh took charge in the latter part of 1851. He also served Bergen, Holley, and Spencerport. In 1854, the Rev. John Donnelly took charge and it was during his pastorate that funds were collected which caused the walls to be built and the building enclosed.

In 1856, the Rev. Edward McGowan became pastor and under his supervision the church building was completed and consecrated; also the cemetery was purchased by the Rev. McGowan a few weeks previously.

On October 8th, 1863, the Rev. Richard J. Story was appointed, being transferred from Hornellville to this place. His pastorate has proven to be one of the longest, not only of any Catholic pastor, but of any clergyman who has preached in Brockport. In 1870 the church and pastoral residence was enlarged at an expense of $6,000. In 1873, a large house and spacious grounds were purchased for a convent and parochial school. The school attendance during that time averaged 140, and there was $1,000 persons in the parish of the church. The trustees in 1877 were the Rt. Rev. B. J. McQuaid, J. M. McMannus, the Rev. Richard J. Story, Casper Walter, and John Welch.
January 1, 1955

An Editorial

Daniel and Mary Jane Holmes; Our Literary Heritage

Daniel Holmes was often spoken of as the husband of Mary Jane Holmes, but he was however, a distinguished person in his own right, as this record of his life will reveal.

He was born in 1828 and received his early education at Allens Hill, N. Y., where his father was proprietor of a hotel for a number of years. It was at the old Brockport Collegiate Institute that he prepared for college, going on to his university training at Yale. He was graduated in 1848 with the A. B. degree.

Later, in 1853 he received from the University of Rochester the degree of M. A, and in the fall of that year was admitted to the bar. He immediately began the practice of his profession in Brockport, where he resided until the time of his death in 1919.

For 30 years he served as justice of the peace, his decisions being fair and impartial. He was the village clerk for 20 years and in all community affairs was actively and helpfully interested.

He was secretary of the State Normal School from its beginning and served as treasurer for many years. At the time of his death he was the only remaining member of the original local board.

One of the pioneer lawyers of Brockport, he practiced his profession for 66 years, and his ability, as a lawyer, enabling him always to maintain a place in the foremost ranks of its legal fraternity. In his later years he turned his attention mainly to checking and procuring clear titles to real estate.

In early manhood Daniel Holmes was united in marriage to Miss Mary J. Hawes of Brookfield, Mass. As time went by, closer grew their friendship, the desire of each being always for the best interests and happiness of the other.

Holmes was a past member of Monroe Lodge F$AM and one of the charter members of the Royal Arch Chapter which honored him by taking his name, Daniel Holmes, Chapter No. 294. He was a member of the Empire State Chapter of the Sons of the American Revolution, a member of the New York State Bar Association, and was one of the oldest practicing attorneys of Monroe County. He was a senior warden of St. Luke’s Church, with his interest always bearing up on the general welfare of society.

Mary Jane Holmes was a daughter of Preston Hawes of Hartford, Conn. She went to school when she was three years old and was studying grammar at six years. At the age of 13 she was teaching the district school a few miles from her home. At 15 she saw her first article in print, and this started her successful career.
Very early in life she manifested rare ability for storytelling, entertaining her young companions with tales of her own invention. Her ability as a story teller was born out in later years for there is perhaps no American author whose works were more widely read.

On Aug. 9th, 1849, she married Daniel Holmes. During their married life they traveled all over the world, visiting Europe many times. Mrs. Holmes was successful as an author from the beginning, and at the time of her death over two million copies of her books had been sold. Her first novel, “Tempest and Sunshine”, was published in 1854, five years after her marriage to Daniel Holmes.

With the possible exception of Mrs. Stowe, no American woman has reaped so large profits from her copyrights, some of her books having a sale of 50 thousand copies.


In the commenting on the great sale of her books, the Brockport Republic said, “Her success as an author is said by some to be the result of her power of description; others assert it was her naturalness, her clear concise English and the faculty to hold the reader’s sympathy from the beginning to the end; others attribute it to the fact that there was nothing in her works but what was pure and elevating. We, who knew her best, feel that all this has made her the successful writer she was”.

She was a woman of wonderful influence for good in the village. She was a member of St. Luke’s church, and for many years president of St. Luke’s Guild. She was one of the early members of Monroe Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, and for several years its regent.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Holmes on College St. was elegantly furnished and several rooms were adorned with curios and paintings which had been collected by the famous couple. Visitors were always welcome, and the house was opened frequently for social gatherings of all descriptions. As a hostess she was charmingly gracious and hospitable, having the ready tact that enabled her to make all guests feel at home.

“Brown Cottage”, the name given to their home, is no more, the property having been passed into other hands, and the house itself being remodeled in favor of two smaller and more modern homes. Pictures of this home of these two famous persons are cherished by all who now possess them. Memories of this dearly loved couple will live on in the hearts of Brockporters, who knew them, as long as they themselves shall live.
It is to be regretted that Mrs. Holmes did not deed the house to the Village of Brockport, with provision for its maintenance. It would have then become a sort of mecca for the many visitors to this village who had gained much pleasure in the reading of her books.

Let us hope that the Seymour Library is in possession of a complete set of her works, even though they may not be for circulation to the general public.
An Editorial

Wm. H. Seymour Made World’s First Reapers

William H. Seymour, in whose home our library and museum are located was born in Litchfield, Conn., on the 15th day of July, 1802. The family was one of the earliest colonial settlements of America. He became a resident of Brockport in 1823, and for 80 years maintained his home here.

Speaking of his life history in 1898, when he was 96 years of age, Mr. Seymour said that the combined ages of himself and his five direct American ancestors in the paternal line were 420 years. (Mr. Seymour lived to be 101 years of age.)

His father, Samuel Seymour, and his uncle, Moses Seymour, were soldiers in the Revolutionary war, and when American independence was achieved that engaged in business together in the manufacture of hats in Litchfield. Moses Seymour was the father of Hon. Henry Seymour, canal commissioner of New York during the construction of the Erie Canal, and his son, Horatio Seymour, was afterward governor of New York.

William H. Seymour spent his early life in Litchfield and always felt the warmest attachment for the place of his birth, often visiting there. Business opportunities brought him to New York, his elder brother James, having been there for some time in the employ of their cousins, Henry Seymour, canal commissioner at Pompey, New York, as clerk.

Brother James eventually followed the line of emigration to western New York and established a general store at Murray Four Corners, afterward given the name of Clarkson, with his cousin, Henry Seymour, as a silent partner. (This section was then part of Genesee County.) William H. Seymour joined his brother, James, in 1818, when about 16 years of age, to act as clerk, and afterward became a partner in the store at Clarkson.

On the completion of the Erie Canal to Brockport they moved their business to this place in 1823, with James also purchasing much land east of the main street. James soon became interested in politics, and being elected the first sheriff of Monroe County he moved to Rochester, the county seat. When his term expired he became a cashier of the Bank of Rochester and subsequently its president.

William H. Seymour, however, continued at Brockport as proprietor of the mercantile store and extended his activities to the purchase and shipment of grain. He served as postmaster under president Andrew Jackson, having the office in his store.
Some time prior to 1844, D. S. Morgan was admitted to a partnership, and a year or so later, Mr. Morgan, Mr. Seymour, and the latter's brother-in-law, Thomas Roby, established a foundry business for the manufacture of stoves and other castings. This was the initial step into a line of business which later became one of worldwide importance.

It was after the establishment of the foundry that Mr. Seymour became interests in the manufacture of reapers. Several reaping machines had been invented in Great Britain during the early part of the 19th century, but none proved practical in operation. In 1846, Seymour Morgan and Company built 100 reapers for Cyrus McCormick. Mr. Jenner made the patterns for the castings, Mr. McCormick directing in construction of his first machine, as he had brought no machine to the firm to serve as a pattern.

The firm feeling that they could not agree to pay Mr. McCormick’s patent fee of $30 on each machine, they abandoned his invention and began to manufacture reapers after plans perfected by Mr. Seymour, the new machine being known as the New Yorker.

Mr. Seymour obtained a patent on this and made 500 of the machines when he was restricted by an injunction granted to Mr. McCormick, who bitterly contested the right of any other manufacturer to place reapers upon the market. However, to the firm of Seymour, Morgan and Company belongs the credit of being the first regular manufacturers of reapers in this country.

In February, 1857, Mr. Seymour disposed of his interest in his patents on the his reaper, yet reserving his rights, so far as they might be necessary, in the manufacture of self-raking reapers, to D. S. Morgan for his interest in a farm in Hamlin.

He continued at the head of the iron foundry business, however, until 1875, when he withdrew from the firm and became interested in the manufacture of lumber and its sale, in connection with his son, Henry. The new enterprise prospered and he then continued in business until 1882, when he retired to private life, enjoying a well-earned rest throughout his remaining years.

Mr. Seymour was married in 1833, to Miss Pixley of Columbia County, New York. They had five children, but only three grew to maturity; Hon. Henry W. Seymour, who died in Washington D. C., leaving a wife and one daughter; Helen who later became Mrs. W. B. Sylvester; and James H. who never married, and resided in the homestead until his death. It was he who made provisions in his will for the use of the home as a public library for which Brockport people, I am sure, are most appreciative, as it was a thoughtful and generous deed.

After his retirement, William H. Seymour lived quietly in Brockport, taking occasional journeys with one of his children until 1895. When 81 years of age he went abroad with his children, spending five months in travel in Great Britain, Germany, Italy and France. When 86 he visited England again, and in 1893 he spent the summer at the World’s Columbian Exposition in Chicago.
For many years he found much pleasure and recreation in billiards and whist, attaining much skill in both. Much of his leisure time was devoted to reading. His memory concerning the works of his favorite authors was remarkable, his quotations culled from various sources often exciting the surprise of those with whom he was conversing.

In 1900 he was elected an honorary member of the National Association of Agricultural Implements in recognition of his importance as a factor in establishing one of the country’s greatest industries. In retrospection he could go back to the time when the farm implements were such as had been in use for hundreds of years, wooden plows, the brush drag, or Roman harrow with wooden teeth, the hoe for planting and cultivating, the scythe and hand rake for harvesting hay, the hand sickle for cutting grain and the flail for threshing. He lived to see a complete revolution in the methods of farming.

One of the most notable events in his life history was the celebration of his 100th anniversary of his birth; it was made a gala day in Brockport. The entire village united in an expression of good will and honor to him. On that day the church bells pealed out greeting in strokes of ten from each tower, thus registering the 100 years. One hundred years of Christian living had made him a most honored man. He lived to pass another milestone of life’s journey and on Oct. 6th, 1903, was called to his home beyond.

It is therefore, most fitting that a portrait of William H. Seymour is placed in a prominent setting in the office of the library which bears the family name. A profound reader, and most distinguished gentleman.
Dear Editor:

September, 15th, 1955

An Editorial

Luther Gordon, Lumber Merchant and Financier

A native of New York State, Luther Gordon was born in Rushford, February 8th, 1822. He inherited many of the strong characteristics of his Scotch ancestry. The founder of the family in America was his grandfather, James Gordon, who was born in the land of hills and heather.

John Gordon, the father of Luther Gordon, was born in Cavendish, Vermont, and in early manhood was united in marriage to Miss Harmony Woodworth, a native of Connecticut, by whom he had five children, James, Luther, Walter, Matilda, and Wilson. Leaving New England in 1809, he came to the Empire State, locating in Rushford, Allegany County.

Luther Gordon was reared to manhood in his native town of Rushford and after his father’s death, when only 18 years of age, without capital or influential friends to aid him, but by honest effort, he worked his way steadily upward.

Forming a partnership with Henry White, he leased a furnace belonging to Samuel White. The plant was bought and enlarged by them to meet the growing demand of the trade. A little over a year later Mr. Gordon sold the business to Mr. White. In the meantime Mr. Gordon had invented the well-known Genesee plow, which constantly grew in popular favor and was extensively manufactured in his foundry.

Later he turned his attention to mercantile pursuits, erecting two buildings and opening two general stores in the year after his retirement from the foundry business. He then continued in mercantile lines with marked success for 14 years. At the same time he was also interested in the livestock business, buying and driving stock to the eastern markets throughout the summer months for 16 years.

In the winter season he devoted his attention to the lumber trade. These enterprises also proved profitable, as he never depended upon agents, but personally transacted his business affairs, giving to each detail due consideration and care.

It was in 1856 that Mr. Gordon embarked in the lumber business at Brockport, purchasing the interest of Boswell and Walker in the firm of Boswell, Walker and Hood. Five years later he became the sole owner. He then erected an extensive steam sawmill and planning mill on State St.

He purchased at this time several hundred acres of timberland at Fortville, Cattaraugus County, on which he built another sawmill, carrying on an extensive wholesale lumber business.
Disposing of his property in Rushford in 1858, he brought his family to Brockport, where he had erected an elegant residence on Main St. Here he continued to make his home until his death, which occurred in March, 1881.

In the meantime, Mr. Gordon had extended his business interests into other fields and in all met with gratifying success. In partnership with George S. Weaver of Albany, he leased a large sawmill at East Saginaw, Michigan, in 1860 and there manufactured lumber which he shipped to Brockport and various other points. Two years later he bought the other half interest and after four years’ ownership sold it to the Flint and Marquette Railway Company.

The extension of his lumber interests led to the erection of a large sawmill at Sterling Michigan, in the ownership of which he was associated with his brother, Walter, and they manufactured lumber on an extensive scale, taking the raw material from a tract of pine timber land of nearly $7,000 acres which they owned. They made extensive shipments to the eastern markets and the business proved a very profitable one. Mr. Gordon also had a steam mill and gristmill at Holley, and operated all of these mills up to the time of his death.

He was ever watchful of opportunities, quick to note and utilize a possibility, and his executive ability and keen discernment led to a marvelous success.

Mr. Gordon also extended his lumber interests in 1867 to the building of a sawmill on the Allegany River, four miles above Olean. There he gave his attention to the manufacture of hemlock and hardwood lumber, selling a great portion to Rochester dealers.

In 1873 he sold his lumber business in Brockport to Elias Garrison and Charles Benedict, but soon after repurchased it with his brother James, giving the firm name of “Luther Gordon, Brother and Son”.

It was at this time that Mr. Gordon became equally well-known as a financer and owned a controlling interest in the National Bank Association which was organized in Brockport in 1863, he becoming its first president. He remained at the head of the bank until his death.

As a financer Mr. Gordon ranked among the ablest and in all business affairs was prompt, energetic, and notably reliable. He was watchful of all details and of all indications pointing towards success and prosperity that crowned his efforts, which was the merited reward of a life in industry. He stood among the successful few, a man honored and esteemed wherever known and most of all when best known.

On the 24th of April, 1848, in Allegany County, Mr. Gordon was married to Miss Florilla Cooley, of Attica Wyoming County, who after a happy married life of over 20 years, died in Brockport, February 8th, 1898. Their only son, George Cooley Gordon, became a worthy follower of his father in the business world and a most honored citizen of Brockport; so that the name of Gordon has long figured conspicuously and prominently in connection with the business development of the history of Brockport.
Republic-Democrat                                                                 Brockport, N. Y.

Dear Editor:                                                                 September 22\textsuperscript{nd}, 1955

An Editorial

Merritt Cleveland, Brockport’s Noted Civil Engineer

Merritt A. Cleveland resided and reared his family on Adams St., this village. The fine, colonial residence and sloping yard with beautiful trees made an imposing view. His eldest child, Milo Cleveland, built an equally magnificent home directly across the street, and followed in his father’s footsteps in the contracting business.

The family of Merritt Cleveland had for many years been closely identified with the history of the county as engineers, contractors of railroads, canals, and other public works. He was born at East Houns ville, Jefferson County, New York, and was one of a family of six children.

His father, Philander Cleveland, was also a native of Jefferson County, his ancestors being among the pioneers of the Black River Valley. The mother of Mr. Cleveland bore the maiden name of Mercy Richardson.

During his boyhood, Merritt Cleveland attended the common and private schools of East Houns ville, Brownville, and Dexter, and was also a student in the Watertown High School.

In 1870, he became connected with the engineering corps of Carthage, Watertown, and Sackett’s Harbor Railroad and later was appointed division engineer of the Lake Ontario Shore Railroad. In 1873, as an engineer, he took charge of the construction of the Kingston and Pembroke Railroad in Canada, and the following year, as a member of the firm of Hunter and Cleveland, completed the Lake Shore Railroad.

In the year 1877, the firm of Hunter and Cleveland was changed to Hunter, Murray and Cleveland, who engaged in the construction of the locks and works of Port Colborne, Welland, Port Dalhousie and other points along the route until the completion of the Welland Canal. In fact, the firm was among the largest contractors in that enormous work. They also built a portion of the Murray Canal connecting the Bay of Quintie with Lake Ontario, and engaged in deepening and improving many of the harbors along the lakes.

In 1883-84 the firm of Warren and Cleveland built the Pittsburg, Cleveland and Toldeo Railroad in Pennsylvania and Ohio, which is now a part of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad system.

Murray and Cleveland in 1888 entered into contract with the Dominion government to build the Gallops Canal around the Gallops Rapids, which is a portion of the system of canals to make the St. Lawrence River navigable for large vessels. Mr. Cleveland was continuously engaged in improving the St. Lawrence route for the Dominion.
At this point it might be interesting to many to learn that Mr. Cleveland also built the Gut Dam for the Dominion, which has caused so much discussion in our newspapers recently. It has not been removed by the Canadian Government, although it has not been determined with certainty that it had much to do with the high water in Lake Ontario in recent years. The dam had been there for several years previously causing no ill effects from high water on New York’s lake shore.

To illustrate how the attitude of the public has changed regarding the spending of money, it was rumored in Brockport during Mr. Cleveland’s employment in Canada that he telephoned his family here each evening at an expense of $1.62. this was regarded at the time as the height of extravagance by the townspeople.

Brockport citizens will recall the great task of widening the canal in the section which passes through this village by Mr. Cleveland in the early part of the century. The name of M. A. Cleveland was most familiar in those days.

Frank Skene, who built the abutments and approaches to five of the lift bridges in this section of the canal, made his home with his family at the house of this writer. I remember that the work was done with very little machinery. Horses and miles were sued for power in moving earth, not much efficiency compared with the huge earth movers we see on construction jobs today. More hand labor was sued as wages were low and all mechanical devices costly in comparison.

Mr. Cleveland built one of the units of the State Normal School which was located in this village. It was built in the early nineties of Medina sandstone quarried at the Sime farm a mile west of the village. It was a very modern looking building at this time; a chapel occupied the whole of the upper story with a high ceiling and long windows. On the lower floor the primary department of the training school was located. Later the chapel was converted to a gymnasium and the ground floor to a swimming pool and lockers.

In 1875, Mr. Cleveland marries Miss Ellen E. Smith, a daughter of Oril Smith of Sodus, and to them were born four children, Milo, Helen, Harold, and Florence. The present house on Adams Street was built in 1884 which was their home for many happy years.

Mr. Cleveland was ever watchful of every detail of his business and all indications pointing towards prosperity. He gained wealth, but it was not alone the goal for which he was striving, for he belonged to that class of representative American citizens who promote the general prosperity which advancing individual interests. Merritt Cleveland died on May 19th, 1912.
An Editorial

D. S. Morgan Built Fortune On Hard Work, Integrity

Dayton Samuel Morgan was born in the town of Ogden, Nov. 19th, 1819, and died in Brockport, Apr. 9th, 1890. He was the sixth in descent from James Morgan, the first American ancestor of the family who was born in Wales in 1607, and with younger brothers, John and Miles, sailed from their native country and arrived in Boston, in April, 1637.

The father of Dayton S. Morgan, Samuel Morgan married Sara Dayton in 1816, of the New Jersey family of that name. He settled in the town of Ogden, being a prosperous miller and farmer. Here D. S. Morgan was born, being the only son of these parents, his mother dying soon thereafter.

In the financial reaction of 1836 Samuel Morgan became overwhelmed and lost his property. He also became broken in health and survived but a short time. Dayton S. Morgan was then 17 years of age and was obliged to make his own career. He had secured such educational benefits as could be obtained from the district school of that time.

After his father's financial reverse, by in turn teaching district school and studying hard at night, with great struggle and deprivation, he finally obtained a course at the Brockport Collegiate Institute, which institution let to our present State Teachers College of the University of the State Of New York.

Dayton S. Morgan secured his first regular employment as a clerk in the Erie Canal collector's office. It was his first intention to prepare for a legal profession but finally decided it would take too many years of unprofitable application, being obliged to earn his own living.

In 1840 he decided to adopt a business career and in 1842 secured his first position. The following year he became associated with E. Whitney, a merchant of Brockport, who for those times was doing an extensive business, retaining dry goods, buying grain, etc. His ambition to succeed and his perseverance and application had gained for him a reputation as “a young man who was bound to succeed”, to the extent that in the spring of 1844 he was invited to enter into a partnership with William H. Seymour, a merchant of Brockport, and one of the wealthiest men of the section at that period.

Morgan had been able to save only a few hundred dollars and stated this fact in answer to Seymour’s proposition, but the reply was that it was not his money that was sought, but rather his ability and application. The firm of Seymour and Morgan was then founded and in connection with a large mercantile business established the Globe Iron Works in Brockport and began the manufacture of stoves and agriculture implements.
The following year, the Hon. E. B. Holmes, of Brockport, member of congress, while in Washington met Cyrus H. McCormick of Walnut Grove, VA., who was attending to taking out of patents on a reaping machine of his invention, and told him of the Globe Iron Works of Brockport and the character of the men in charge, advising him to come to Brockport. This he did very soon after the advice.

Since so much has been written recently about the development of the successful “Triumph” reaper by Seymour and Morgan, we will pass on by only stating that before Morgan became sole owner there occurred several suits for infringement, some of which became famous, involving very large sums of money and were not fully determined until reaching the United States Supreme Court at Washington. Men of prominence, some of whom became particularly so in the affairs of the nation, were associated as counsel. Among them were Abraham Lincoln, Edward M. Stanton, William H. Seward, and Judge Henry Seldon of Rochester. In all of these patent litigations Morgan was finally successful.

After he became sole owner, the concern was incorporated under the name of D. S. Morgan and Company and he continued as its president and active head up to the time of his death. A few years thereafter this large company, the outgrowth of the pioneer of its kind, bowed to the march of progress of the day and became absorbed by combination with other interests. The corporation which Mr. Morgan founded, erected in the heart of the city of Buffalo, the first so-called steel constructed office building built in that city, one of the most complete in the country, known as the D. S. Morgan Building.

Mr. Morgan became interested in various railroads and at one time served as vice president of the Central Branch of the Union Pacific Railroad Company. He was also one of those originally interested in organizing in 1869 the Central Crosstown Steel Railroad in New York City. He was a large and judicious investor in real estate and acquired much farming, timber, and city property. Convinced of the future of Chicago, he purchased in 1872 the 500 acres of land upon which the city’s suburb, West Pullman, is now built. That tract he retained up to the time of his death.

Personally, Morgan was quiet and unassuming in manner, refusing political ferment and avoiding publicity. While a man of great dignity, he was affable and approachable and always glad to receive suggestions from anyone in his employ. He possessed unusual will power, undaunted tenacity, and a high order of business talent, with honesty and pureness of purpose. At the time of his death he was president of the Brockport State Normal School board, a vestryman of St. Luke’s Episcopal Church, and a member of the Rochester Historical Society.

During his lifetime he performed many acts of charity in helping others whom he deemed deserving. Such he always performed without ostentation, avoiding publicity and many important acts of consideration for others were unknown until revealed after his death by those benefited. Indication of his character, when he had a competence, many years after his father’s financial reverses and death, he reimbursed to those the losses which had been incurred through his father’s misfortune.
In 1864, Mr. Morgan was married to Miss Susan M. Joslyn of Brockport. Seven children were born to them namely: George D. Morgan, William P. Morgan, Sara Morgan Manning, who still resides in “The Homestead” on Main St., this village, Susan Morgan, Henry Morgan, Gifford Morgan, and Gladys E. Morgan.
Republic-Democrat                                                                                                   Brockport, N. Y.

Dear Editor:                                                                                                           October 13\textsuperscript{th}, 1955

An Editorial

Byron E. Huntley, Industrialist and Philanthropist

Byron E. Huntley, who died in 1906, at the age of 81 was for a long lifetime one of the foremost business men in western New York. Of Scotch ancestry, he inherited those sterling qualities of untiring perseverance and incorruptible honesty which began to tell in the very beginning of his career.

Added to these was an intuitive knowledge of human nature, a marvelous tact in the management of men, a keen foresight of the shifting tides of the business world and of their significance, also a boldness in enterprise which was not inconsistent with a wise and cautious preservation.

Mr. Huntley was the son of Dr. Lyman Huntley, a surgeon in the United States Army in the war of 1812, and of Alma Upson Huntley. He was born at Mexico, N. Y., Feb. 6\textsuperscript{th}, 1825. While still a boy he moved with his parents to Fairport and in 1844 to Brockport. Here he entered the Brockport Collegiate Institute and later began his college course at Madison University, now Colgate University, located at Hamilton.

The failure of his health, however, compelled a change of plan and he entered the office of Fitch, Barry and Company of Brockport. This firm soon became the manufacturers of the McCormick reaper, the forerunner of the great harvester manufacturing industry of the world. In this machine Huntley became deeply interested and he was soon made a member of the firm.

Various changes in his business relations took place during the next few years, but in every instance it became evident that the field of his activity was to be that of the manufacture of agricultural implements. In the meantime his qualities as a business man were becoming daily more conspicuous and his genius for organization was revealing itself. In 1871 the evolution of business brought into existence the Johnston Harvester Company, of which Huntley was from the first the leading spirit.

In a day when the field of American industry was largely limited by our own shores, he looked farther and saw a vast untried field beyond the sea. Crossing the continent of Europe, he soon saw the realization of his dreams. Without difficulty he established European agencies and from that day forward the machines of the Johnston Harvester Company had been very large sales abroad.

In France, Germany, Russia, Australia, in the Orient, and in Africa the Johnston harvesting machine became known. For more than 30 years Mr. Huntley made an annual trip to Europe in the
interests of the company. He is said to have been better informed of the European business in American harvesting machinery than any other manufacturer in the United States.

So highly were his services as a pioneer in the introduction of American machinery to foreign lands regarded that the German royal family became greatly interested and the emperor Frederick attended the first field trial near Berlin in person. But a still greater honor came to Huntley in 1901, when in recognition of his distinguished services in introducing American labor-saving machinery into France, he was decorated a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor by the president of France.

In 1881 the extensive factory at Brockport was totally destroyed by fire and the company then rebuilt its works at Batavia, where shipping facilities were much superior to those at Brockport. Here the company steadily grew until its many buildings occupied a vast area, and its facilities for production and sipping could hardly be surpassed. Mr. Huntley became the president of this company in 1891, and held that office until the day of his death.

But it was not merely as a businessman that Mr. Huntley shown on both sides of the Atlantic. He was a philanthropist as well. He made money not to hoard it or to lavish it but to invest it wisely for the welfare of his fellowmen. He was always generous of instinct and in later years gave large sums to public and private benevolent enterprises.

The extent of his benefactions will never be known, for he was as modest as generous and often gave very large sums only on condition that no record of the gifts should be published. To the missionary societies of the Baptist denomination, of which he has been a faithful member from boyhood, he was a constant giver.

The Baptist Church of this village has reason to feel most grateful for the generous support and gifts Huntley bestowed while he was a resident of Brockport and attended that church as a member.

When the disastrous fire visited Market St. in 1876, the village saw the necessity of at once improving the firefighting equipment. A steam pumper was bought, one which had been on exhibition at the Philadelphia Exposition. The company then formed to care for and operate this fine piece of fire-fighting apparatus was given the name of the Byron E. Huntley Steamer Company to honor this friend of the department.

To the Rochester Theological Seminary he gave not less than $100,000. The home of the Young Men’s Christian Association of Batavia was his gift. To the Batavia hospital he not only gave generously from year to year, but shortly before his death he established for it an endowment fund of $10,000. On the same day he endowed the First Baptist Church of Batavia with an equal amount.

Many struggling churches in western New York and in the new states of the west were helped to their feet by his generous hand. Many poor families in Brockport and in Batavia have been
mysteriously aided at critical times by some unknown friend and have never learned who their friend was.

Mr. Huntley was stricken with something like apoplexy while at his desk in the winter of 1902. From that moment his business career was at an end though he lived for nearly four years from that time. His death took place at Batavia, September 28th, 1906, and his body rests in the Lake View Cemetery at Cleveland. He will be remembered as a sagacious and successful business man, a humble Christian gentleman, and a large-hearted and generous-handed philanthropist.
An Editorial

Samuel Johnston, Pioneer Inventor And Industrialist

Samuel Johnston was born at Shelby, Orleans County, in 1835 and died in Buffalo in April, 1911, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. G. H. Raymond. He was the fifth boy of a family of six, and early in life was left and orphan with very limited means.

While a youngsters he developed inventive genius. At 14 years of age he assisted his brothers, William and Arthur, in devising a machine for threshing wheat and other grains. At Middleport and in the shop and barn of another brother, John Johnston, who lived on the Hess Rd., Niagara County, the first separator in the world, which separated the grain from the straw, was devised. Johnston was at that time, 18 years old.

The very first invention of his own was a bean harvester. Having no money he induced an uncle, who had invented a road scraper, to get into a partnership with him and get the castings made. He then went to the shop of his brothers, William and Aarhus in Middleport and had the machine completed.

On his bean harvester he had an appliance for gathering the weeds. This gave him his first idea of the self rake. With that idea in mind, he took a Howard stiff bar mower and added a platform. It was very crude at first, and did not seem to be a success. Samuel at that time took care of the farm and also worked at his inventions.

While trying it in the field one day, Mr. Huntley, who was financial man that time of the Hubbard combined reaper and two-wheeled mower firm of Syracuse and the later partner of Johnston, saw the self rake machine at work. Previous to that time Mr. Howard of Buffalo had been interested in Johnston’s work. He was willing to give up his interests in the inventions and they were purchased by Hubbard.

Mr. Johnston then went to Syracuse, where he worked on the first self rake, which was laughed at and made fun of by nearly all who saw it. Hubbard was wide-awake to the possibility and tried to get control of the patent. Huntley warned Mr. Johnston and the two, together, prevented it.

At that time George Harding of Philadelphia, one of the best patent lawyers, proposed to Huntley that they start a company. That was done with a capital of $10,000. The first meeting was held in New York City, and the three men and Johnston interested James Thayer of Wall Street, who took some stock in the company.

Huntley and Johnston then came to Brockport and purchased a shop across Main Street from the site of the present Bauch Chevrolet Company and a small lot on the west side. In 1867, H.
N. Johnston, later a merchant of this village and an owner of much real estate here, became a member of the company and started to build on the site of the old shop. There being no shop accommodations as yet, 600 machines were ordered from C. C. Bradley of Syracuse. H. N. Johnston had charge of the sale department of the firm. Lewis Johnston, a nephew of H. N. Johnston, is a resident of Erie Street of this village.

The firm was known as Johnston, Huntley and Company, and in 1870 was incorporated as the Johnston Harvester Company, with a capital stock of $300,000. Later Johnston resigned from the company to perfect a low down harvesting binder on his own account.

At that time he had his splendid residence on State Street, which was recently town down and the site used for the Star Market. At the rear was located his experimental shop, and cinders left from the foundry there were seen at the rear of the Star parking lot during its construction.

In 1879 and 1880 Johnston was associated with D. S. Morgan and Company of Brockport and with them constructed the Morgan Works, now the site of the Brockport Cold Storage Company.

One can get an idea of the influence that Mr. Johnston exerted in the harvesting of grain, when it was told that at one time fully 95% of all the harvesting machinery in operation in the world were using his inventions. There had been many machines used before in grain harvesting but none of them could successfully handle grain. The original Johnston sweep rake reaper was the first machine made by the Johnston Harvester Company.

The greatest field trial ever held in this country, perhaps, was held at Auburn about 1865. While all the great manufacturers of reapers in the United States were represented, the Johnston controllable rake reaper on that day showed the makers of harvesting machinery that a revolution had been made in handling grain. Every reaper exhibited at the Auburn trial was finally driven from the field, and one after another of the great reaper manufacturers, such as McCormick, and Deering of Chicago, and Whitely of Springfield were forced to used the Johnston idea in grain harvesting. The Johnston machine was the first one invented and manufactured that would cut and handle all kinds of grain.

During his later years, Johnston had made a study of high temperature furnaces for handling ore. He worked in this country and Canada and had constructed several. He did not live to see them perfected as he had hoped. A company had been formed with a quarter of a million dollars of capital, ready to take up the idea when he was taken sick and died.

However, Samuel Johnston will be remembered chiefly as the greatest leader in inventions relating to the harvesting of grain. His body was brought to Brockport from Buffalo for burial in Lake View Cemetery.
An Editorial

Hon. R. Shannon, Soldier, Diplomat, Railroad Head

Richard Cutts Shannon, son of Charles Tibbets and Jane Randall Shannon, was born in New London, Conn., February 12th, 1839, and died October 5th, 1920.

He was educated at the public schools and Waterville (now Colby) College, Me., which he entered in 1858. At the outbreak of the Civil War, in response to the call of the president for troops, he abandoned his college studies and enlisted, May 10th, 1861, as a private in Co. H. Fifth Main Volunteers, and was appointed second sergeant.

In October, 1861, he was promoted to first sergeant of his company, frequently acting as adjutant of the regiment, and in March, 1862, was appointed aide-de-camp of the staff of Brig. Gen. H. W. Slocum commanding the brigade.

During the Peninsula and Maryland Campaigns of 1862 Gen. Slocum commanded a division of the Sixth Army Corps and Lt. Shannon continued to serve him as aide-de-camp, participating in the battles of West Point, Gaines Mills, Charles City, Cross Roads, South Mountain, and Antietam, receiving honorable mention in the official reports for his services.

In October, 1862, he was promoted to captain and assistant adjutant, general of volunteers, and was assigned to duty with the Twelfth Army Corps. He was taken prisoner in the Battle of Chancellorsville on May 3rd, 1863, but exchanged in time to be present the following month at Gettysburg, serving on the staff of Gen. Slocum, commanding the Twelfth Army Corps, and during the battle, commander of the right wings of the army.

Shortly after the Gettysburg Campaign he was assigned to duty at the recruiting station on Pickers Island, New York harbor, and later, when the station was moved to Hart Island, served there also as adjutant general of the post.

During the final campaign of the war, in 1865, he served with the Twenty-Fifth Corps before Richmond. In June, 1865, he accompanied the corps to Texas as adjutant general of one of the divisions and remained there until the close of the year, when at his own request he was relieved of any further military duty and ordered to proceed to his place of residence, where he was honorably mustered out February 10th, 1866, receiving, subsequently, the brevets of major and lieutenant colonel for his services.

In 1871 he was appointed by President Grant to be secretary of the United States legation to Brazil. In the exercise of his duties he twice acted as charge d’affairs ad interim. In August, 1874, he visited Europe on leave of absence, and having resigned from the diplomatic service in March, 1875,
he devoted himself to the study of tramway concessions in France, for which purpose he remained in that country until the end of 1875 when he went to Rio de Janeiro and took charge of the Botanical Garden Railroad Company, an American Enterprise of which he subsequently became the vice president and general manager, and finally president.

Returning to the United States in 1883 he pursued a course of law at Columbia University and in 1886 was admitted to practice at the New York State bar. During the years 1886-87 he made a tour of the world and on the 19th of September 1887, married at St. Paul’s Church, Knightsbridge, Hyde Park, London, Martha Ann Greenough, widow of Charles B. Greenough of this village.

In 1891, Col. Shannon was appointed by president Harrison to be envoy extra-ordinary and member plenipotentiary of the United States to the Republic of Nicacaragua, Costa Rica, and San Salvador and served until May, 1893. In 1892 he received the honorary degree of L. L. D. from Colby College.

In 1894 he was elected a member of the Fifty-fourth Congress as a Republican representing the twelfth district of New York; in 1896 he was re-elected to the Fifty-fifth Congress by an increased vote, but declined to be a candidate for re-nomination in 1898.

It was about 1903 that Mr. Shannon retired from active duties of life and returned to Brockport, remodeled the home where many pleasant summers had been spent, in which to spend his declining years. It later became known as the Roxbury Inn and is today a private home again of pronounced dignity and architecture.

Mr. Shannon, and also Mrs. Shannon, gave freely to many causes for the betterment of Brockport. Shannon Hall of the Baptist Church and the Carey Memorial Building of the Episcopal Church both were subjects of their generosity.

When the Kingsbury Bank was forced to close, (now the site of Weigie Clark’s restaurant) Mrs. Shannon paid all creditors in full, although she was under no obligation to do so, having no connection with its management. Mr. Shannon, during his latter years, enjoyed taking long strolls and had constructed a sidewalk from this village to Lake View Cemetery. He also had a fountain built there, as well as a vault for the family remains.

Mr. Shannon was a great student, spoke several languages fluently, and took great interest in all the affairs of his life. His death, as well as that of his beloved wife, which occurred in 1901, was mourned, not only by Brockport, but by the world at large.
Republic-Democrat  
Brockport, N. Y.

Dear Editor:  
November 10th, 1955

An Editorial

Brockway Saw Prospect For Village Here

Hiel Brockway was born at Clinton, Conn., in 1775. He was the son of Gamaliel and Azubah Brockway. About 1793 he married Phoebe Merrill. The Brockway’s probably migrated from New England to Phelps, as the records show that the daughter, Azubah, was born there.

The Brockways had 13 children, seven sons and six daughters, all of whom were born before the family arrived in Clarkson, and it was he who built the brick tavern on the southwest corner, recently torn down for a gasoline service station. Hiel Brockway was a man of about 48 years, in the prime of life at this time.

Even before the canal project had formed in the minds of the promoters, people from the New England States and eastern New York had begun to look toward western New York. How did they hear of the Genesee River with all of its possibilities, or of the unbounded area for agriculture? The soil of New England was too rocky for farming; those states were better adapted to dairying.

The enterprising men, who had built up Clarkson, had visions of the tremendous influence of the coming canal for the up building of their village. They did all in their power to have the route directed nearer Clarkson, but they were successful only in having it brought to within a mile of the settlement. This sealed the fate of Clarksons’ future for many years, and at the time opened the way for the future of Brockport.

So, to the natural course of the old Indian trail from LeRoy, and to the vision, pioneer spirit, and perserverance of the men of Clarkson we are indebted for the growth of this village. The two men, Hiel Brockway and James Seymour, had been given not only clear vision but keen business instinct as well. The canal commission planned for temporary terminus at Rochester. In the spring of 1820 James Seymour and Hiel Brockway, together with other prominent men, persuaded the commission to complete work as far as Brockport.

That portion of the village ground lying west of Lake Rd., then a highway of much travel, Hiel Brockway purchased of John Phelps 450 acres at $13 per acre. James Seymour bought from the northeast corner of the same line south to where is now Market St. The southeast corner was bought by Seymour and his two partners, Abel Baldwin and Myron Holley, south as far as Park’s farm, now South Ave., in all 247 acres.

Hiel Brockway was this the largest owner of village land and commanded the most means, and by common consent, gave name to the place. He was a man of great enterprise and business capacity, to build up the town, and to add to the value of the property, he offered liberal terms to those who would erect buildings. He also gave lots for the erection of churches, and some years
later, grounds for a college. Land was also given for the West District School, the present site of the abandoned Grammar School. This land, it reportedly was stipulated, was to revert to the Brockway heirs if it ceased to be used for school purposes. The site of the Baptist Church, Brockway also gave. The site for the Presbyterian Church was given by James Seymour. The site of the East District School was owned by Brockway and was sold to the village by his widow.

In 1822 Brockway began building. Dwelling houses built by him showed good architectural judgment. All were solidly built, well proportioned, and the rooms finished in fine woodwork. The number of houses built by him is not exactly known. So many brick houses were built at the time that the Indians named the village with a word in their language that meant “Red Village”. The clay for the bricks was obtained from a field north of Clarkson corners. The clay beds were owned by a man named Palmer.

Already under the leadership of this man, the village possessed a “boat yard”. This was located at the north end of what it now Utica St. To the building of boats was now added by Brockway the making of bricks. The yards became known as the “brick and boat yards”.

Not all of the houses in the village, however, were built of brick. The frame house still standing at the northwest corner of Erie and Utica Sts. was built by Brockway. Tradition has it that he, himself, occupied this house.

By 1823 some streets had already been laid out and named. Clinton St. was named for the canal; Fayette St. for General LaFayette. King St. was originally intended for an alleyway to the rear of Clinton and Erie Sts. State and South Sts. were laid our early, while Water and Union Sts. met the same fate as King St.

While Brockway and Seymour were good business friends that did not always agree on some matters pertaining to the betterment of the village. Thus, of all the village streets, only State and Erie Sts. cross Main St. at the same point, and they are not in complete alignment. The intersection of East and West Aves. with the Lake Rd. was named for one of Brockway’s son-in-laws, Wilkie’s Corners.

By this time business stores on Main St. were also under way, especially on the south side of the route of the canal, where provisions were made for docks and stored for the canal traffic. A canal collector’s office was also built a little east of the bridge. These docks and stores were reached by broad stone stairways on each side of Main St. and they are still in place, but little used. Many commercial buildings were erected at this time, one of which was the old American Hotel, which was recently destroyed by fire.

The present William Seymour house (library) was built in 1826 by Pelitiah Rogers. The house has been remolded since the early days. Rogers also built the frame house on the southwest corner of State and Park Ave. William Seymour bought the library property in 1833; previous to that time he and Mrs. Seymour had been living on Holley St. in the brick house now owned by Mr. Chilson. The brick house that was torn down at the southwest corner of Main and College Sts. to provide a
site for the present colonial dwelling, was the original farm house for the land reaching south to the Fourth Section Rd.

Brockway and Seymour, in their planning, committed one oversight in not setting aside a plot for a village park. The small one on Park Ave. was a part of the Cooley property which is now owned by Robert Iveson.

There are many persons living today who are distant relatives of the Brockway family. A great-grandson, Lamonte Brockway, Rochester insurance and real estate man, relates that the village was first called Brockwayport, a name that was almost immediately shortened to Brockport. Only one relative has remained close to Brockport. Mrs. Laura Brockway Arnold of Colby St. is a great-great-granddaughter of Hiel Brockway, the man who had the honor of having our fair village named for him, Brockport, a port of the Erie Canal.
DeWitt Clinton Envisioned Canal Across State

DeWitt Clinton, statesman, was born at Little Britain, Orange County, N. Y., on March 2nd, 1769. He was elected to the legislators in 1797, and in 1798 to the senate of New York State.

The Democrats elected him a United States senator in 1801 or 1802. He was an eloquent speaker and was appointed mayor of New York City in 1803, and served till 1810 when he was removed. However, he was re-elected in 1811 and served till 1814. His wise and efficient administration contributed much to the prosperity of the city.

He served as lieutenant governor for two years and was one of the seven commissioners appointed in 1809 to examine and survey a route for a canal from the Hudson River to the lakes.

He was nominated for the office of the president of the United States in 1812, receiving 89 electoral votes. In 1815, he gave a new impulse to internal improvement by being in favor of the immediate construction of the Erie Canal. This causes him to stand first in the list of promoters.

In the spring of 1817 a bill authorizing the construction of the Erie Canal passed in the legislature. Clinton was almost unanimously elected governor of New York about May, 1817. The canal policy was the chief point of issue in the election of 1820 and governor Clinton was then re-elected, but the opponents of Clinton obtained a majority in both branches of the legislature.

He was pre-eminent among statesmen for his comprehensive views and learning. While he filled the office of governor he was also president of the board of canal commissioners. He declined to run for governor in 1822, and the election of his adversaries caused him to be removed from the office of canal commissioners in 1824. That act excited the just indignation of the people, who elected him governor in the autumn of 1824, by a majority of about 16,000, a greater majority than any candidate had received.

The canal was completed in 1825. Gov. Clinton lived to witness the unexampled prosperity which it produced. The opening of the canal was celebrated with pomp in Oct., 1825, when the governor was conveyed in a barge through a triumphal procession from Lake Erie to the city of New York. He was re-elected governor for two years in 1826, declining the position of minister to England offered him by President Adams.

He wrote several short treatises on natural history. Clinton also contributed to the historical society a valuable discourse on the history of the Indians of New York State.

DeWitt Clinton died in Albay in Feb., 1828, leaving several sons and daughters. His stature was tall, his person well formed, his manners dignified and his presence majestic.
The Canal

A man names Jesse Hawley who had been buying wheat in the Genesee Valley first conceived the idea of a canal being built across New York State. While imprisoned for debt in the old Canandaigua jail he wrote 13 essays for newspapers which fanned public sentiment for a waterway across the state.

It was James Geddes of Onondaga who made the survey. Both Clarendon and Clarkson had hopes it would be directed through their territory. Clarendon proved to be too rocky a tract, but it was decided to be built near Clarkson.

The first spadeful of earth for the canal was turned at Rome. The 362-mile waterway was dug in three sections and under the contract system, in eight years, at a cost of over $7,000,000. It was truly said at the time, “They have built the longest canal in the world, in the least time, with the least experience, for the least money, and for the greatest public benefit”.

The canal was opened Oct. 26th, 1825, by the booming of cannons along its route. As first constructed it was 42 feet wide and four feet deep. Boat building had become a big business. Every little town had its shipyards. Soon the mules and horses were towing 4,000 boats. The packet boats brought many immigrants to western New York and many went on to populate the widwest. Previous to this time Canandaigua and Batavia were the only two villages of considerable size west of the Mohawk River.

It soon made New York State an economic unit. It made New York City the commercial capital of the new world and ended the supremacy of Philadelphia. It brought prosperity to western New York. Thirty-cent wheat became dollar wheat. The canal, beyond question, made the cities of Rochester, Buffalo, and Syracuse as well as most of the small towns on its banks.

The aqueduct built in Rochester, chiefly by Auburn prisoners, was 804 feet long, of nine arches, and was the longest stone arch bridges in the world. Its cost was $87,000. It was replaced later by a large one to accommodate larger boats. Weighlocks were built near the aqueduct to weigh the loaded boats. After being floated into the enclosure, the water was drawn off and huge scales were in place to determine the weight.

Toll collected for the passage of boats paid the cost of the canal in ten years. Already work was started to widen it to 70 feet and deepen it to seven feet. This took 30 years to complete and it cost the state $31,000,000. It should be remembered however, that when the tolls were abolished in 1862, “Clinton’s Folly” had earned $42,000,000 over and above the original cost, expense of enlargement, maintenance, and operation.

As late as 1903, when the Barge Canal was started, there were 4,000 boats on the canal. The Barge Canal was completed in 1918. The most pronounced change in its channel was at Rochester where the new waterway swings south of the city, crossing the river at Genesee Valley Park, instead of by the old aqueduct downtown.
The Barge Canal cost the taxpayers $176,000,000 to build, way nothing of the heavy burden since the maintaining a toll-free waterway. It was widened to 125 feet, (94 feet in cuts such as we see west of Rochester) and deepened to at least 12 feet in all places.

The advent of paralleling railroads and later the coming of the motor trucks have nearly sounded the knell of the canal. The canal must now be considered an aged pensioner who must be supported all of its days.

However, we should not be forgetful of its past benefits to millions of people. To sum it up: the Erie Canal, taking into consideration its capacity, length, interests involved, was the most important artificial waterway ever constructed. It hastened the local development of districts through which it passed, provided a market for the supplies of the west, and lessened the cost of food to every person living east of the Hudson River. All of its functions were beneficent.

Its gracious task was, “To scatter plenty o’er a smiling land”. It was well worthy of the fostering care it now receives.
Thos. H. Dobson And Son, Rodney, Solid Citizens

Thomas H. Dobson was born in Vienna, Oneida county, on Jan. 11\textsuperscript{th}, 1852, and died in Brockport on Dec. 11\textsuperscript{th}, 1930.

After coming here, he bought in 1876, the drug business of Timothy Frye, then located in the present Hitchcock Jewelry store. Here he continued in business for nineteen years. During the first few years he was alone in the store from early morning till late in the evening, and in addition made many of the tinctures, extracts, syrups, etc. In 1884, when the State Pharmacy Law was enacted, he received No. 17, Pharmacist’s certificate, which still hangs in the store.

In 1901, he bought out the Tozier drug business, combining the two stocks, and moving to the present site of the Thomas H. Dobson Drug Co., now operated and owned by the son, Harold Dobson.

It was in 1909 that the Dobson drug business was incorporated under the laws of New York state as the Thomas H. Dobson Co. Dobson was president and his son Harold, secretary and treasurer.

Upon completing fifty years in business a reception was held at the store. It is an unusual event, for men who remain actively in business for half a century. The store had become well known throughout the state as one of the leading drug stores.

At the time of the organization of the United Drug Co. (Rexall) the plan was personally explained to Dobson by Louis K. Liggett, who was then a salesman for an advertised medicine. Dobson became one of the first stockholders and was always an enthusiastic booster for Rexall remedies. At the present time the son, Harold, is a stockholder and president of Ellicott Drug Co. of Buffalo. It did a nine million dollar business this past year, has eight hundred stores, and is now building an imposing building in Buffalo. It was organized by a small group of Buffalo men.

During his long life in Brockport, Thomas Dobson was called upon to serve many positions of trust in the village and community. He serves as village president and as trustee of the board, and also served on the water commission.

He was one of the oldest members of St. Luke’s Church and served successively as Vestryman, Junior and Senior Warden. For many years he served as a member of the local board of trustees of the old Brockport State Normal School, and was appointed as secretary when Daniel Holmes died.

Dobson was one of the charter members of the Lakeview Cemetery association which is now one of the beauty spots of this section. He also served as its secretary and treasurer. In politics
he was a Republican. He was a member of the Masonic order for fifty-seven years having joined a lodge in Cleveland, N. Y. in 1873.

In 1887, Dobson was united in marriage to Mary W. Gardner, daughter of Rev. Henry V. Gardner, then residing in Holland Patent, N. Y. Two years later, he bought the house on the northeast corner of Utica and College Sts. facing the college campus.

The Dobsons had four children, Harold G. Dobson, Eleanor, (Mrs. Herman Meyer, Sacramento, Calif.), George G. Dobson, Rochester. Their youngest son, Lt. Rodney H. Dobson is remembered as the commander of the s-51 who went down with his boat when it was rammed by the “City of Rome”, on Sept. 25th, 1925.

At this time it would not seem to be amiss to quote in full from The Rochester Democrat and Chronicle of Oct. 2nd, 1925, regarding the above incident. The heading of the article was, “Dobson Gave Life Trying To Save Submarine And Its Men”. “Survivor and Famous Diver Tell Story of Hero’s Death”.

Boston, Mass. –Oct. 1st- (Special dispatch to the D and C).

Lt. Rodney H. Dobson of Number 60 College St., Brockport, N. Y., commanding officer of the s-51, was on the bridge of the ill-fated submarine when she was cut down by the steamer “City of Rome”, and deliberately gave up his life in a vain effort to save the lives of his crew.

These facts with the details of how the gallant commander lost his life, were gleaned from testimony given before the Federal steamboat inspectors in this city this afternoon and from the story related exclusively to a correspondent of the Democrat and Chronicle by diver J. W. Ingraham at the scene of the disaster this morning.

In Command At Crash

Lt. Dobson’s position at the time of the crash was made plain in the testimony of Alfred Geier, one of the three survivors, who declared before the Federal board that when he stumbled through the conning tower after being awakened by the crash he found his commanding officer in charge.

This testimony was taken to give the lie to the report that the deck of the submarine was in command of student officers when the craft was rammed and sucked off Block Island.

“My commander was on the deck when I came through the conning tower”, declared Geier speaking in a shaky and modulated tone. He was cool and calm at the time of the crash, but the silence of the steamship officers angered him.

“Cap’, as we always called our commander”, continued Geier, was yelling at the people on the steamship to throw us a rope”, he said “For God’s sake, throw us a rope down you . . . , why don’t you throw a line?”

Page | 199
On Bridge To Last

“Her rail was way above us. I could see a few figures of people looking over. Nobody threw a rope, or even a life buoy, or did anything for us as far as I could see.”

“I can hear ‘Cap’ calling now, the last words I heard, ‘Please throw a rope’. I was knocked off then, and the last I saw of ‘Cap’ he was still on the bridge”.

“Our captain was a good guy and he knew the game, all right. He was excited by kept his head and I don’t think he was frightened. If they had thrown ropes as he kept demanding, we could have made fast and saved everyone in the sub right there”.

From driver Ingraham, who is internationally known for his famous deep sea record the Democrat and Chronicle correspondent secured a verbal picture of just what Lt. Dobson did before his craft went to the bottom.

Gave Life to Save Crew

“I have raced up and down the deck of the S-51, Declared Ingraham, and covered every inch of the craft in the past two days. From what I have learned from the investigations, I am sure that Lt. Dobson’s last act consisted of a desperate effort to save the crew. That effort which only a well versed man can appreciate, prevented tons of water from pouring in on his crew”.

“Lt. Dobson went to his death as deliberately as a man could go”, he continued. “His last act was the pulling of the trigger to close the safety hatch. This courageous man stood on the conning tower of the submarine and deliberately cut himself off from any chance to escape by closing the safety hatch beneath his feet, that tons of water might not pour in on the unfortunate members of his crew below, and went down with her”.

Could Have Saved Himself

“I do not believe that the commander attempted to close the hatch from the inside and jump below. In the first place this could not have been accomplished by one man. Had he broken away from the submarine when he first arrived on deck, he could have been saved. Instead he remained with the craft hoping against hope, I presume, that a line would be thrown from the City of Rome. Such a line he could have made fast, and the craft would not have sunk. When Lt. Dobson finally realized that no help was forthcoming from the liner and that his craft was sinking rapidly, he then turned to save the helpless men below”.

“Every detail of evidence points to these facts, declared Ingraham. The fact that we have not recovered the lieutenant’s body is not strange. Although there is extreme danger, we are certainly searching for it, but the tides run swiftly here and in my mind his body was carried many miles to sea before even the first naval vessel arrived at the scene”.
Following the true tradition of the sea, Lieutenant R. H. Dobson went down standing on the deck of his craft. His body was never recovered.
Republic-Democrat                   Brockport, N. Y.

Dear Editor:                        December 1st, 1955

Abraham Smith, Baker, Grand Old Man Of Brockport

Abraham Smith, son of Edward and Joanne Cushing Smith, was born at Yarmouth, England, March 25th, 1845. As a boy he learned the baking business in his home town.

He left England on Sept. 29th, 1858, to come to American with the Woolston family, settling in Albion. The family later moved to a farm on the East Lake Rd., and he attended school at the Rising Sun School, now Torbe’s restaurant. In the early 60’s he entered the Brockport Collegiate Institute.

In 1867 he started in the baking business in Brockport in a store on the east side of Main St., near the canal. Fire destroyed the store, including others in the same block.

He moved his business at once to a store on the west side of Main St. owned by a Mrs. Palmer, now the Western Auto Store. This store had previously been a bank and the building still has the title “Bank” discernible on its front. You may also notice the high ceiling in this store. He purchased this block and remained in business there until he retired in June, 1914, on account of ill health. He died on Feb. 12th, 1921.

On May 26th, 1869, Abraham Smith married Elizabeth Bradford, daughter of William and Charlotte Bradford, who also came from England her parents settling in Brockport. She survived him nine years and during most of their married life they lived in their King St. home, now owned and occupied by Mr. and Mrs. George Marks.

Of their marriage five children were born: Edward William and Lena Charlotte, both deceased; Adah Joan of Rochester; Fred Abraham of Brockport, and Mrs. Ray Jessup of Fairport. There are two grandchildren: Ransford Smith of this village and Mrs. Claude Emery of Fairport. On May 26th, 1919, Abraham Smith and his wife celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary.

Mr. Smith or “Abe” as he was known by all of the townspeople, was a charter member of the Huntley Steamer Company No. 1 of the Brockport Fire Department, joining in 1877, and continued as a member until the company disbanded.

He started a class of nine boys at the Methodist Church Sunday School which grew into the men’s Bible class, and he continued to teach the class for 50 years. He also directed the church choir for several years.

At the time the vault was constructed in the Brockport Cemetery on High St., Mr. Smith was president of the cemetery association. It so happened that his body was the first to make use of it.
His son, Fred Smith, upon retiring from his position as director of baking at the school for
delinquent boys at Industry, returned to this village. The combined years in the baking business of
Fred and his father make an even 100; a most remarkable record.

This writer will not reveal Fred’s age, but “Rans” as his son is commonly called by most all
people who know him, states that it is not difficult at all to pass his father off to strangers as a
brother. This past summer Fred Purchased a new car and you often see him taking elderly people,
who do not have means to get about, to their destination.

Ransford Smith, the grandson of Abraham Smith, had quite a time finding out how his given
name was selected. The writer will let him tell you how it all happened. It is only one of the stories
of the many interesting events he relates to his friends.

No home talent minstrel show was ever a top success without Rans in it. This writer has
often thought, what a success he would have been as a monologist! A successor to the late Will
Rogers, perhaps. He certainly spreads cheer to all of his associates.

Ransford Smith is also a tireless worker for the good of the community. Many committees
for the betterment of society will find his name foremost. At present, as a member of the Lions
Club, he is chairman of the blind committee, whose efforts only recently purchased equipment for
transplanting eyes for corneal transplant. This has been placed at the disposal of the Lakeside
Memorial Hospital.

Ransford Smith is an active member of the Presbyterian Church and was a superintendent of
the church Sunday school for many years.

Miss Adah Smith, a daughter of Abraham Smith, now residing in Rochester, gave much help
to Miss Elizabeth Martin in compiling the history of Brockport during one hundred years of its
existence. She is now writing the Smith family record, which she started in 1919.

Mrs. Ray Jessup, the other living daughter of Abraham Smith, has made her home in
Fairport for many years. She jotted down from memory the many things that were brought to mind
of her girlhood days in Brockport.

One of her choiciest recollections was the candy that her father allowed her to have from his
bakery. Yes, many of us also remember those large pure licorice sticks from the glass jar, and the
flat, striped coconut strips several inches long. Where can you get such candy today?

Then there was the baker’s bread, such as only came from the Smith Bakery, six loaves for a
quarter. The yeast taste made you hunger for more. It was a great treat at our house when it was
brought home to relieve my mother of some of her daily routine.

Taken from the “Story Of Brockport For One Hundred Years 1820-1929”, compiled by
Miss Elizabeth Martin, into the only history of Brockport and its early settlers, she writes as follows:
“Abraham Smith was a man of unswerving integrity of character, a fine business man, and in his 54 years of business here no one was held in greater esteem by his fellow townsmen”.
Dear Editor:

Austin Harmon Aided Founding Of Brockport

Austin Harmon was born in Rupert, Bennington County, Vt., on Jan. 2nd, 1809, and died in Brockport on Apr. 12th, 1897, thus living to the advanced age of 88.

He made the journey to this village by packet boat on the Erie Canal during the summer of 1828. At that time Brockport was in its infancy and just about to become of some importance as a port on the Erie Canal.

In Vermont he had learned the trade of marble worker and did his first work here in the Minot Block, later destroyed by fire and now the site of the Dunn Furniture store. He also worked at his trade, part time, at LeRoy and Warsaw during the first year. One of his tasks was the lettering of mile stones which have now disappeared from the highways. He next had a shop on the site of the present Methodist Church.

For several years Mr. Harmon had a marble shop in the block where we now find Ward’s Dry Cleaners and Hitchcock’s jewelry stores. This building he remodeled when he moved to Market St. in 1869. Here he was later succeeded by his son, George Harmon Sr. The home was just east of the present marble works. The site is now used for a village parking lot.

In 1840 Austin Harmon was a trustee of this village for several years and also a justice of the peace for 15 years. In politics he was a staunch Whig, and later a steadfast Republican.

He was a most substantial citizen, prominent in the betterment of the social fabric of the village, thus aiding greatly in the founding of the village and establishing its future success. Throughout his life he was a devoted attendant of the Presbyterian Church. Besides the son previously referred to had had a son, Arthur Harmon, now of Philadelphia.

The son, George B. Harmon Sr., upon succeeding to his father’s business was later appointed postmaster of Brockport and served until his death in 1910, a period of 21 years. Upon his death, his son George B. Harmon Jr. was appointed to serve out the term, 1910-1912.

In 1885, Harmon purchased the insurance business of Charles M. Winslow which business is still continued by George B. Harmon Jr., in connection with the monument business.

For several years the elder George B. Harmon was secretary of the Agricultural Society. Upon retiring from that office he was elected an honorary member of the board of managers. He was also instrumental in the formation of the New York State Association of town fairs, of which he was secretary.
As a member of the local board of the old Brockport State Normal School his services were highly valued. Harmon was a Republican in politics and it was president McKinley who appointed him postmaster in 1889.

He was a man of culture and of experience and knowledge of the world and of men. Though a man of firm conviction, he possessed a broad tolerance for the views of others.

Harmon was united in marriage in 1876 to Miss Mary Catherine Crowe of Clarkson, a former native of New York City. Miss Crowe, a very brilliant lady, spoke several languages fluently.

To them were born four children: Austin M. Harmon, George B. Harmon Jr., Herbert D. Harmon, and Margaret Harmon. George, only, is surviving.

The monument and insurance business now being carried on by George Bliss Harmon, as the third generation, represents 127 years of uninterrupted business, a most remarkable achievement.

George states to this writer that in the early days only marble was used in the manufacture of markers and monuments, but it was later found out that granite was much more durable, being harder. It resisted the elements to a greater degree. It is also susceptible to a high polish which presents a beautiful appearance.

During this past summer Harmon has caused to be placed a mausoleum of beautiful granite in the Lake View Cemetery in memory of the William Brown family, a work of exquisite design and craftsmanship. The granite, being of complete uniformity of color, adds much to its beauty.

In addition to the arduous task of his business, George Harmon has served several terms as president of this village, always being elected with very little opposition, and often chosen unanimously. Several times he has refuse the honor when his business would not allow him to accept the nomination.

He has acted as president of both the Brockport and the Lake View Cemetery Associations and is, I believe, at present secretary and treasurer of Lake View.

For many years he has served on the Republican town committee, but has never sought a high political office, for which he is most capable.

George and Mrs. Harmon, residing on Park Ave., this village, have a daughter, Margaret, and a son George, both married. But they are not living so far from Brockport as to be unable to gladden the hearts of their parents by occasional visits by them and their grandchildren.
Dear Editor: December 15th, 1955

An Editorial

William Dailey, Produce Buyer Of Importance

William Dailey was of Irish Lineage, his parents coming to America in 1836, seeking agricultural advantages not to be found in their native country. After trying several locations in the fertile western part of New York State, the family finally settled in Sweden.

Dailey was one of several children and his early life was spent working at farm work and attending country schools. Although he usually worked on his father's farm, this writer was once told by his father that William, as a young man, worked an entire season for him. It was on the farm out East Ave., now owned by Dean Henion. On completing the season's work, he bought a rubber tired top buggy with his earnings, the custom of most young men of that time.

On Feb. 25th, 1875, he was married to Jessie McGary of Macedon. To them were born ten children, nine living to maturity, John, William Jr., Vincent, James, Donald, George, Oswald, Franklyn and Bertha.

In 1876 William Dailey started in the produce business, at first in a limited way, buying wool, beans, wheat, and fruit. This business prospered and later he was buying all of the barley raised by the farmers of this vicinity, also. The barley he resold to the Bartholomay Brewing Company of Rochester, later having elevators in Medina, Albion, Kent, Hamlin, and offices in Rochester.

It is an interesting story how William Dailey was brought to the attention of the Bartholomay Co. It is told, that while on his father's farm, he devised a method of removing the beards completely from barley, which had been a difficult task previously.

Dailey was a large stockholder in manufacturing industries in Brockport. When the market for barley ceased to be profitable, he encouraged the farmers to change to the raising of more wheat. His choicest wheat he sold to the shredded wheat plant at Niagara Falls. For this high grade wheat hr received a premium price, somewhat above the prevailing market price, a reward for sending them only the best wheat obtainable. This he faithfully did for many years.

He knew every farmer and his children within a radius of 20 miles by name. This memory for names was one of his gifts. The name of “Bill Dailey” was also on the lips of all the farmers of this region, a man they were proud to know.

To quote a passage from the pages of the History of Rochester and Monroe County Business Men, it states, “His connection with any undertaking insured a prosperous outcome of the same, for it was his nature to carry forward to successful completion whatever he was associated with. He has earned for himself an enviable reputation as a careful man of business, and in his
dealings he is known for his prompt and honorable methods, which had won him the deserved and unbounded confidence of his fellowmen”.

Of the children of William and Mrs. Dailey, only three survive, Vincent of New York City, a prominent Democrat political figure of New York State; Donald of Rochester, who was postmaster of that city for several years, and Franklyn, the youngest child of the family, who also resides in Rochester. A granddaughter of William Dailey, Miss Mary Bertha Palace, resides at the Pallace homestead on West Ave., of this village.
An Editorial

Orleans Herald Issues Patriotic Newspaper, 1889

The Orleans County Herald, devoted to the interests of the people of Orleans county, printed to celebrate the fourth of July in 1889, was done in red ink on the outside two pages, and blue ink was used on the inside two pages. Being printed on white paper, it represented our national colors.

It was a day of great celebration in Albion that day, sixty-six years ago. Many thousand people had gathered there to witness one of the largest parades the village had ever assembled. On the fair grounds there was a tent show, and previous to the parade, the Hon. Noah Davis, orator of that era, was to give the address to the multitude.

Joe. H. Campbell, editor and publisher of the Orleans County Herald, and formerly associated with the Brockport Republic, caused to be distributed among the attendance on that day over two thousand copies of the issue of his paper. This was, of course, in addition to his regular subscribers.

In a prominent place in the paper it was suggested that these papers be kept as souvenirs. It was, as a result of that request, that a copy has been acquired by the writer. On the margin at the top of the front page of this copy is written in ink that name Tillie Smith who, no doubt, took the advice of the editor and has kept this paper during all of these years.

The day’s “programe” is listed in the paper as follows:

“National Salute at Sunrise by Capt. Guenter’s Battery and Sons of Veterans; Steam Yacht Race at 9 a.m. on the canal; Exhibition of Albion’s new Water Works at 9:30 a.m. at which time Dye Hose will endeavor to lower their record, for a special purse; 10:30 a.m. Hon. Noah Davis will deliver the oration at the Court House Square.”

Formation of the parade is listed, which is to take place in the afternoon. Six bands and four drum corps are listed to furnish the music: “The Albion band leading the Harrison Hose Co. of Brockport and the Hart Protectives No. 3 of Albion.”

“At 9 p.m. the finest display of fireworks ever witnessed in Western New York will take place on Main St.” The fireworks are described in detail, the last demonstration being on of Palmer’s exhibition balloons with fireworks attached, and finally the words “Good Night” in letters of crimson.

“The steamer Frankie Raynolds will leave Brockport early on the 4th “without freight” with a load of passengers, run to Albion, take on a brass band, run to Knowlesville for passengers, and
carry them back after the fireworks in the evening. The steam yachts will also run excursions during
the day.”

Let us now turn to the make up of this large four page cumbersome newspaper, filled with
news local, state, and national.

Local

In the local column we first see this question: “How do you like us in Uncle Sam’s raiment?
Six carloads of horses from Nevada consigned to Moody, Hunter and Co. arrived at Albion
Tuesday. The amount of the freight paid was $1,860.78. The Albion News is ever ready to thumb
the nose of Justice Eddy.” (Evidently Albion had another paper at this time). “Mr. T. Burch of Barre
Center, had a lively runaway last Saturday while enroute for fishing. Mr. B. received slight injuries
while being dragged a half a mile holding on to the reins.” (Must have been made of sterner stuff
than people of this day.)

State

“There are said to be 18,000 Grand Army men who vote in the city of New York. The
annual convention of the Master Car Builders Association was opened at Congress Hall, Saratoga.”
(Street and railway cars, no doubt.) “Charles Engler, twenty-five years of age, while bathing in the
canal near Holley, was taken with cramps and drowned.”

National

“The largest deal ever made in the history of the petroleum trade was consummated recently
in New York City, when the Standard Oil Company purchased 3,500,000 barrels of pool oil at 91.5
cents per barrel.(Less than 2 cents per gallon.) The funeral of Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes was held at
Spiegal Grove, in Fremont, Ohio. Prince Albert Victor, oldest son of the Prince of Wales has been
affianced to Princess Victoria of Prussia, a sister of the Emperor of Germany. The reduction of the
public debt for June amounted to $15,000,000. The most versatile American has been discovered at
Mosberdale, Hillside County, Michigan. He is a regularly ordained preacher, but also practices
medicine and surgery, has proved his ability to gain a living as a cabinet maker, and is a skillful
draughtsman, surveyor, and fruit gardener”

On the back of this old paper we find a reprint of Rev. Dr. Falmage’s sermon of the
previous Sunday, subject: “How to make friends.” He was the greatest clergyman of that era, and his
sermons were read by many people.

The front page of this nine-column paper has devoted one to poetry, one to humor, and one
to advertisement. One poem is about the figures of speech.
“Wanted”

A hat for the head of a fountain,..
A glove for the hand of fate,
A show for the foot of a mountain,
A link for the chain of debate.

A spoke from the wheel of fortune,
A chip from the pole of the south,
A drink from the fountain of knowledge,
A word from the river’s mouth.

A drink from the cup of sorrow,
A look from the face of the storm,
A stroke from the arm of justice,
A ring for the finger of scorn.

A knock at the door of repentance,
A throb from the ocean’s heart,
A glance from the eye of the needle,
From Cupid’s bow, a dart.

A Brockport man gives the following testimonial for Kittredge Liniment in the column for advertisements.

Brockport, N. Y.

March 30th, 1889

I have used the various liniments in the market, but Kittredge Peerless Liniment excels them all, etc.
(Signed) Charles C. Cornes, Livery and Sales Stables. P. S. Send me, by express, six more quart bottles.

Also we find Hood’s Sarsaparilla advertised, but it having such a good reputation, it does not state what it will cure; but it warns the reader not to use any other make. We read also that “Abaltio” is the only successful treatment for cancer; also, Piso’s is a cure for consumption.

In the merchandise line we note: “Men’s suits selling for $5 and $7.50, “well worth more money”. Soft hats 50 cents to 75 cents. Men’s tan colored shoes only $2, “the novelty of the season”. Your tea, coffee and milk at 3 cents per glass, and sandwiches at 5 cents each at the W. C. T. U. lunch.

The village newspaper has changed much in size, form and contents during the past sixty-five years, and some of the contents of this old paper seem strange and perhaps somewhat amusing to us in 1955; but this writer is thinking that, no doubt, in the year 2020, sixty-five years hence, we may be viewed in a like manner.
An Editorial

William Winslow Assisted Many

William Winslow was born in Pittsford, Vt., in 1856 and died in Brockport June 13th, 1953. He was a resident of Brockport for 86 years.

It is a surprising fact that William Winslow’s grandfather lived during the lifetime of George Washington, and both he and his father lived during the lifetime of Abraham Lincoln. William N. Winslow was nearly 97 years of age at the time of his death.

Charles M. Winslow (1823-1910), father of William Winslow, moved to Brockport in 1867. At that time he became custodian of the Brockport Collegiate Institute and his wife, became matron. Later he became an insurance agent in this village and was in business for many years. On retiring, the business was sold to George Harmon Sr.

Job Winslow (1783-1828), grandfather of William, was born at Hardwick, Mass. He served in the war of 1812, later moving to Pittsford, Vt. with his family. He was 16 years old when George Washington died.

The father of William Winslow, Charles Melvin Winslow, married Nancy Elizabeth Smith, and to them were born the following children: William; Alice, later Mrs. Joseph Tozier; Louise; Nellie; and Charles.

William Winslow moved to Brockport from Hartford, Ohio, with the family in 1867. He received his early education in Brockport, attending the old Collegiate Institute. He was also a student at the Normal School under professor D. Charles McLean.

At maturity he secured a position as clerk in the drug store of Joseph A. Tozier, the husband of his sister, Alice.

A short time later he went into business for himself, opening a crockery and jewelry store where we now find the office of the Niagara Mohawk Power Company. Mrs. Ray Jessup, who was Elizabeth Smith, now of Fairport, in recounting those days writes, “Mr. Winslow was a handsome young man, and often gave me jewelry on my birthday which I, as a little girl, prized greatly”.

He also, in those early days, sold ice in this vicinity, obtaining the Cayuga Lake ice at first, and later building a pond, fed by spring water on the farm now owned and occupied by Fred Ellis. An ice storage house was erected near the pond also. At that time he had constructed a huge toboggan slide on the ice of the Erie Canal. It was located in the village just east of the gashouse bridge. His sons, in later years, made good use of the toboggans, sliding on Beech Ridge slope just east of Lakeview Cemetery.
The ice business led “Bill” as he was affectionately called by those who knew him well, into being superintendent of the water works here and also he became manager of the gas works at that time.

Following his experience with utilities Winslow became a traveling salesman for the Watson Wagon Company of Canastota, manufacturers of contractor’s dumping wagons, which were then in great demand. His territory extended throughout the west as far as Utah and into the south of Florida.

It was at that time he often wrote to this writer on his hotel stationary, making a cross on the window picturing the room he was occupying. He also once wrote that he had witnessed an automobile, still in use, of the make and model that the writer had very early possessed.

During World War I, when wagons and wheels were urgently needed for the army in Europe, Winslow was put in charge of the timber selection and cutting to facilitate material production in Kentucky.

Upon returning to Brockport had had charge of the construction and rebuilding of the summer home property of Edward Burns of Philadelphia. This property was located at Troutburg and the writer was employed by Winslow on the project during the season.

It was the next year, I believe, that the site was bought and construction started on the Winslow block, now the Strand Theatre Building. When completed, the structure consisted of four facing State St. and two on Main St. On the upper floor there were offices facing Main St. and the large Winslow Hall was located back of these.

Previous to the above time William had built three fine residences on Main St., occupying each at different periods during his lifetime. When it became necessary for the village to construct an auxiliary pumping station to supply additional water for the Quaker Maid Company, William Winslow at once subscribed for the bonds to make the project possible.

It was during his 27 years of retirement that he became most generous to elderly people who needed assistance. If the home needed a new roof, Winslow supplied it. His generosity was known only to the benefited parties, unless accidently revealed, so many of his kind acts were never known by the general public.

William Winslow was a charter member of the Protectives of the Brockport Fire Department. He was also a member of the Masonic fraternity and a Shriner.

In 1881, Mr. Winslow married Carried T. VanEps of Brockport, who died in 1892. They had two sons, Leon L. now of Baltimore, Md., and William V. of North Tonawanda, both now in the teaching profession. Surviving also, are four grandsons, Kenelm C. of Denville, N. J.; Armour C. of Baltimore; and Alvin R. and William R., both of Dayton, Ohio. Other survivors include three granddaughters, Anna C. and Louise C. Winslow of Baltimore and Mrs. Donald W. Pfeifer of North Tonawanda. There are eight great grandchildren.
In 1900 Mr. Winslow married Elizabeth Agnes Conde of Watervliet, who died in 1931. She was a woman of delightful personality and was instrumental in conceiving and building the Winslow Block. She was an ideal companion of William Winslow during her lifetime and greatly missed in her passing by all who knew her.

William N. Winslow was a man of distinguished bearing, always a person whom one prized knowing, a friendly person to those of his acquaintance and always ready to speak a good word for Brockport, his native village. His life was a great inspiration to his two sons to whom he was ever loyal and stimulation.

He was also proud of his sons and often spoke of their success. No doubt his influence was powerful and still is in the lives of those sons and their families.

William Winslow is buried in Lakeview Cemetery. On the family lot he placed a life-size stature of Mrs. Winslow in bronze, in appreciation and fidelity during many years of happily married life.
Dear Editor:

February 9, 1956

An Editorial

Butchering Time On The Farm

It was usually soon after the first snowfall that farmers started thinking about the butchering task. There were three reasons for this; hogs then failed to fatten as rapidly as previously, snow on the ground made a cleaner job, and the dressed animals would cool more rapidly and thoroughly.

The day before the time set, there was much preparation to attend to before the work could be started. The large cauldron kettle was set in place and filled with water for the scalding. Wood was procured for the fire and a large hogshead or barrel placed near the kettle. Then a platform, usually a stone boat turned over, was mounted near the barrel.

Now a strong pole must be strung between two trees to hang the dressed carcasses up for emboweling, and to aid in the cooling-off process. The gambrel sticks are laid near and scrapers brought out for removing the hair of bristles after the scalding is done. Often iron candle holders were used for this purpose. All knives to be used must be sharpened, and a table made ready in the backroom for dressing out lard, removing heart, liver and sweetbreads.

Two of the neighbors were usually asked over to help. One might be an expert in sticking, cutting the jugular vein without opening the windpipe; the other would know by experience the temperature of the scalding water by touching it with his hand in a quick movement after it had been placed in the barrel. Also, how long to leave the animal immersed for the bristles to loosen.

Formerly it was lawful to butcher animals without their being made unconscious first, but for several years past the law has required that the animal be shot in the head with a rifle bullet or otherwise made unconscious before the sticking. Recently, an instrument has been in use in France and England which propels a large slug to the head of the animal rendering it unconscious without even breaking the skin. Some large meat packing companies in this country have adopted this method. The Humane Society is at the present time striving to make its use universal.

After the pig has been scalded, and thoroughly cleaned on the exterior it is hung by placing the gambrel sticks through the tendons of the back legs. The interior of the carcass is now removed and one of the helpers is excused, usually the owner, and goes to the backroom to finish the dressing out. At the writer’s home this was the time when mother secluded herself for the day; so it became a man’s job throughout this affair of butchering.

Following a day or so later came the cutting up of the carcasses into sections for hams, shoulders, jowls, loins, bacon, spareribs, knuckles and tongue. Do you remember those spareribs with part of the loin left on? You had to be a farmer to know about them, as those kind could never be bought in any meat market.
Next came the packing of the pork in brine. When it held up an egg it was strong enough. Hams and bacon were cured in a separate “pickle” before smoking. Hickory wood was used for smoking if obtainable; if not, corn cobs were used.

The making of sausage and headcheese was also taking place at this time. The sausage was placed in six quart milk pans and covered with melted lard to keep the air out. This is why the name “pan sausage” came about.

The rendering of lard was another task to be performed. After placing the leaf and lobe lard into a large kettle and heating until it became liquid, it was poured into a sack and squeezed through. What remained in the sack were called scraps. Have you ever eaten potatoes fried in these scraps? You have, if you were ever around at butchering time. The main ingredient of that famous Philadelphia Scrapple is lard scraps.

This writer recalls one winter, while employed in sorting and packing apples, one of the men, who lived on a farm, used to bring headcheese sandwiches for lunch; and how he used to be kind to the rest of us at times, by exchanging them for some of our store food sandwiches. It often took some persuasion, however.

Have you ever been asked to a farmer’s breakfast of home cured ham and fresh eggs? If you haven’t, and ever are, don’t pass it up as you would miss the best tasting ham ever made.

Today, as we pass along the highways in winter we do not see the line of fresh dressed hogs, often from six to a dozen, hanging back of the house. Most butchering it being done in government inspected slaughter houses, or in large packing houses. These, we are told, are conducted in a manner to surprise one in the speed and efficiency of operation. “Nothing is wasted but the squeal,” was the old quotation and now that is not allowed to occur anymore.

Yes, the butchering of all animals, or nearly all, to be marketed for food, is done away with from the farm; except as this writer previously stated, the owner prefers to do it all, so his family will have the benefit of his skill in curing and the other preparations of the home product.

This is surely the age of speed and efficiency in all matters, but still this thought occurs, are we living better and enjoying life more as a result of all this rush through the years.

I leave this to the many who are in a position to answer, for fear I may be one with a prejudice, having spent my youth living in a rural community.

A. B. Elwell
Republic-Democrat                                                                                                   Brockport, N. Y.

Dear Editor:                                      February 16\(^{th}\), 1956

An Editorial

Why Song Birds Are Disappearing

Of all our song birds the robin has remained the most plentiful, although this past season only one pair appeared in our yard, when previously several pairs were contending for the right of occupation.

The greatest enemies of the robin are cats and crows. The former will kill both the young birds in the nest and the parent birds. The crow will rob the nest of both eggs and the young.

Have you ever noticed how this bird prefers the company of man? You seldom find them nesting in remote places, and never in the large forests.

This last summer the writer did not hear a note from the Baltimore oriole. If you have ever examined their wonderfully built nest, you ill find it to be made chiefly of the inner bark of cedar fence posts, and the long strings if hair from the tail of a horse. Occasionally, pieces of grocery string are added.

All three of these sources have practically vanished from this locality, so it has become most difficult for these beautiful birds to find nesting material.

It was not so long ago that their nests were a common sight, hanging from the very end of the limbs, high from the ground. The elm was the tree usually selected, and you wondered how a bird could construct at such a place a nest of that basket design. Also you were amazed how the eggs kept from breaking during a windstorm.

How about the blue birds, which used to be a common sight, especially on farms near here? They always selected a cavity for their nest, generally a knot hole in some old apple tree. The old apple trees have mostly been removed; and if a suitable place is found, along comes the starling and drives them out.

Did you ever notice how sharp a starling’s bill is formed? All birds, of near its size, are dominated by this bird with the needle sharp beak. This is one bird we could very nicely do without.

We still have a few cat birds nesting in thick bushes when it is difficult for the cat and other enemies to reach it. This bird gets its name from its harsh call when disturbed, but did you know it is also a fine song bird, as well? It can imitate several of our best song birds.

On the farm we still have the sparrow and horned lark which return early from the south, and are harbringers of spring. Soon after, the bob-o-link and meadow lark return. In the south the
bob-o-link is called rice bird. Both of these birds are becoming scarce, as nearly all land is now being put under cultivation. We certainly miss the notes of these two birds as we roam the fields.

The apple orchards which are now cared for so thoroughly have ceased to be a nesting place for birds. In the early days you would find such birds as the yellow billed cuckoo, whose flat nest of twigs were so sparse that you could see the eggs through the bottom. There was the mourning dove with a very similar constructed nest. The flicker which made a round bottom hole in a dead limb and built no nest with eggs that were a chine white, and thus very beautiful in appearance.

Then there were the smaller birds, such as the wren, who also chose a knot hole for a nesting place. The chirping sparrow, whose nest was lined with horse hair, and was very easy to locate. One of the last birds to return from the southland was the goldfinch, whose flight was most peculiar, as it billowed up and down while flying. This bird id often misnames “wild canary”.

It was in the forest that we found the most beautiful birds. The cutting of the trees has removed much of their habitat in later years. These birds were not always song birds, but they were most pleasing to view. Among those were the scarlet tanager, grosbeak, red headed woodpecker and blue jay.

The thrushes were most often found here in the shade afforded by the trees. Also the many varieties of warblers with their trills of short and pleasing noted. It was in the woods that this writer discovered the nest of the oven bird. It was located on the ground among leaves among leaves, and was nearly stepped on. Having a side entrance, it was only discovered because the bird fluttered out at our feet.

The phoebe and pewee, very similar appearing birds, are most often found nesting in open sheds or abandoned barns. Their notes are very much alike, also. The removal of old buildings have caused these birds to disappear, as has the barn swallow, we now find.

A most welcome newcomer from the south county is the cardinal: a beautiful bird of crimson color, and crested head. A still more rare appearance from the south is the mocking bird, but it has been seen by observers in this northern locality.

During the youth of this writer all birds had become so numerous that most farm boys had their collection of bird’s eggs. Taking one egg from the nest was the method of securing this cherished possession. No law was ever mentioned to forbid it; and one boasted if he had a most complete display.

Frank Lattin of Gaines, Orleans County, at the time, published a bird magazine called “The Oologist” and how eager we were, each month, to receive it. The magazine would be shared by all the boys in the neighborhood, and its contents discussed during our meetings. The old numbers are very much sought today.

We encountered many hardships and often were in great danger to secure some of those eggs. To secure a hawk’s egg, you would climb a slender tree, tie a rope around the top, and have a
companion pull you over to the big tree near the fist limb. (We had no climbing irons among us.) Don’t ever try this unless you’re young, or you will get short of breath getting over that first limb, and wish you hadn’t attempted it.

The despised English sparrow may yet become popular, if our dong birds continue to disappear. Let us hope that we are never deprived entirely of their cheerful songs, or the pleasure of viewing their beautiful plumage. It would ten, indeed, be a much less glorious world in which to make our journey through life.
Dear Editor:

An Editorial

Burt Elwell Recalls Work As Farmhand

Having taught a district school of nine grades for two years, the writer was advised by the doctor to take a job on the farm. This was the year 1902, and that autumn I came to Brockport to reside.

On April first, employment was secured in Orleans County on a Clarendon farm near Bennetts Corners, owned by Edward Rodwell. There were three brothers, Henry, Bert, and Edward, each owning a farm near the other.

The first two days will always be remembered for their lonliness. The first day I was directed to scrape loose bark from the trunks of apple trees. This loose bark was supposed to be a refuge for destructive insects. On the second day wood was sawed with a buck saw. That is a task which requires moderation if you are to last out the day. You may already know this by experience, but the writer had to find out, as the day advanced.

After those two days, with one exception, the work became routine, and is not remembered. The one exception was the day I was sent to dig post holes in hard red clay while the neighborhood had journeyed to Troutburg for its annual picnic. The accomplishment for the day was ten holes dug three feet deep. It seemed like a very small day’s work and the writer was worrying about it, until told that the workman on Henry’s farm had dug only eight in much lighter soil.

Being furnished a spirited team to work that season, many exciting experiences occurred. One horse was a bay and the other a roan, and they were so tall it was very difficult to throw the heavy harness on them. They were large and so strong that a third horse was never needed to be added to the team.

Two runaways occurred with them that summer. The first one happened when the writer failed to reach other and drop the opposite tug before they made up their minds to go to their stalls. The wagon was upset as it was pulled out of the bard before the remaining tug broke loose.

The occasion happened on the Burr Rodwell farm south of Bennetts Corners, about a mile long from their stable. They were left standing attached to the hay rake for a few seconds to procure a neck-yoke a short distance away, when they decided, instantly, to go home. This they did, running at top speed and leaving the rake on its side at the top of the highest point in Orleans County: the wheel uppermost spinning with the sky in the background.

One other tome they were resting hitched to a spring tooth harrow, when one of them reached between them to bite at a fly and caught his mouth on a cross line. Quicker than it takes to
state it, both horses were down on top of the harrow. Ed, who had his team nearby, rushed over
and held their heads down while they were loosened from the implement. Neither horse was badly
injured, and continued to work the remainder of the day,

All three farms had dairy cows and much other stock to attend. We would arise at 4:30 a. m.,
work in the field till 6 p. m., have supper; and it would be nearly nine o’ clock when we finished the
many chores.

It was decided to attend a cattle sale at Syracuse to but some purebred Holstein stock to add
to the present mixed herd. It was suggested that the writer might like to go along, paying his own
expenses. The offer was gladly accepted, so as to be able to get away from the drudgery of farm
work for a change.

Edward and the writer went to Syracuse the day previous to the sale, stopping at the
Winchester House, a large hotel, but quite ancient at that time; no doubt it was razed many years
ago. The other two brothers came the morning of the sale.

The auction was held in a large room and a big crowd attended. The cattle were brought in
from nearby stables to be viewed by the prospective buyers. The auctioneers name was Kelly, and
one of the fastest and best I have ever witnessed. If you made one bid, or purchased a single animal,
he retained your name and location in that large group and endeavored to sell you additional cattle.
The Rodwells purchased eight head of cattle during the sale. The highest they paid was $125 for a
purebred Holstein cow. Milk was selling at the Holley cheese factory at this time for less than a
dollar a 100 pounds. (About two cents per quart.)

By the time a freight car was spotted and the cattle herded into it, darkness had set it. It was
another hour or so before the switch engine came onto the siding and took the car to the main track
and on westward.

About this time Edward started worrying about his family, and how things were carrying on
at home. It was then that this writer suggested that he take my ticket and return on a passenger train,
thinking it would be eventful for me to ride in a freight car with those cattle.

When nicely on our way we bribed a brakeman, after much persuasion, and a gift dollar to
let us take a lantern. This he said was strictly against the rules.

The ride in that “side door pullman” was far less enjoyable that expected. There was no
chance to sleep, even if it were possible, for fear the cattle would stampede to your end of the car.
When daylight began to show in the eastern sky, our spirits took a slight rise. However, when we
reached the freight yards in Rochester, the writer bid his departure and proceeded the rest of the
distance in a day coach.

An amusing incident happened after returning. Because of the price paid for that
thoroughbred cow, it was decided to use her milk in the home. She was giving 60 pounds of milk
daily at the time. It was not long, however, before it was suggested that it might be well to bring milk
from some other cow to the house for the use of the family. The new cow was supplying quantity, but not richness in quality.

Today we have, living here at Bergen, one of the best auctioneers in this country. Harris Wilcox was recently elected president of the livestock auctioneers of the nation at Omaha, Neb. He is well versed in the pedigrees and value of pure bred stock, and usually takes full responsibility and management of a sale, when chosen.

It is well worth your time to attend a large auction sale. You not only enjoy the excitement and study the mixed crowd of people from all walks of life, but will meet friends you have not seen in a long time. All this is provided, even though you do not succeed in buying a single article.

The auction sale is a method of disposing of all kinds of property, that will long endure.
Dear Editor:

March 1st, 1956

An Editorial

Recalls School Days At Old Bennetts Corners

Upon attaining the age of 13 this writer was moved from the small school across the orchard from our home by the family and sent to the larger school at Bennetts Corners.

There were two reasons for this: there would be more competition at the large school of 40 or more students, and having a man teacher the discipline, which was much needed in my case, would be attended to, it was thought.

The school was over a mile from home and that first winter my brother attended with me, driving when the weather was bad. We stabled the horse in the elder Coy’s barn, just south of the school. As he would take no cash payment, we would bring him corn on the cob for his chickens.

It might be well to state here that one day previous to my attendance at Bennets Corners, a group of students came from their school to visit the smaller school, as theirs was not in session that day. My conduct for that day was, no doubt, observed and talked of upon returning to their school the next day. I recall one incident, that when the visitors passed notes, I jumped up and said to the teacher, “You don’t allow us to do that”.

Daniel Alberts, the new teacher, very soon gave me to understand what discipline in a school was like. I was soon brought into line by two threshings, neither of which I deserved at the time, but as a result of my past behavior; and there was no doubt that I had it coming to me. I had resolved to behave myself, because I knew I had to; but of course he did not know that.

Dan Alberts was a splendid teacher and respected by all of his students. It was his first year teaching, but he taught many years thereafter. During the latter years of his active life he traveled, selling school text books.

You attended his school to learn, and that became imbued in every student’s mind. Many went from that school on to the Normal at Brockport and became teachers themselves. It is remembered that during the school year he had the students give a play, with many taking part. This, of course, endeared him to the students and their families. The school house was filled at such times.

The students attending at the time as recalled by the writer were: Brit Stuckey, my seat mate; Ada Wadsworth; Beulah Wadsworth; Rose Ryan; Ida Omstead; Myrta Omstead; Charles Potter; Frank Potter; George Potter; Carrie Lyman; Ada Warren; Rena Warren; Cora Warren; Fred Warren; Charles Lesso; William Lesso; Bertha Lesso; Henry Rodwell; Bert Rodwell; Edward Rodwell; Allie Williams; Frank Williams; Viola Williams; Rose Williams; Effie Williams; John Reixinger; Frances
Potter; Florence Potter; William Elwell; and the writer. No doubt, there were several others not mentioned here.

The boys used to play basketball on the school ground during the noon hour in warm weather, and the teacher would usually join in the game. During the winter we used to go over to Willis Warren’s barn, nearby, to do stunts at time. I don’t remember that he ever objected to our being there.

Samuel Fincher, an old Civil War soldier, who lived alone in a small white house on the southwest corner, used to be the target for the older boys to play tricks on. Although he was somewhat peculiar, they should have been ashamed of themselves. It has been said that he used to walk to Brockport, a distance of five miles, to attend Grand Army parades and meetings.

Often the writer would go with John Reixinger to the woods after school looking for ginseng, leeks, artichokes, or unusual flowers, shrubs, and other plants. The birds became a study; also Jack knew the name of every kind of tree that grew in the forest in the locality. He would make bows from hickory and arrows from basswood.

I remember his father made rulers from hickory, stained and polished them, and gave them to the teacher at the small school I first attended. This made him disliked by the pupils, but perhaps the teacher should have taken the hint and used them more often to discipline the pupils.

You could learn much about nature from John Reixinger, although he cared very little about school books. He gained much knowledge and satisfaction from the study of the things he found during those trips to the woods. This writer would often get chastised for being late getting home from school after going with him.

One of our favorite pastimes was going fishing to the canal, a distance of about one mile, cross lots. I remember sitting on the bank all day one Saturday fishing. A lady who lived near, saw us and sent our dinner out. Her name was Mrs. Kingsley.

One Saturday morning we planned to go early after hickory nuts on the George Taylor farm. I overslept and Jack went alone. He was observed by Mr. Taylor, given a severe lecture, and made to empty his sack of nuts. John was sore at me for a long time because I had planned it with him, and failed to suffer the consequences. John Reixinger was living near Fancher with his sister, Miss Addie Reixinger, according to the latest information known to this writer.

Recently on a trip to Alabama game preserve to witness the geese that stop there on their migration, we passed the Bennets Corner school house. It, like nearly all country district schools, had been abandoned. Some have been converted into dwellings, but this old schoolhouse still stands there unchanged except perhaps a little more weathered during the time it has been vacated.

Daniel Alberts died in 1940 at Chicago. A daughter is now living on Long Island. He was a brother-in-law of Mrs. Arch Browne of Brockport, having married her sister. Of the students who attended the school at the time only Miss Rose Ryan of Holley; Mrs. Rose Williams Owens, now
living with her sister, Mrs. Mable Williams Good, at Brockport; Mrs. Effie Williams Bastian of Rochester; and John Reixinger of Fancher are known to be living by this writer. If others are known and also their addresses by a reader of this paper, the writer whose address is Brockport, would be very grateful for that information.
Republic-Democrat

Brockport, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

March 8th, 1956

An Editorial

Mrs. Ray Jessup Recalls Gay 90’s in Brockport

Fred Smith of this village recently received a letter from his sister, Mrs. Ray Jessup of Fairport, stating the events of her childhood that have remained in her memory.

Their home was on King St., their father being Abraham Smith who conducted a bakery here during all of his active years. The story of his life was printed in the December first issue of this paper.

Ray Jessup, whom Elizabeth Smith married, lived at what is now the Presbyterian parsonage with his parents. His father was general manager of the Rochester Wheel Works at the time. Later Ray went with his father to Newark, N. Y., who became associated with Wayne County Wheel Works.

Soon after this Ray Jessup became connected with the Comstock Canning Company at Egypt, N. Y., residing in Fairport where he and Mrs. Jessup have since made their home. They have, however, been in close touch with the happenings here. Ransford Smith, her nephew, she refers to as “the dear fellow”, showing her fond affection and regard for his wellbeing.

These are some of the recollections of Mrs. Jessup’s childhood: Old Fellow’s Hall on King St.; The American Hotel; Gus Harret, as the barber at the hotel; Benedict’s Shoe Store and being given extra shoe buttons; Mrs. Crowley’s hat store on Erie St.; Whitney’s dry goods store; Patton’s Drug Store and soda fountain; and candy at her father’s bakery.

Will Winslow’s Jewelry and crockery store, and that he gave her jewelry on her birthdays; Sam Thurber, the milkman, who would dip two quarts into a pail from a large can, and also an extra dip. Mr. Bupp, the garbage man, who shed tears when her thirteen-year-old brother died. It was the first funeral A. D. Dailey conducted in Brockport.

There was N. B. Baker, the photographer; you had your choice, tin type or regular photograph; the George Corne’s Meat Market and the calkes liver he would throw in as a surprise; the kind neighbors on King St.; happy days at the West District School, Mrs. Eliza Knowles and Mrs. Louise Allen Brown, teachers.

Trips to the woods in the summer; the sleigh rides on a winter afternoon; the only after dark events, the school entertainment with at least 40 students on the program, usually followed by a candy pull. How the boys used to annoy Casper Walters when they would shake his prize apple tree.
School days at the Normal, with Mrs. Mary Cady and Miss Mary White, and how we loved both of them; Mrs. Cady reading a chapter from the Bible and a prayer each morning, which made the world a better place to live.

Events which have stayed with her also are Mr. Butts’ oration at the flat iron park on Park Ave., following the Decoration Day parade; the fireman’s parade, always held on the 12th of June, with Harvey Ball as drum major and Everett Scott as assistant; the torch light parades and stirring music by the 54th Regiment Band of Rochester.

Uncle Tom’s Cabin in Ward’s Opera House; Brockport Fair and Mr. Gallup riding his handsome horse to police the race track. William Paige, with his rapid fire mental ability to add several rows of figures simultaneously, and how he delighted to stump the Normal students in oral solutions in arithmetic.

Mr. Peterson, even with only one arm, was to claim he could whitewash any wall and ceiling without spilling a drop; Calico Jack driving to town a spirited horse dressed in manlike attire, not unlike the fashion today; the pride the Chinese Laundry took in their July celebration for the public to witness; the beautiful music Will Bentley made when he played, “Listen to the Mocking Bird”, on his harmonica.

The hot house of that genteel couple, Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Frey; playing in the Heinrich Orchestra while their sister was studying at college; Bully, as he was called, put soul in his violin. There was George, Louie and Fred Heinrich, Ed Broren, Craig Graves, George Harmon, Roy Doolittle and others. I was greatly honored to follow Kate Getty as organist of the Presbyterian Church. She and her brother, Harry, were in a class one seldom hears today. Miss Elizabeth Richmond was my choir director. I was only 10 when I played for Julian Tozier to sing “The Holy City”. Duncan McPherson would come in for a vesper service when I would promise to play his loved Scotch tunes.

The two outstanding men in my girlhood life, were grandfather William Bradford and my father, Abraham Smith. With this tribute of praise, Mrs. Jessup concluded her recollections of Brockport during those early days.

Other people and occurrences of those old days that Mrs. Jessup might have mentioned come to mind: Charles Rutan, bill poster for coming events at Ward’s Opera House; George Estes, whose slogan was, “Hold Your Base” often repeated in conversation on Main St.; Dick Meehan, who asked Prof. Tooley what colored red ink to get when directed to bring some to class the following day.

Jim Blaine, the genial porter at the American Hotel who helped guests to enter and depart as the hotel bus drew up in front; the old gentleman Braught who carried a basket containing stones to throw at boys who annoyed him; and Mrs. Dean who lived on Clark and claimed to be over 100 years old. (The writer once took her picture for the newspapers, and she thought it should be worth a pound of tea, which was agreed upon.)
Chinny Howard (so names on account of his beard) who used to get arrested frequently for leaving his horse unattended on the street for long periods. The law backfired once though, when Howard produced witness that he had taken his horse home, fed it and returned, tying it to the same hitching post on Market St.

Professor McLean chasing boys away from the girls dormitory and off school grounds at night; attorney Homer Holmes electioneering for William Jennings Bryan on Main St., using the slogan, “sixteen to one silver issue”: Dennis McIrnery, the fish peddler, blowing his horn as he passed along the streets; Jay Pease wearing those large diamonds; Joe Dushan and his colorful painted ice wagon; and the bicycle craze of the nineties, when it was not unusual to take a century ride on a Sunday.

This was Brockport, as remembered, during those years before the turn of the century.
Gifford Morgan Managed Firms With Ability

Gifford Morgan was born in Brockport June 4th, 1873, and died in Miami Fla., on Feb. 3rd, 1944. He was the youngest son of Dayton S. Morgan and Susan Joslyn Morgan.

At the time of his death he was president of the Brockport Cold Storage and doing extensive farming. He was also president and treasurer of the family-owned Morgan Building in Buffalo, the first steel-constructed office building of that city. Several years previously he had been president of the Rochester Wheel Company. The buildings were later converted to be used for the Brockport Cold Storage Company.

The factory buildings were built by Dayton S. Morgan to house the great Harvester Manufacturing Company of which he was president. The business was discontinued when the death of D. S. Morgan occurred. With all the business ability that Gifford Morgan later displayed, it is assured he would have been capable and desirous of continuing that initial and world famous industry, had he been of sufficient age at the time of his father’s death.

For more than 20 years Gifford Morgan was a member of the board of the Brockport Normal School, now Brockport State Teachers College, and served as president of the board for several years of his tenure. He was interested in the development of the school to the status of a teachers college, and worked diligently to bring it to fulfillment. He was also interested in the building of suitable structures to perpetuate its lasting existence. In recognition of his services, the name Morgan Hall is placed over one entrance of the college dormitory on Kenyon St.

When the Brockport National Bank was founded after the First National Bank failed to re-open succeeding the bank holiday, Gifford Morgan was the organizer and only president. The Brockport National Bank was later acquired by the Lincoln-Alliance Bank of Rochester.

Following his attendance at grade school in Brockport, Gifford attended the Canandaigua Academy and Union College and served as a Republican State Committeeman for several years.

During World War I he was named Assistant County Fuel Administrator under the Federal Fuel Administration, and placed in charge of the county outside of Rochester. In that post during the years of 1918 and 1919, a period that produced difficulties which were as trying to him as they were to the fuel dealers themselves, he was most successful.

It is a saying, “to know people well you must live with them”. This writer shared camp life with “Gif”, as he was called by his close friends, and with several other men on three different occasions. That he liked people became quite apparent during that association period. He once
remarked to this writer in these words: “Cultivate all the friendships possible, and in the end you will find you do not have a great number of true friends”.

Gifford possessed a good sense of humor, and it is remembered on one occasion when he was attired for attending a wedding, top hat and all, he came to where we were working and said: “Take a good look, as you will not likely see me this way again”. One other time he told of a joke on himself. He had taken a man out to dine with him, with whom he wished to do some business. After the meal was finished the man looked directly at him and said: “Well, Morgan, what is it you want”?

During his leisure time he became greatly interested in nature; birds, trees, shrubs, and plants were observed, and he studied them to learn their value in the scheme of life that surrounded him.

With the above in mind he established a park for wildlife on his property. He caused to be constructed two large ponds for water fowl, and a log cabin brought from his mother’s farm and reconstructed on a grassy plot and then proceeded to plant specimens of wildlife that he admired, keeping in mind that he wished it to be a refuge for birds, and that they would find food there also. He also built many bird houses near his residence and at his summer home at the lake.

George Guelf was consultant during this time and the late Ernest Fowler of Clarkson assisted in the planning and arrangement. This past summer the writer was shown through the park during the berry season, and the birds were well supplied. The large ponds presented a pleasing setting among the shrubs as we rested at the log cabin. It was an afternoon well spent.

Gifford Morgan was a lifelong member of St. Luke’s Episcopal Church and a junior warden of the church. He was also a member of the Country Club of Rochester, Genesee Valley Club, Rochester Historical Society, New York State Historical Society, Rochester Yacht Club, Brockport Yacht Club, and the Society of the Genesee.

He was very fond of boating and possessed at different times several small sailing crafts in addition to the larger one he later owned. This, “The Sea Maid”, was a large sailing vessel with two masts, yawl rigged, with engine and cabin accommodations sufficient for long cruising. This boat he was obliged to keep at the Rochester Yacht Club dockage as there was not sufficient depth of water at the entrance of Sandy Harbor. He took the cruiser through the coast channels to Florida and return, and later to his brother’s home on the St. Lawrence River.

Gifford Morgan married Miss Fanny Baldwin of West Orange, N. J., on Feb. 20th, 1899. To them were born three daughters, Frances, Sally, and Jane.

Surviving, besides Mrs. Morgan, are the three daughters who are now Mrs. Frances Morgan Garlook of Kendall, Mrs. Allen T. Mills of Rochester, and Mrs. Luther Gordon Jr. of Brockport and Hamlin. Four grandchildren and two great-grandchildren are also now living to gladden the hearts of their families.

Gifford Morgan, thought by some to be somewhat austere in manner, was just the opposite in reality, when you knew him in close association. In a position to take life easy, he chose to lead an
active life and thereby did much constructive thinking which he followed through with operations that benefited many people. He was a good man for Brockport and will long be remembered; his counsel is much missed by its citizens.

Gifford Morgan was buried in Lakeview Cemetery on the family lot near the tall shaft that marks the location.
An Editorial

In 1886 George Gordon Sr. Built 14 Farm Barns

George Cooley Gordon, Sr., was born in Rushford, on the first of July, 1849, his parents being Luther and Florilla Cooley Gordon, who were mentioned in a previous article.

George Gordon was nine years old at the time his parents moved to Brockport. He attended the Collegiate Institute, his education being further continued in the Rochester Academy.

On attaining his majority he joined his father, Luther, in the lumber business, the latter being at the time one of the most extensive dealers in that line in this part of the state. They carried on a business under the firm name of Luther Gordon and Son.

Unlike many young men who have the opportunity to enter upon a successful business established by a father, he made it his purpose to thoroughly familiarize himself with the business. He worked persistently and earnestly to acquaint himself with every detail. His usefulness soon proved to be a potent element in the success which attended the vast and varied business interests of the firm. The son assumed full control upon the father's death in 1881, and in the management of the affairs he displayed most excellent judgment. He enlarged and extended his operation in many directions.

This writer has occasion to know that one contractor, Nathan Davis, built 14 gambrel roof barns in this vicinity in the year of 1886. Mr. Gordon had all of these barns under contract, furnishing both lumber and labor for their construction. One of those barns was built on my father's farm that year by Mr. Gordon.

He succeeded his father as president of the First National Bank of Brockport and held that position throughout the remainder of his life. Mr. Gordon was recognized as a man of great strength of character, high purpose, and lofty principles. His activity and energy left their impression upon the community where for many years he was a leading businessman.

At the time of his death he was also president of the Brockport Loan and Building Association and trustee of the Fidelity Trust Company of Buffalo. Energetic, progressive, and thoroughly reliable, he won the unqualified confidence of all with whom he came in contact either, in business or social life, and in his death the community mourned the loss of one whose value had long since been proven and whose genuine worth endeared him to all who knew him.

On the 18th of October, 1873, Mr. Gordon was united in marriage to Miss Ida M. Hooker, an estimable lady, to whose wise counsel and aid he contributed much of his success in life. They
became the parents of five children, Luther, George, William, who died in infancy, Fred, and Thomas.

There are still many people living in Brockport who remember the elegant livery of the Gordon stables located at the rear of the yard. the grand tallyho, with the driver of four horses up front and the footman at the rear sounding the blasts. Nearly every evening the youths of the family and their friends would be sallying forth, usually bound for the summer home of the Gordons at Beechwood Park, Troutburg. It was an occasion to cause joy in the hearts of all in the vicinity who heard the sound from the tallyho as it proceeded along its course.

Mr. Gordon died at his summer home at Beechwood Park, August 25th, 1898, and his death was widely and deeply mourned, for through his varied business and social relations he had made many warm friends who esteemed him highly for his genuine worth.

In early life, Mr. Gordon was a Democrat, but became a Republican during president Cleveland's second term and ever afterwards supported that party. Political honors had no attraction for him, but as a public spirited citizen he never withheld his support from any enterprise he believed would advance the general welfare or promote the interests of his fellow man.

Over the record of his business career or private life there falls no shadow of wrong, for he was evermost loyal to the ties of friendship and citizenship and his history well deserves a place in the annals of his native state.

Mr. Gordon realized fully the obligations which devolve upon man in his relations to his fellowmen. He was instrumental in promoting all that tended toward the betterment of Brockport.

He was ambitious for the good of the village and brought to public interests the same devotion and energy that he manifested in his private business affairs. Moreover, he was charitable, kindly and benevolent, giving generously of his means to those in need and withholding the hand of aid at no time when he believed that the assistance could prove of benefit.

He did not believe in indiscriminate giving which fosters vagrancy or idles, but he possessed in full measure “the milk of kindness” and his spirit was one of helpfulness, based upon broad humanitarian principles.

Therefore, on the roll of Brockport's honored dead appears the name of George Cooley Gordon.

A.B. Elwell (pictured here at the time of his graduation from the Normal School) was born on the family farm in the town of Sweden, June 29th, 1877. The farm was on the south west corner of West Sweden and Fourth Section Roads. His father had come to the area from Connecticut and taught for a time at the Clarkson Academy.

A.B. attended a one room school that stood at the same corner, and then attended the Brockport State Normal School, graduating in 1899. After graduation he taught for two years at a one room school in North Bergen. He left teaching for other occupations, and for a time worked in a hardware store, later starting a house painting business which he operated from around 1920 till his retirement in 1947.

He was one of the founders of the Brockport Yacht Club and active in local history groups, including the Brockport Museum. He was a close friend of George (Buzz) Guelph, a local photographer, and after Guelph’s death acquired his glass plate photos of the Brockport area which were later given to the college by his daughter in law, Lillian Elwell.

A.B. wrote the columns that make up this book for the Brockport Republic newspaper in the 1950s. For many years the only access to this unique accounting of local history was in the form of two books made of rather blurry photocopies of the articles, and the microfilm of the paper. In the fall of 2011 a student assistant in the college archives, Candace Bateman, retyped the articles, and an index was done by college archivist Charlie Cowling.

The columns that make up this book are informative accounts of Brockport and the vicinity in the early 1900s. A.B. Elwell had a good memory, and an eye for detail. The world he writes about was largely gone even at the time of writing in the 1950s; the old Normal School, the livery stables, the “young blades” waiting for the girls coming home on the 11:00 pm train from Rochester and so on, but it all lives on in these charming reminiscences.